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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MOLIÈRE.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MOLIERE

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH

By HENRI VAN LAUN.

WITH A PREFATORY MEMOIR, INTRODUCTORY NOTICES, APPENDICES AND NOTES

VOLUME THIRD

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON

MDCCCLXXVI

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. The Princess of Elis, Act ii., Scene 2, . *Frontispiece.*

II. Don Juan, Act ii., Scene 5, ... *Page* 125

III. [illegible] the Best Doctor, Act iii., Scene 6, . „ 225

IV. The Misanthrope, Act i., Scene 2, . . . „ 293

V. The Physician in Spite of Himself, Act ii., Scene 6, „ 413

LA PRINCESSE D'ÉLIDE.

COMÉDIE-BALLET.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.

A COMEDY-BALLET IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL PARTLY IN PROSE AND PARTLY IN VERSE.)

8TH MAY 1664.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

In the month of May 1661, Louis XIV. entertained the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and his own wife, Maria Theresa, with a brilliant and sumptuous fête at Versailles. It began on the 7th, and lasted a whole week. The duke de Saint-Aignan was commissioned to superintend the arrangements; and the plan he adopted was suggested by the materials which he discovered in the 6th and 7th cantos of Ariosto's epic poem, *Orlando Furioso*, which describe the sojourn of Rogero in the isle and palace of the enchantress Alcina. The king was Rogero, whilst the princes and courtiers personified the other characters mentioned in the poem. We shall give a description of this fête farther on.

In this fête, the second day was distinguished by the representation of *The Princess of Elis*; and subsequent days saw the production of *The Bores*, *The Forced Marriage*, and the first three acts of *Tartuffe*. For their services on this occasion, Molière's troupe received the sum of 1,000 livres.

The Princess of Elis, a comedy-ballet, was intended to represent the struggle between the affections of the male and female sex,—a struggle in which victory often remains with the one who seems the farthest from obtaining it. Shakespeare has also attempted to sketch this strife in *Much ado about Nothing*, in *As You like it*, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Molière composed this comedy-ballet at the special request of the king; and it was conceived in a romantic vein suitable to the character of the fête. The author's natural flow of wit and humour was checked by the necessity of accommodating himself to the conventionalities of courtly propriety; and it must be admitted that Molière mingled a good deal of water with his wine, in order to please the fastidious palates of the courtiers. He borrowed his subject from Moreto's Spanish comedy, *El Desden con el Desden* (Scorn for Scorn). The idea is pretty, and there is abundant room for the development of plot and passion; but the genius of the adapter was cramped, and *The Princess of Elis* is certainly not one of his happiest efforts. He has narrowed, rather than improved upon, the treatment of Moreto; he has blunted the edge of the Spaniard's keenness, and, making the situations almost too punctiliously, has rendered them bare and barren. He transports the scene to Elis; and the Count of Urgel, the Prince of Bearn, the Count of Foix, are disguised under the

Princes of Ithaca, Pylos, and Messena. He was hurried in his work; and almost as if himself craving for relief from an unwelcome mood, he created and sustained the character of the fool Moron,—a coward who gives good advice, and is, on the whole, not unlike Butler's Hudibras.

The piece was again produced in July of the same year at Fontainebleau, before the Pope's Legate; and in November and December, it had a run of twenty-five days at the theatre of the Palais-Royal. It undoubtedly hit the mark with some amongst Molière's contemporaries whose tastes were similar to those of the court. As an ephemeral production, therefore, designed for a temporary purpose, it may be held to have been successful.

James Miller wrote a play called *The Universal Passion*, acted at the Theatre, Drury Lane, on the 28th of February 1737, which consists of Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, and Molière's *Princess of Elis*. He acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare, but does not say anything about the French dramatist. In the dedication of *The Universal Passion* to Frederick Frankland, Esq., it is stated, that "the strict Regard I have had to Decency and good manners . . . is the principal Merit . . . the World is at present happily inclin'd to support what is produced with that Intention." The Prologue, spoken by Mr Cibber, harps on the same string, and ends thus:

> "Howe'er, this Merit he at least can claim,
> That sacred Decency's his constant Aim;
> There's nought but what an Anchoret might hear,
> No Sentence that can wound the chastest Ear . . .
> To your Protection Shakespear's Offspring take,
> And save the Orphan for the Father's Sake."

Miller's borrowings from Molière are given in the Appendix.

George Hyde wrote *Love's Victory; or, the School for Pride*, a comedy in five acts, founded on the Spanish of Moreto, and performed at Covent-Garden, November 16, 1825. As Molière borrowed from the same source, there is a great similarity in the plot of both plays, but Hyde has chiefly followed the arrangement of a German author, West, and can therefore hardly be said to have imitated Molière.

As we have already mentioned, Molière's play formed part of the court entertainment, and was published in *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée: Course de Bague, Collation ornée de Machines, Comédie de Molière de la Princesse d'Elide, meslée de Danse et de Musique, Ballet du Palais d'Alcine, Feu d'Artifice: Et autres Festes galantes et magnifiques; faites par le Roy à Versailles, le 7 May* 1664. *Et continuées plusieurs autres Jours. Paris, Robert Ballard*, 1665. Although the description of *The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island* was not written by Molière, who wrote only the comedy, it is inserted in the first collected edition of our author's works; and we give it here as a specimen of the complimentary style of the official catalogue of entertainments of Louis XIV. I am indebted for the completeness and accuracy of nearly all the notes which

illustrate, *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée*, to M. Paul Lacroix, the Bibliothécaire de l'Arsenal, well known as the Bibliophile Jacob, who kindly communicated to me the genealogy and short history of the noble ladies and gentlemen who took a part in the festivities at Versailles. These fêtes, given nominally in honour of the two Queens, but in reality to please the quean, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, "whom the king delighteth to honour," lasted seven days; the description opens thus:—

"The King, wishing to give to the Queen and the whole Court the pleasure of some uncommon entertainments, in a spot adorned with all the beauties to be admired in a Country Seat, chose for that purpose Versailles, four leagues from Paris. It is a seat which may justly be called an Enchanted Palace, so much have the embellishments of Art seconded the care which Nature has taken to render it perfect. It is every way charming; everything pleases both within and without: gold and marble vie there in beauty and splendour; and although it is not so extensive as some of her Majesty's other Palaces, yet all things there are so polished, so well contrived, and so perfect, that nothing can equal them. Its symmetry, the richness of its furniture, the beauty of its walks, and the infinite number of its flowers, as well as of its orange-trees, render the neighbourhood of that place worthy of its singular rarity. The different animals within the two parks and the menagerie, wherein are several courts, in the figure of stars, with ponds for the water-fowl, together with great structures, add pleasure to magnificence, and create a palace in which nothing can be found to criticise."[1]

First Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

It was in this beautiful place that on the fifth of May all the Court met, and that the King treated above six hundred persons till the fourteenth, not reckoning a great number of persons necessary in the dancing and in the play, besides all kinds of workmen who came from Paris; so that they looked like a small army.

The very heavens appeared to favour his Majesty's designs, since, in a season in which it almost always rains, there was only a slight wind, which seemed to rise solely in order to show that the King's foresight and

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[1] I am, of course, not answerable for the peculiar style of the official catalogue. A "Collation adorned with machines" would be rather hard to digest in the present times. One statement in the opening paragraph is also startling: "Nature has taken care to render it (Versailles) perfect." Now Nature has taken no care to render Versailles perfect; and it is said to have cost so much money, that Louis XIV. did not like the fabulous sums spent on it to be known, but threw the accounts into the fire. The palace and gardens of Versailles were begun in 1661, and not finished until 1684. The King did not reside there until 1682, and according to A. de Laborde, *Versailles ancien et moderne*, in 1664 the palace was still in the same state as Louis XIII. had left it.

power were proof against the greatest inconveniences. High cloths, wooden buildings, run up almost in an instant, and a prodigious number of torches of white wax, to supply daily the place of above four thousand wax candles, resisted the wind, which everywhere else would have rendered these diversions almost impracticable.

Monsieur de Vigarani, a gentleman from Modena, very skilful in all such things, invented and proposed these. The King commanded the duke de Saint-Aignan, who was then first Gentleman of the Chamber,[2] and who had ere this arranged several very agreeable balls, to plan something which might contain, connect, and group them all, so that they could not fail to please.

He took for his subject the Palace of Alcina,[3] which gave the name to *The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island*, because, according to Ariosto, the brave Rogero, and several other good knights, were detained there by the spell of beauty (though it was artificial,) and by the incantations of that enchantress, and were delivered, after a long time spent in pleasures, by a ring, which destroyed the enchantment. It was the ring of Angelica, which Melissa, under the disguise of old Atlantes, at length placed upon Rogero's finger.

In a few days there was fitted up a round, where four great alleys met between high palisades, with four porticos thirty-five feet high and twenty-two feet square, and several festoons enriched with gold and divers paintings, with his Majesty's arms.

All the court having taken their places on the seventh; there entered, at six o'clock in the evening, a herald at arms, represented by M. des Bardins, dressed after the antique manner, in flame-colour, embroidered with silver, and very well mounted.

He was followed by three pages. The King's (M. d'Artagnan)[4] pre-

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[2] Francis I. instituted in 1545 the post of *Gentilhomme de la chambre du roi*, of which there were two at the first, and afterwards four. Each served a year, and received 9500 livres, besides considerable perquisites, and a pension of 4500 livres. Their duties were to give orders that the King's first mourning garments should be made, as well as his ball, ballet, and theatrical dresses; they also regulated the mourning of the members and officers of the royal household and family, the ordinary and extraordinary expenses for the King, his entertainments, &c.

[3] Alcina, who changed her lovers into trees, stones, fountains, or beasts, according to her fancy, is, in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the personification of carnal pleasure.

[4] It is not easy to say who M. d'Artagnan was, for many of the Montesquiou family bore the name and arms of d'Artagnan. The best known, however, and the one who enjoyed the King's confidence, was the son of Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan and of Jeanne de Gassion (a sister of a marshal of France of the same name), who was called Charles de Bats, *capitaine-lieutenant* of the first company of the King's musketeers. To him was entrusted the guard of Fouquet (see Preface to *The Bores*, Vol. II., page 91, note 5), until the latter was condemned. The well-known pamphleteer, Courtilz de Sandraz, wrote i

ceded the two others, very richly dressed in flame-colour, his Majesty's livery, bearing his lance and shield, whereon sparkled a sun of precious stones, with these words: *Nec cesso, nec erro* (I neither stay, nor stray), alluding to his Majesty's application to the affairs of state and his manner of governing; which was likewise represented by these four verses of the President de Périgny, author of the said device.[5]

> Not without reason Heaven and earth behold
> So rare an object with the utmost wonder,
> Who in his no less hard than glorious course,
> Does never take repose, nor ever strays.

The two other pages belonged to the dukes de Saint-Aignan and de Noailles, the former marshal of the camp, the latter judge of the course. The duke de Saint-Aignan's page bore the shield of his device, and was dressed in his livery of silver cloth, enriched with gold, with flesh-coloured and black plumes, and ribands of the same. His device was the bell of a clock, with these words: *De mis golpes mi ruido* (From my strokes (proceeds) my noise).

The duke de Noailles' page was dressed in flame-colour, silver and black, and the rest of the livery in harmony. The device on his shield was an eagle, with these words: *Fidelis et audax* (Faithful and bold).

Four trumpeters and two kettle-drummers followed these pages, dressed in flame-colour and silver, with plumes of the same, and the caparisons of their horses embroidered in the same colours, with very brilliant suns upon the bandrols of their trumpets[6] and the coverings of the kettle-drums.

The duke de Saint-Aignan, marshal of the camp, came after them, wearing, in the Greek fashion, a cuirass of silver-cloth, covered with little scales of gold, as was also the lower part of his cloak;[7] his helmet was adorned with a dragon and a great number of white feathers, mixed with flesh-coloured and black ones. He rode a white horse, caparisoned in the same fashion, and represented Guido, the savage.

1700 the *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*, after some curious notes left by that nobleman; and the late Alexandre Dumas has partly followed these memoirs in *The Three Musketeers*.

[5] De Périgny, *président aux enquêtes* at the Parliament of Paris, was reader to the King in 1663, teacher to the Dauphin in 1666, and died in 1670. He had a wholly literary office at court. In 1664 he wrote in verse the ballet of the *Amours déguisés*, and at the same time, under the eye of Louis XIV., his Journal and Memoirs.

[6] According to Ash's "Dictionary of the English Language," London, 1775, a bandrol is "a little flag or streamer, the fringed flag hung on to a trumpet."

[7] In the original, *son bas de saie*, translated by my predecessors as "his silk stockings," in mistake for *bas de soie*.

Madrigal for the duke de Saint-Aignan, representing Guido, the savage.

Those combats I fought in the dang'rous isle,
When I so many warriors overcame,
Followed by battles of an am'rous kind,
Showed what my strength as well as heart could do.
My well-known force in lawful frays displayed,
Or in forbidden fields exerted,
Proclaim it, for my glory, at both poles;
None, during war, deals more or better strokes.

For the same.

Singly against ten warriors and ten maids,
I am engaged in two peculiar contests.
If I with honour leave this twofold field,
Methinks I'm then a most terrific warrior.[8]

Eight trumpeters and eight kettle-drummers, dressed like the first, walked behind the marshal of the camp.

The King, representing Rogero, followed them upon one of the finest horses in the world, of which the flame-coloured trappings shone with gold, silver, and precious stones. His Majesty was armed in the Greek fashion, as were all those of his troop, and wore a cuirass of silver plates, covered with a rich embroidery of gold and diamonds. His carriage and whole action were worthy of his rank; his helmet, entirely covered with flame-coloured plumes, looked incomparably beautiful; never did a more free or warlike air raise a mortal so much above other men.[9]

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[8] Francois de Beauvillier, first duke de Saint Aignan, born in 1610, was peer of France, gentleman of the King's chamber, and lieutenant-general. His county had been erected into a *duché-pairie* in December 1663. He was a lover of literature, a patron of Molière, a member of the French Academy, and died in 1679.—Guido, the savage, is, in Ariosto, a son of Constantia and Amon, and a younger brother of Rinaldo. Being wrecked on the coast of the Amazons, he was doomed to fight their ten male champions, and having killed them all, was obliged to marry ten amazons; hence the allusion. At last he succeeds in escaping with his favourite wife Aleria, and joins the army of Charlemagne.—These verses and the following were written by Benserade.

[9] Rogero, the brother of Marphisa, was, on the death of his mother, Galaciella, nursed by a lioness. Brought up by Atlantes, the magician, who gave him a shield of such dazzling splendour that every one quailed who set eyes on it, and which shield he threw into a well, he deserted from the Moorish army, was baptized, married Bradamant, Charlemagne's niece, and became King of Bulgaria.—I wish to draw attention to the official flatteries about Louis le Grand's "carriage," "action," and "air;" even his horse and helmet come in for their share.

Sonnet for the King, representing Rogero.

What shape, what carriage this bold conqu'ror has,
His person dazzles each beholder's eye;
And though by his high post he is distinguished,
Yet something greater sparkles in his mien,
Clearly his brow his future fate foretells
His virtue outshines all his ancestors!
They are forgotten. If he continues so,
He'll leave them far, yea very far, behind.
His generous heart delights t' employ its time,
To act for others, and not for himself,
In this his power is chiefly occupied.
All ancient heroes pale compared to him,
Honour's his sole aim; he only draws
The sword for other int'rests than his own.

The duke de Noailles, judge of the lists, by the name of Ogier the Dane,[10] marched after the King, wearing flame-colour and black underneath a rich embroidery of silver; his plumes, as well as the rest of his equipage, were of the same livery.

For the duke de Noailles, judge of the lists, representing Ogier the Dane.

The only business of this paladine
Is well to serve the greatest king on earth,
As he who judges well, must act as well,
Methinks none from his sentence will appeal.

The duke de Guise and the count d'Armagnac went after him. The former, under the name of Aquilant the black,[11] wore a black dress embroidered with gold and jet; his horse and his lance being matched in

[10] Ogier the Dane, a paladin, married Ermellina, the daughter of Namus, duke of Bavaria, of whom was born Dudon.—Anne de Noailles, was the first duke, his county, d'Ayen, having been erected into a *duché-pairie* in 1663. He was first captain of the king's life-guards, lieutenant-general of Auvergne, and had married in 1646 Louise Boyer, *dame d'atours* of the Queen Anne of Austria. He died in 1678. Mad. de Sevigné's letters are filled with details about him and his family.

[11] Aquilant, a knight in Charlemagne's army, always wore black armour. Whilst Martano was strutting about in Gryphon's white armour, he met Aquilant, who took him prisoner to Damascus.—The duke de Guise, Henri de Lorraine, second of that name, peer and grand chamberlain of France, was born in 1614, and died twenty days after the fêtes of the *Isle Enchantée*, on the 2d of June 1664. He had been one of the first patrons of Molière, when the latter acted at the *Illustre Théâtre* in 1645. This prince, who had attempted rashly to become King of Naples, in 1647, died unmarried.

the same colours. The count, representing Gryphon the white,[12] wore on a dress of silver cloth several rubies, and rode on a white horse caparisoned in the same colour.

For the duke de Guise, representing Aquilant the black.

Night has its beauties, and so has the day ;
Black is my colour, and I always loved it.
But if obscurity does suit my love,
'T has not extended to my well-known fame.

For the count d'Armagnac, representing Gryphon the white.

Behold what candour Heaven has placed in me ;
Thus no fair maid by me shall be deceived ;
When it is time to attack the enemy
My sword will keep my colour stainless white.

The dukes de Foix and de Coaslin appeared afterwards, dressed, the one in flesh-colour, with gold and silver, and the other in green, with white and silver ; their livery and horses were worthy the rest of their equipage.

For the duke de Foix, representing Rinaldo.[13]

He bears a glorious name, is young and sage,
To speak the truth he lief mounts very high ;
What great good fortune, at so young an age
To have such fire as well as so much calmness.

For the duke de Coaslin, representing Dudo.[14]

None can too far in glory's course engage,
Though seven kings I were to conquer bravely,

[12] Gryphon, a brother of Aquilant, ever wearing white armour, overthrew the eight champions of the King of Damascus. Whilst asleep, Martano stole Gryphon's armour, and he was obliged to put on the coward's ; hence he was hooted and jostled by the crowd. At last everything is discovered, and the right man is put in the right place.—Louis de Lorraine, count d'Armagnac, son of Henri de Lorraine, Count d'Harcourt, was *grand écuyer* of France, sénéchal of Bourgogne, and governor of Anjou.

[13] Rinaldo, in Ariosto's poem, was the son of the fourth marquis of Este, the rival of his cousin Orlando for the love of Angelica, who detested him, and the leader of a corps of Scotch and English auxiliaries in Charlemagne's army.—Gaston Jean-Baptiste de Foix and de Candale, peer of France, eldest son of the countess de Fleix, was called duke de Foix, because his county of Randan had been raised by the King into a *duché-pairie*. He died in 1665, at the age of twenty-seven and his brother and heir, Henri François de Foix, then took the title.

[14] Dudo was the admiral commanding the fleet of Orlando and Astolpho.—Armand du Cambout, duke de Coaslin, peer of France, *chevalier des ordres du*

And see them subject to Rogero's power,
Yet e'en this exploit would not content me.

After them marched the Count de Lude and the Prince de Marsillac, the former dressed in flesh-colour and white, and the other in yellow, white, and black, enriched with silver embroidery, their livery of the same, and very well mounted.

For the count de Lude, representing Astolpho.[15]

Of all the paladines this world contains,
No knight more prone to love was ever seen.
Always in fresh adventures he'll engage,
And ever smitten by some youthful fay.

For the prince de Marsillac, representing Brandimart.[16]

My vows will be content, my wishes crowned,
My fortune at its utmost height arriv'd,
When, lovely Flordelice, my zeal you'll know
Indelibly within my heart imprest.

The marquises de Villequier and de Soyecourt followed. One wore blue and silver, the other blue, white, and black, with gold and silver; their plumes and the harness of their horses were of the same colour, and equally rich.

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roi, lieutenant-general, had, only in the beginning of 1664, been made a duke and peer; he was formerly a marquis.

[15] Astolpho, an English duke, the son of Otho, joined Charlemagne against the Saracens; he was carried upon the back of a whale to the island of Alcina, who soon tired of him, and changed him into a myrtle. His descent into the infernal regions, and his flight to the moon, are among the best parts of the *Orlando Furioso*.—Henri de Daillon, count de Lude, first gentleman of the King's chamber, grand master of the artillery, captain of the castles of St Germain and Versailles, was made duke and peer in 1675, and died without issue in 1685. He is often mentioned in Mad. de Sevigné's letters.

[16] The Prince de Marsillac was François de la Rochefoucauld, eighth of that name, and son of the famous duke de la Rochefoucauld, author of the *Maxims*. He was born in 1639 and died in 1714. He married, in 1659, his cousin, Jeanne Charlotte du Plessis Liancourt, daughter of the Count de la Roche-Guyon.—Brandimart, one of the bravest knights in Charlemagne's army, was slain by Gradasso, King of Sericana; he was the brother-in-law of Orlando, and the lover of Flordelice, daughter of Dolistone. According to Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, Cant. xlii., St. 14), he thus spoke to Orlando, when dying:—"Ne men ti raccomando la mio Fiordi. . . . Ma der non puote ligi; e qui finio." Rendered by Rose in his translation:—"Nor recommend to thee less warmly my—"—Flordelice would, but could not, say—and died.

For the marquis de Villequier, representing Richardetto.[17]

No one, like me, with gallantry could quit
An intrigue where, no doubt, some skill was greatly needed,
No one deceiv'd his fair so pleasantly, methinks,
While all the time remaining faithful to her.

For the marquis de Soyecourt, representing Oliviero.[18]

Behold the honour of the age, compared to whom
E'en giants and ourselves are ordinary men;
This valiant knight, prepared for all that come,
Has aye his lance quite ready for the tilts.

The marquises d'Humières and de la Vallière followed them. The first wore flesh-colour and silver, and the other gridelin,[19] white, and silver; their whole livery being the richest and best matched in the world.

For the marquis d'Humières, representing Ariodantes.[20]

Fevered by love, I tremble in my fit,
And without boast elsewhere I ne'er did tremble;
Handsome Ginevra is the only fair
Young charmer to whose laws I bow.

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[17] Richardetto was the son of Aymon and brother of Bradamant, and was mistaken by Flordespine for his sister Bradamant. This rather free story may be read in the twenty-fifth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*.—Louis Marie-Victor d'Aumont, marquis de Villequier, eldest son of the duke d'Aumont, born in 1632, was first gentleman of the King's chamber. At his father's death in 1669 he became duke, peer, and marshal of France.

[18] Oliviero of Burgundy was a famous paladin, son of Rinieri of Vienna, brother of Alda, and father of Gryphon and Aquilant. The descriptive verses contain an allusion to the marquis de Soyecourt's prowess, of which the curious may find the details in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Louis XIV.'s age.—Maximilien Antoine de Belleforière, marquis de Soyecourt or Saucourt, was grand master of the King's wardrobe, and became afterwards master of the hunt to the king; he died in 1679. He is the Dorante of *The Bores* (see Introductory Notice, Vol. II. page 85.)

[19] According to several old dictionaries, "gridelin" is a colour mixed of white and red.

[20] Ariodantes, an Italian knight at the court of Scotland, duke of Albany, married Ginevra, the daughter of that king.—Louis de Crevant, fourth of that name, marquis d'Humières, lieutenant-general, was made a duke and peer in 1688, and at the same time was appointed marshal of France and grand master of the artillery. Madame de Sévigné mentions him several times in her letters.

For the marquis de la Vallière, representing Zerbino.[21]

Whate'er grand feelings glory may inspire
When we are wholly all-absorbed in love ;
To die in the arms of her whom we admire,
Methinks is of all deaths the one most pleasant.

Monsieur the Duke[22] went alone, having for his livery flame-colour, white, and silver ; a great number of diamonds were fastened to the magnificent embroidery with which his cuirass and the lower part of his cloak were covered ; his helmet, and the harness of his horse being likewise adorned with them.

For Monsieur the Duke representing Orlando.[23]

Fame will in distant lands Orlando's name make known,
Glory shall ne'er depart from him ;
Descended from a race that e'er desires
To show its valour when war is proclaim'd.
In him, to speak unvarnished truth,
Flows the pure blood of Charlemagne.[24]

A car, eighteen feet high, twenty-four long, and fifteen wide, appeared afterwards shining with gold and divers colours. It represented the chariot of Apollo, in whose honour the Pythian games were formerly celebrated, which those knights intended to imitate in their lists and dresses. The god, radiant with light, was seated on the top of the car, having at his feet the four ages, distinguished by rich habits, and by what they bore in their hands.

The golden Age, adorned with that precious metal, was also decked with different flowers, one of the principal ornaments of that happy age. The silver and brass Ages had also their distinguishing marks. The iron Age was represented by a warrior of terrible aspect, holding his sword in one hand, and his buckler in the other.

Several other large figures in relief adorned the sides of the magnificent chariot. The celestial monsters, the serpent Python, Daphne, Hyacinth, and the other figures which are suitable to Apollo, with

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[21] Zerbino, duke of Ross-shire, was the son of the King of Scotland, and the intimate friend of Orlando. He died in the arms of the sorrowing Isabel.

[22] The "Duke" was the name given to the duke of Enghien, the son of the Prince de Condé.

[23] Orlando was lord of Anglant, and, through his mother, a nephew of Charlemagne. Although a married man, he fell in love with Angelica, daughter of the infidel king of Cathay ; but she fled with Medoro, the Moor, to India : whereupon Orlando became mad, or rather lost his wits, which were deposited in the moon. Astolpho went to fetch them in Elijah's chariot, and St John gave them to him in an urn. Orlando recovers his wits by sniffing at the urn.

[24] An allusion to the Prince de Condé being a Bourbon.

an Atlas bearing the globe, were also elegantly carved upon it. Time represented by M. Millet,[25] with his scythe, his wings, and that decrepitude in which he is always depicted, was the coachman. The car was drawn by four horses, of uncommon size and beauty, abreast, covered with large housings, ornamented with gold-worked suns.

The twelve hours of the day, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac, splendidly dressed, as the poets described them, walked in two files on both sides of the chariot. All the knights' pages followed it in pairs, after the duke's, very neatly dressed in their liveries, with a great many plumes, bearing their master's lances, and the shields with their devices.

The duke de Guise, representing Aquilant the black, having for his device a lion sleeping, with these words: *Et quiescente pavescunt* (They fear me even when asleep).

The count d'Armagnac, representing Gryphon the white, having for his device an ermine, with these words: *Ex candore decus* (My beauty proceeds from my whiteness).

The duke de Foix, representing Rinaldo, having for his device a ship on the sea, with these words: *Longe levis aura feret* (A slight breeze will carry it far).

The duke de Coaslin, representing Dudo, having for his device a sun and a sun-flower, with these words: *Splendor ab obsequio* (Its splendour arises from its obedience).[26]

The count de Lude, representing Astolphus, having for his device a cypher in the form of a knot, with these words: *Non fia mai sciolto* (It shall never be broken).

The prince de Marsillac, representing Brandimart, having for his device a watch in relief, of which all the springs were visible, with these words: *Chieto fuor, commoto dentro* (Calm without, agitated within).

The marquis de Villequier, representing Richardetto, having for his device an eagle soaring before the sun, with these words: *Uni militat astro* (He fights for a single star).[27]

The marquis de Soyecourt, representing Oliviero, having for his device Hercules' club, with these words: *Vix æquat fama labores* (His fame is scarce equal to his labours).

The marquis d'Humières, representing Ariodantes, having for his device all sorts of crowns, with these words: *No quiero menos* (Less will not content me).

The marquis de la Vallière, representing Zerbino, having for his device a phœnix on a pile set on fire by the sun, with these words: *Hoc juvat uri* (It is pleasant to be so burnt).[28]

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[25] M. Millet was the coachman in ordinary to Louis XIV., and celebrated for his skill.

[26] These words were flattering to Louis XIV., whose device was the sun.

[27] The same remark can be applied to the marquis de Villequier's device.

[28] These words were very ingenious, because the sun was the device of Louis XIV., the lover of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. The marquis, her brother, could

The Duke, representing Orlando, having for his device a dart, wreathed
h laurel, with these words: *Certo ferit* (It strikes surely).
Twenty shepherds, carrying different pieces of the barrier to be set up for
e tilting, formed the last troop that entered the lists. They were dressed
short jackets of flame-colour, adorned with silver, and caps of the same.
As soon as these troops entered the camp, they went round it, and,
er having paid their obeisance to the queens, they separated, and each
ok his post. The pages who were in front, the trumpeters and kettle-
rummers crossed, and stationed themselves at the wings. The King,
vancing towards the middle, placed himself opposite to the high
opy; the Duke near his Majesty; the dukes de Saint-Aignan and
Noailles on the right and left; the ten knights in a line on both sides
the chariot: their pages in the same order behind them: the Hours
d the signs of the Zodiack as they entered.

When they had thus stopped, a profound silence, which arose from
tention and respect, gave Mademoiselle Debrie,[29] who represented the
e of Brass, an opportunity to recite these verses, in praise of the
ieen, addressed to Apollo, represented by M. de la Grange.

THE BRASS AGE (*to Apollo*).

Thou dazzling father of the day, whose power
Does by its various aspects give us birth;
Hope of the earth, and ornament of Heaven,
Thou fairest and most necessary god;
Thou, whose activity and sovereign bounty,
In every place makes itself seen and felt,
Say by what destiny, or what new choice,
Thy games are solemnized on Gallia's shores.[30]

APOLLO.

If all th' address, the glory, valour, merit,
Which made Greece shine, are found on these blest shores,
Then justly hither are those games transferred,
Which, to my honour, earth has consecrated.
I ever did delight to pour on France
The balmy influence of my gentle rays;
But the bright dame whom Hymen there enthrones
Makes me for her disdain all other realms.

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erefore not do less than delicately allude to it by stating that "it is pleasant
be burnt by the sun." The noble marquis became duke de la Vallière and
er in 1688, after his sister had taken her vows in the Carmelite convent.

[29] For the actors and actresses of Moliere's troupe, see Introductory Notice to
he Impromptu of Versailles, Vol. II., p. 287.

[30] The president de Périgny is the author of the following verses, as well as
ose pronounced by the other Ages, by Apollo, the Seasons, Diana, and Pan. I
ave taken them from some older translations and corrected and modified them,
hen necessary.

Since for the wide creation's good so long
I've made the boundless tour of seas and earth,
I ne'er saw ought so worthy of my fires,
Such noble blood, so generous a heart,
Never such lustre with such innocence,
Never such youth with so much sound discretion;
Never such grandeur with such condescension,
Never such wisdom joined to so much beauty.
The thousand various climates which are ruled
By all those demi-gods from whom she springs,
Led by their own devoir and her high merit,
United, will one day confess her power.
Whatever grandeur France or Spain might boast,
The rights of Charles the Fifth, and Charlemagne,
Auspiciously transmitted in her blood,
Will to her throne subject the universe:
But a yet greater title, nobler lot,
Which lifts her higher, and which charms her more,
A name which in itself all names outweighs,
Is that of consort to the mighty Louis.

SILVER AGE.

By what unjust decree has fate produced
A star so kindly in the age of iron?

GOLDEN AGE.

Ah! Do not murmur at the gods appointment!
This age which has the hate of Heav'n deserv'd,
Instead of growing proud with that rare blessing,
Ought thence to augurate its approaching ruin,
And think a virtue which it can't corrupt,
Comes rather to destroy than to ennoble it.
As soon as she appeared on this blest earth,
She chased away the furious raging war;
From that same day labour unwearied hands
To render happy all humanity.
See by what hidden springs a Hero strives
To banish from a barbarous age its horrors,
And kindly to assist my resurrection,
With all those joys which innocence desires.

IRON AGE.

I know what enemies have planned my ruin,
Their plots are known, their stratagems are traced;
But yet my courage is not so far sunk . .

APOLLO.

Should all hell's monsters join in thy defence,
Feeble and vain would their resistance prove
Against such grandeur and against such virtue:
Long with thy galling yoke the world opprest
Shall by thy flight a happier lot enjoy.
'Tis time that thou give way to the high law
Which an august and mighty Queen imposes.
It is time to yield to the illustrious labours
Of a great King, favoured by Heaven and Earth;
But here too long this quarrel made me stay;
These lists invite to much more gentle combats,
Let us ope them just now, and laurels wreathe
To bind the brows of our most famous warriors.

ter all these verses were spoken, the running at the ring began; ein, after they had admired the King's skill and gracefulness in that ise, as in all others, and after several fine courses of all these ts, the duke de Guise, the marquises de Soyecourt and de la Val- remained the last. The last bore off the prize, which was a golden enriched with diamonds, with very valuable buckles for the belt, the Queen-mother gave, and wherewith she honoured him with n hand.

began their running in such good time, that just when it ished, darkness came on; when a great number of lights illumi- this beautiful place, and thirty-four musicians, who were to pre- he Seasons, entered very well dressed, and performed the most ut music in the world.

ilst the Seasons were taking up the delicious viands they had to for the magnificent entertainment of their Majesties, the twelve of the Zodiac and the four Seasons danced in the ring one of the *entrées* ever seen.

ing, represented by Mademoiselle Duparc, afterwards appeared Spanish horse. She showed the skill of a man, as well as womanly tions. Her dress was green with silver embroidery, adorned with s.

Duparc, who represented Summer, followed upon an elephant d with rich housings.

t came M. de la Thorillière, representing Autumn, as splendidly l, and mounted on a camel.

ter, represented by M. Béjart, followed on a bear.

y-eight persons followed them, carrying on their heads large for the lunch.

first twelve, covered with flowers, carried, like gardeners, baskets d green and silver, containing a great many china dishes, so full

of preserves and many other delicious things of the season, that they bent beneath the agreeable load.

Twelve others, like reapers, clothed in garments which suited their profession, but very rich, carried basins of that incarnadine colour which may be observed at sun-rise, and followed Summer.

Twelve others, dressed like vine-dressers, were covered with vine-leaves, and bunches of grapes, and bore in baskets of filemot colour,[31] full of little basins of the same, various other fruits and preserves. These followed Autumn.

The last twelve were old men, nearly frozen to death, whose fur- gait showed how they felt the inclemency of the weather, as w their weakness, bearing, in basins covered with ice and snow s imitated that they might have been taken for the very things they intended to represent, that which was to contribute to the coll These followed Winter.

Fourteen musicians preceded the two divinities Pan and Diana, an agreeable harmony of flutes and bagpipes.

Pan and Diana then appeared upon a very ingenious carriage, sl like a little mountain or rock, shaded by several trees, and so wo fully constructed, that the machinery which held it in the air, an it in motion, could not be perceived.

Twenty other persons followed, carrying viands, the produce of menagerie and of Diana's chase.

Eighteen pages of the King, very richly clad, who were to wai the ladies at table, came last. The whole troop then placed then in order. Pan, Diana, and the Seasons presented themselves bef Queen, whilst Spring first, and the others afterwards, addressed the following words:

SPRING (*to the Queen*).

Of all the new-blown flowers that deck my gardens,
Scorning the jessamines, the pinks and roses,
These lilies I have chosen to pay my tribute,
Which in your earliest years you so much cherished.
Louis has made them shine from east to west,
Whilst the charmed world at once respects and fears them
But still their reign's more soft and powerful too,
When, brilliant like, they beam on your complexion.

SUMMER.

Seized with too hasty a surprise, I bring
A slender ornament to grace this feast;
Yet know, before my season 's passed away,
Your warriors in the fields of Thrace,
Shall reap an ample crop of laurels.

[31] The original has *feuille-morte*, the colour of a dead leaf.

AUTUMN.

The Spring, proud of the beauty of those flowers
Which to his lot have fortunately fallen,
Thinks to have all th' advantage of this feast,
And quite obscure us by his lively colours.
But you, you matchless Princess, well remember
What precious fruit my season has produced,
Which in your house does one day mean to prove
The darling and the blessing of mankind.[32]

WINTER.

The snow and icicles I hither bring,
Are viands far from being rare or precious;
But they're most necessary in a feast,
Where with their killing eyes, a thousand objects,
Replete with charms, so many flames create.

DIANA (*to the Queen*).

Our woods, our rocks, our mountains, all our hunters,
And my companions who have to me always
Paid sovereign honours, since they have beheld
Your presence here, will know me now no more;
And laden with their presents, come with me
To bring this tribute to you, as a mark
Of their allegiance.
The swift inhabitants of those blessed groves,
Make it their choice to fall into your nets,
And only wish to perish by your hands.
Love, whose address and countenance you wear,
Alone with you this wondrous secret shares.

PAN.

Be not surprised, young deity, that we
In this famed festival approach to offer
The choice of what our pastures can bestow.
For if our flocks their herbage taste in peace,
'Tis to your charms that happiness we owe.

ter these verses had been spoken, a great table was seen, shaped
a half moon, concave on the side on which they were to serve, and
ed with flowers on the convex side.
irty-six violin-players, very well dressed, were behind on a little
, whilst Messieurs de la Marche and Parfait, father, brother, and

[32] An allusion to the Dauphin, born on the 1st of November, 1661. What
ner has said before about the "ample crop of laurels" your warriors shall reap
e fields of Thrace I cannot elucidate, because in 1664 there was neither war
umours of war. The last line Pan states, "'Tis to your charms that happi-
we owe" refers to the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659, and the subsequent
riage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain, in 1660.

son, controllers-general, by the names of Plenty, Joy, Cleanlines Good-cheer, caused the aforesaid table to be covered by Ple Sports, Smiles, and Delights.

Their Majesties sat down in the following order, which prevent the confusion that might have arisen about precedence:

The Queen-mother[33] was seated in the middle of the table, and her right hand—The King, Mademoiselle *d'Alençon*,[34] Madame *la* cesse,[35] Mademoiselle *d'Elbeuf*,[36] Madame *de Béthune*,[37] Madam *duchesse de Créqui*,[38] Monsieur,[39] Madame *la duchesse de Saint-Aig* Madame *la maréchale du Plessis*,[41] Madame *la maréchale d'Eta*

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[33] See Vol. II., page 238, note 1.

[34] Mademoiselle d'Alençon, daughter of Gaston of France, duke of Orlea of Marguerite de Lorraine, was born in 1646, married, in 1667, Louis Jos Lorraine, duke of Guise, and died in 1696.

[35] Madame la Princesse was the name given at court to Claire-Clém Maille, marchioness of Brézé, who had married, in 1641, Louis II., prin Condé, called the Grand Condé. Since the sixteenth century, the princes of were called *Monsieur le Prince*.

[36] Mademoiselle d'Elbeuf, Anne Elisabeth de Lorraine, was the daugh Charles de Lorraine, third of that name, duke d'Elbeuf, and of his first Anne Elisabeth de Lannoi, widow of the count de la Roche-Guyon. Madem d'Elbeuf, born in 1649, married, in 1669, Charles Henri de Lorraine, co Vaudemont.

[37] Anne Marie de Beauvillier was the wife of Hippolyte de Béthune, co Selles and marquis de Cabris, and *dame d'atour* to the queen. She died in a widow, at the age of seventy-eight years.

[38] Armande de Saint-Gelais, a daughter of the lord de Lansac, marq Balon, was the wife of Charles III., duke de Créqui, peer of France, prin Poix, first gentleman of the chamber to the King, and governor of Paris.

[39] Monsieur was the title of the eldest brother of the king. He married Henrietta of England, a sister of Charles II., and, after her death (1670), Ch Elizabeth of Bavaria. He was said to be a good general, and gained a br victory over the Prince of Orange at Cassel, in 1677, which made Louis X jealous that he never gave his brother any other military command. H suddenly at Saint-Cloud in 1701.

[40] Madame la duchesse de Saint-Aignan, whose maiden name was Anto Servien, was the first wife of François de Beauvillier, duke of Saint-Aignan, she married in 1633. She died in 1680, and her husband married again six m after her death. Madame de Sévigné speaks of this in her letters.

[41] Colombe de Charron was the wife of César de Choiseul, count, and wards duke de Plessis-Praslin, marshal of France, who died in 1675, seventy years old. This lady, known as the *maréchale du Plessis*, had great inf at court, because her husband had been governor of Philip of France, du Orleans.

[42] Madame la maréchale d'Etampes, the eldest daughter of the marqu Praslin, marshal of France, and whose maiden name was Catherine Blan Choiseul, had married, in 1610, Jacques d'Etampes, called the marshal de la d'Imbault, who died in 1668, seventy-eight years old. She was nearly as old husband, was called at court *la maréchale d'Estampes*, and was first maid of h to Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans (see Vol. II., page 141, note 1).

ne *de Gourdon*,[43] Madame *de Montespan*,[44] Madame *d'Humières*,[45] uoiselle *de Brancas*,[46] Madame *d'Armagnac*,[47] Madame *la comtesse issons*,[48] Madame *la princesse de Bade*,[49] Mademoiselle *de Grancey*.[50] the other side were seated the *Queen*,[51] Madame *de Carignan*,[52]

Madame de Gourdon, belonged to the household of Madame, duchess of s, after whose death she was falsely accused of having poisoned her.

Françoise Athénaïs de Rochechouart, daughter of Gabriel de Rochechouart, le Mortemart, married, in 1663, Henri Louis de Pardaillan de Gondrin, is de Montespan, and became soon after this *dame du palais* to the queen. us first the confidante, and afterwards the rival, of Mademoiselle de la e. In 1668, Madame de Montespan became the mistress of the King, and ng enough "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Louise Antoinette Thérèse de la Châtre, daughter of Edme de la Châtre, of Nancei, married, in 1653, Louis de Crevant, marquis d'Humières, who utenant-general, and became, in 1668, marshal of France. Madame de mentions her in her letters.

Mademoiselle de Brancas, according to the researches of the eminent French ur, Paul Lacroix, made kindly and specially for this edition, is Marie ancas, daughter of count Charles de Brancas, who married, in 1667, ise-Henri-Charles de Lorraine, prince d'Harcourt, and became then *dame is*.

Madame d'Armagnac, whose maiden name was Marguerite-Philippe de rt, was the widow of Antoine de l'Age, duke de Puy-Laurens, and had l again Henri de Lorraine, count d'Armagnac, second son of Charles de e, first of that name, duke d'Elbeuf. She died in 1674.

Madame la comtesse de Soissons, Olympe Mancini, the niece of Cardinal n, was born at Rome in 1640. She inspired a great passion in Louis hen he was very young, but she married, in 1657, the count de Soissons. , she was grand-mistress of the household of the queen, and was exiled he court the following year, on account of an intrigue which she had l against Mademoiselle de la Vallière, whom she could never forgive ing become mistress to the King.

Madame la Princesse de Bade was Louise Christine de Savoie, daughter of s de Savoie, prince de Carignan, and of Marie de Bourbon-Soissons. She l, in 1655, Ferdinand Maximilien, marquis of Baden, who left her and her ind in France, five years after his marriage. She was called *princesse de* s being a daughter of the prince of Carignan.

Mademoiselle de Grancey, the eldest daughter of Jacques Rouxel, count de y, marshal of France, was afterwards known as countess de Grancey.

Maria Theresa of Austria, born at the Escurial, in Spain, in 1638, daughter ip IV., King of Spain, and of Elizabeth of France, married Louis XIV.), and suffered, all her life long, her husband's marital infidelities with- mplaining. She was appointed regentess in 1672, when the King started Dutch wars, and died in 1683. Of her six children, only one survived

Madame de Carignan's name was Marie de Bourbon, daughter of Charles, le Soissons. She had married, in 1624, Thomas François de Savoie, prince gnan, who died in 1656. She returned then to the court of France, and 1692. Her eldest son continued the branch of the princes of Carignan; ond son, Eugène Maurice, the branch of the Soissons.

Madame *de Fleix*,[53] Madame *la duchesse de Foix*,[54] Madame *de Bra*
Madame *de Froulay*,[56] Madame *la duchesse de Navailles*,[57] Madem
d' Ardennes,[58] Mademoiselle *de Coëtlogon*,[59] Madame *de Crussol*,[6
dame *de Montausier*,[61] *Madame*,[62] Madame *la princesse Béné*
Madame *la Duchesse*,[64] Madame *de Rouvroy*,[65] Mademoiselle *d*

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[53] Marie-Claire de Baufremont, first lady of honour to the Queen A
Austria, married, in 1637, Jean-Baptiste-Gaston de Foix, count de Fleix
whose death, in 1646, she was always called countess de Fleix. She wa
in great consideration by Louis XIV.

[54] There was no duchesse de Foix in 1664; but there was a countess of
who took the title of duchess,—a title which no one disputed with her. Her
name was Madeleine Charlotte d'Ailli d'Albert, daughter of Henri-Louis, d
Chaulnes, and she was married to Gaston-Jean-Baptiste de Foix et de C
whom she preceded to the tomb by four months.

[55] It is not easy to state exactly who was the real Madame de Brancas.
that time there were two branches of the family of Brancas, the Forc
Céreste and the Brancas-Villars, who both figured at the entertainments gi
Louis XIV. We believe, however, that the lady mentioned here was S
Garnier, wife of Charles, count de Brancas, uncle and father-in-law of Lo
Brancas, duke de Villars.

[56] Madame de Froulay, widow of Charles, count de Froulay, *grand-maré*
logis of the King, was a very intriguing busybody, who at last rendered
obnoxious to Louis XIV.

[57] Madame la duchesse de Navailles was the daughter of Charles de Be
count de Neuillan, and married, in 1651, Philippe de Montault-Bénac,
Navailles, peer and marshal of France. She was one of the ladies-in-wai
the Queen Anne of Austria.

[58] Mademoiselle d'Ardennes belonged certainly to the family of the
millés in Brittany, who were lords d'Ardennes. She was most likely n
honour to the Queen.

[59] Mademoiselle Louise Philippe de Coëtlogon, maid of honour to the
was afterwards married to the marquis de Cavoye.

[60] Madame de Crussol was married, March 16th, 1664, to Emmanuel de
a son of the duke d'Usez; she was the only daughter of the duke de Mont
and her maiden name was Julie Marie de Sainte Maure.

[61] Madame de Montausier, the celebrated Julie of the hôtel Raml
whose real name was Julie Lucie d'Angennes, marchioness of Rambouil
Pisani, governess of the Dauphin, and lady of honour to the Queen.

[62] For Madame, see Introductory Notice to *The School for Wives*, V
page 141, note 1.

[63] Madame la princesse Bénédicte belonged most probably to some br
the house of France. I have, however, not been able to discover w
was.

[64] Madame la Duchesse had been, for a year (1663), the wife of Henri-J
Bourbon, duke d'Enghien, and was called, according to custom, Mad
Duchesse. She was the daughter of Edward of Bavaria, palatine of the R

[65] Madame de Rouvroy was unmarried in 1664, when the fêtes at Ve
were given, and belonged to the family of the duke of St. Simon. She wa
of honour to the Queen, and married the count de St Vallier in 1675. M
Sévigné speaks of her and her mother in her letters.

Mothe,[66] Madame *de Marsé*,[67] Mademoiselle *de la Vallière*,[68] Mademoiselle *d'Artigny*,[69] Mademoiselle *du Bellay*,[70] Mademoiselle *de Dampierre*,[71] Mademoiselle *de Fiennes*.[72]

The splendour of this collation surpasses all that could be written of it, as well for its abundance, as for the delicacy of the things that were served up. It formed, likewise, the finest object for the gratification of the senses; for, in the night-time, near the verdure of those palisades, a great number of candlesticks painted green and silver, each of them holding twenty-four tapers, and two hundred flambeaux of white wax, held by as many masked persons, gave a light almost as great as, and more agreeable than, daylight. All the knights, with their helmets covered

[66] Mademoiselle de la Mothe, daughter of the marshal Antoine de la Mothe, marquis d'Houdancourt, was maid of honour to the Queen, and afterwards duchess de la Vieuville.

[67] Madame de Marsé. I have been unable to discover who this lady was; most likely, a maid of honour or lady in waiting to the Queen. In Burgundy there was a lordship de Marzé, belonging to the noble family of Nanton.

[68] Mademoiselle Louise-Françoise de La Baume Le Blanc de la Vallière, the king's present mistress, had, only five months before, been confined of her first child, and sought, afterwards, by a cloistral penance of twenty years, to redeem the mistake of having loved that coarse and egotistical voluptuary, Louis XIV. She was born at Tours in 1644, and was maid of honour to *Madame* in 1664. In 1667, the property of La Vallière was made a *duché-pairie* in favour of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and of her child, *fille légitimée de France*, who became afterwards princess de Conti. Charles II., King of England, who liked to imitate Louis XIV. as well as he could, bestowed a similar reward upon Barbara Villiers, countess of Castlemain, for similar services rendered (see Introductory Notice to *Love is the Best Doctor*). Louis le Grand appears to have acquired the name of "great" solely on account of his indomitable will, which showed itself above all in a disregard for the feelings of others, in his voracious appetite, in the repeated gratification of his brutal passions, in the number of his mistresses and bastards, in his cravings for swallowing medicine, and finally, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his devotee drivellings, by which he seemed to wish to cheat Heaven, as he had cheated posterity, out of the nickname of "Grand," by a sham assumption of dignity. In justice to Mons. Paul Lacroix, whom I know to entertain other opinions with regard to Louis XIV., I beg to state that these remarks on the *Grand Monarque* are mine.

[69] Mademoiselle d'Artigny belonged probably to the family de Guast, who came from the Comtat Venaissin, in which the name and lordship of d'Artigny are found. She was most likely one of the maids of honour to the Queen.

[70] Mademoiselle du Bellay, or rather de Belloy, was probably one of the maids of honour to the queen, and belonged to the ancient and illustrious family of de Belloy, of which a great many representatives were in the King's and Queen's retinue.

[71] Mademoiselle de Dampierre, was a maid of honour to the Queen, and afterwards married to Alphonse de Moreuil, first gentleman of the chamber to the prince de Condé.

[72] Mademoiselle de Fiennes's real name was Mademoiselle de Fruges; but she took the first title because she belonged to that noble house. She married Henri Garnier, count des Chapelles, governor of Montargis, and would never take the name of her husband. She had been maid of honour to the Queen.

with plumes of different colours, and their tilting dresses, leaned on the barriers; and the great number of officers, richly clad, who waited at table, enhanced its beauty, and rendered that ring an enchanted place; whence, after the collation, their Majesties and all the court went out by a portico opposite the lists, and in a great number of very comfortable carriages, took their way to the castle.

The Second Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

On the evening of the second day, their Majesties went to another ring, surrounded by palisades like the former, and in the same line still projecting towards the lake, where the palace of Alcina was supposed to be built.

The plan of this second feast was that Rogero and the knights of his troop, after having performed wonders in the lists, which by order of the fair magician had been held in honour of the Queen, should continue in the same manner the following diversion; and that, the floating island not having left the French shore, they might afford her Majesty the pleasure of a comedy, of which the scene was laid in Elis.

The King then caused, with surprising expedition, the whole ring to be covered with cloths, shaped like a dome, to protect against the wind the great number of flambeaux and wax lights which were to light up the theatre, of which the decorations were very pleasing. They then represented *The Princess of Elis*,[73] as well as six interludes. Whilst the shepherds and shepherdesses were singing and dancing at the end of the sixth interlude, there rose, from underneath the stage, a great tree, on which were sixteen fauns, eight of whom played on the flute, and the others on the violin, with the most agreeable harmony. Thirty violins answered them from the orchestra, as well as six harpsichords and theorbos.

Four shepherds and shepherdesses came and danced a very fine *entrée*,[74] in which the fauns, who had come down from the tree, mingled from time to time. This whole scene was so grand, so busy, and so agreeable, that no more beautiful ballet was ever seen.

Thus the amusements of this day, which all the court praised no less than those of the preceding, ended most advantageously, every one going away well satisfied, and having great expectations of the sequel of so complete a festival.

The Third Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

The more they advanced towards the great round water, representing the lake, on which formerly the palace of Alcina was built, the nearer

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[73] In the official description of *The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island*, Moliere's comedy, *The Princess of Elis*, is placed here. I have printed it at the end of this Introductory Notice.

[74] See Prefatory Memoir, Vol. I., page xxix., note 13.

they came to the end of the amusements of the Enchanted Island, as if it had not been fit that so many valiant knights should remain any longer in an idleness which would have wronged their glory.

Therefore, always following the first plan, it was pretended that, Heaven having resolved to set free these warriors, Alcina had some forebodings of it, which filled her with terror and uneasiness. She resolved to do all she could to prevent such a misfortune, and to fortify, by all possible means, a place which might secure her entire repose and joy.

Within this round lake, of which the size and shape were extraordinary, was a rock situated in the middle of an island, filled with different animals, as if they would forbid the entry of it.

Two other islands, longer, but not so wide, were on both sides of the first, and all three, as well as the banks of the lake, were so well lit up that there seemed to arise a new day amidst the darkness of the night.

As soon as their Majesties had arrived and taken their places, one of the two islands which were by the sides of the first was wholly filled with violin-players, very well dressed. The opposite island was at the same time filled with trumpeters and kettle-drummers, whose dresses were no less rich.

But what was more surprising was to see Alcina (Mademoiselle Duparc) issue from behind a rock, borne by a sea monster of prodigious size. Two of her nymphs, called Celia (Mademoiselle Du Brie) and Dirce (Mademoiselle Molière), followed her; and, placing themselves on each side upon large whales, approached the bank of the lake; while Alcina began to recite the following verses, which her companions answered, and which were in praise of the Queen, mother of the King.

ALCINA, CELIA, DIRCE.

Alcina. You who both share my happy lot,
Come, weep with me in this extremity.
Celia. Why such alarms so unexpectedly?
What draws such floods of tears from those bright eyes?
Alcina. I can't even think to speak on't without trembling
'Midst the dark horrors of a threatening dream,
A spectre with a hideous voice declared
That hell no longer aids me with its force,
That a celestial power arrests its aid,
And that this day for me shall be the last.
All the malignant influence of the stars,
Which adverse reigned ascendant at my birth,
And all misfortunes which my art had promised,
This dream foreshadowed in such lively colours,
That ceaseless to my waking eyes it offers
Melissa's power and Bradamant's good fortune.
These evils I foresaw, but the dear pleasures,

Which here seemed even to forestal our wishes;
Our lofty palaces, our fields, our gardens,
The pleasing converse of our dear companions,
Our songs and sports, the concerts of the birds,
The zephyr's fragrant breath, the murmuring waters,
The sweet adventures of our tender loves,
Made me forget those fatal auguries;
When that dire dream, which still distracts my senses,
With so much fury brought 'em to my mind.
Methinks I see my troops each moment routed,
My guards all slaughtered, and my prisons forced,
A thousand lovers by my art transformed,
Who bent on my destruction full of rage,
Quit, all at once, their trunks, and leafy dwellings
To take a righteous vengeance upon me;
And last methinks I see my dear Rogero
Ready to shake off my despised chains.

Celia. Fear in your breast has gained the upper hand.
You reign sole here; for you alone they sigh;
Nought interrupts the course of your contentment,
But plaintive accents of your mournful lovers.
Logistilla's[75] troops driven from our fields
Still quake with fear, hidden in their far mountains;
And even Melissa's name, unheard of here
Is only by your aug'ries known to us.

Dirce. Ah! let us not deceive ourselves, this phantom
Held, this last night, the same discourse with me.

Alcina. Alas! who then can doubt of our misfortunes?

Celia. I see a sure and easy remedy;
A queen appears, whose most auspicious aid
Will guard us from the efforts of Melissa.
The goodness of this queen is highly praised.
'Tis said her heart, whose constancy despised
The insolence of the rebellious waves,[76]
Is ever open to her subjects' vows.

Alcina. 'Tis true, I see her. In this pressing danger
Let us endeavour to engage her succour.
Let's tell her that the public voice proclaims
The charming beauties of her royal soul.
Say, that her virtue, higher than her rank,
Adorns the lustre of her noble blood;
And that our sex's glory she has borne
So far, that times to come will scarce believe it.

[75] Logistilla is a good fairy, and the sister of the wicked enchantress Alcina.

[76] This is an allusion to the troubles of the Fronde during the minority of Louis XIV.

That her great heart, fond of the public good,
Gives her a generous contempt of dangers ;
Proof against ought that may befall herself,
She apprehends for nothing but the state.
Say that her benefits profusely poured,
Gain her the love and rev'rence of mankind,
That even the shadow of an ill that threats her
Is cause enough to put the world in mourning.
Say that at the acme of an absolute power,
Her grandeur without pride or pomp appears ;
That in most dangerous times her constant prudence
Has fearless the prerogative supported ;[77]
And in the happy calm gained by her labours
Restores it to her son without regret.
Say, with what great respect, with what complaisance,
That glorious son rewards her for her cares.
Let's laud the just laws, and the life-long labours
Of that same son, the greatest of all monarchs ;
And how that mother, fortunately fruitful,
Giving but twice, gave so much to the world.[78]
In fine, the more to move her to compassion,
Let's use the eloquence of sighs and tears,
Then we amidst our greatest pangs may find
A peaceful refuge at her royal feet.

Dirce. I know her heart, magnificently generous,
Does kindly listen to the voice of misery ;
But yet she ne'er exerted all her power,
Unless to shield the innocent from wrong ;
I know she all things can, but dare not think
She'll stoop so low as to defend our cause.
She may have been informed of our soft errors,
And nothing is more clashing with her conduct ;
Her well-known zeal for piety will render
Our interests odious to her spotless virtue ;
And far from growing less at her approach
My fear redoubling chills my troubled spirits.

Alcina. Oh ! my own fear's sufficient to afflict me.
Do not augment my grief, but try to soothe it,
To furnish my dejected soul, with means
Of warding off the ills that threaten it.
Meanwhile let all the palace guards be doubled,
And if there be no sanctuary for us,
Let us in our despair our comfort seek,
Nor yield ourselves at least without resistance.

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[77] Another allusion to the troubles of the Fronde.

[78] Louis XIV. had only one brother, the Duke of Orleans.

When they had finished, and Alcina had gone out to double the guards of the palace, a concert of violins was heard, during which the front of the palace opened with wonderful art, and towers rose to view, whilst four giants of great size appeared with four dwarfs, who, by the contrast of their little stature, made that of the giants seem still more excessive. To these giants was committed the guard of the palace, and by them began the first *entrée*.

BALLET OF THE PALACE OF ALCINA.

The first *entrée* was composed of four giants and four dwarfs; the second, of eight Moors, to whom the guard of the interior was entrusted by Alcina, and who carefully visited it, each having two flambeaux.

Third *entrée*. Meanwhile some lover's quarrel prompted six of the knights whom Alcina kept near her to attempt to get out of the palace; but fortune not seconding the endeavours they made, in their despair they were overcome, after a sharp combat, by as many monsters which attack them.

Fourth *entrée*. Alcina, alarmed by this accident, invokes anew all her spirits, and demands their aid; two of them present themselves before her, leaping with wonderful force and agility.

Fifth *entrée*. Other demons came and seemed to reassure the enchantress that they shall not forget anything that may contribute to her repose.

Sixth and last *entrée*. But hardly had she begun to reassure herself, when she saw the wise Melissa appear under the form of Atlant, near Rogero and some knights of his train. She immediately hastened to hinder her from executing her intention; but she came too late; Melissa had already placed on the finger of that brave knight the famous ring which destroys enchantments. Then thunderclaps, followed by several flashes of lightning, portended the destruction of the palace, which was immediately reduced to ashes by fireworks, which put an end to this adventure, and to the amusements of the Enchanted Island.[79]

It looked as if Heaven, Earth, and Water were all in a flame, and as if the destruction of the splendid palace of Alcina, as well as the liberation of the knights she there kept in prison, could be effected only amidst prodigies and miracles. The height and number of rockets,—those which

[79] The names of all the dancers are given in the official description; but we have omitted them, as not possessing the smallest interest at the present time. Amongst them appears, however, a certain Molière, who was a professional dancer and singer, and several times displayed his talents before the King. He was in Paris at least ten years before Molière, and has composed a collection of songs, which is printed. For more details about this namesake of our author, see a note by the Bibliophile Jacob in the *Catalogue Soleinne*, Vol. iii., 9282. There had also been another Molière, called François, who died in 1623, and whose nove. *Polixène*, published only in 1632, and to be found in the British Museum, caused a certain sensation in those times. See Prefatory Memoir, Vol. I., page xxi.

fell on the shore, and those which came out of the water after having fallen into it,—formed a spectacle so grand and magnificent, that nothing could better terminate the enchantments, than these fine fireworks; which, ending at last after an extraordinary length and noise, redoubled the loud reports which had begun it.

Then all the court withdrew, and confessed that nothing could be more perfect than these three feasts. It is sufficient acknowledgment of this perfection, to say that, as each of the three days had its partisans, as every one of them had its particular beauties, none could agree which ought to bear away the bell; although they all agreed that they might justly dispute it with all those that ever had been seen till then, and perhaps surpass them.

The Fourth Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.[80]

But although the feasts properly belonging to the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island were ended, yet all the diversions of Versailles were not so. The magnificence and gallantry of the King had reserved some for other days, which were no less agreeable.

On Saturday, the 10th, his Majesty had a mind to run at heads,—an exercise of which few people are ignorant, which has come to us from Germany, and is well adapted for shewing a cavalier's skill, as well in managing his horse in times of war, as in rightly using a lance, a dart, and a sword. If there are any who never saw them run at, being not so common as the ring, and brought hither only of late, they may here find a description of it; while those who have had the pleasure of seeing them, may bear with so short a narrative.

The knights enter the lists one after another with lance in hand, and a dart under the right thigh; and after one of them has run and borne off a head of thick paste-board painted, and like a Turk's, he gives his lance to a page, and, turning the horse partly round, he returns at full gallop to the second head, which is like a Moor's and as black, bears it off with the dart, with which he strikes it as he passes; then taking a javelin a little different in form from a dart, in a third turn he plants it in a buckler, whereon is painted a Medusa's head; and ending his demi-volt, he draws his sword, wherewith, as he gallops past, he bears off a head raised half a foot from the ground; then giving way to another, he who in his running bears off most, gains the prize.

All the courtiers having arranged themselves behind a balustrade of iron gilt, which went quite round the agreeable house of Versailles, and which looks into the trench, where the lists and the barriers were, the King repaired thither, followed by the same knights that ran at the ring. The dukes de Saint-Aignan and de Noailles continued in their former

[80] The official account of the feast no longer separates the days; but as nearly all old editions of Molière do so, I have followed them.

offices, one of marshal of the camp, and the other of judge of the course. Of these, many were run very handsomely and successfully; but the King's skill gained him not only the prize of the ladies' course, but likewise that which was given by the queen. It was a rose of diamonds of great value, which the King won, but freely gave to be run for by the other knights, and for which the marquis de Coaslin contended with the marquis de Soyecourt, and gained.

The Fifth Day of the Pleasurés of the Enchanted Island.

On Sunday, at the King's Levee, almost all the conversation turned on the fine running of the preceding day, and occasioned a grand challenge between the duke de Saint-Aignan, who had not yet run, and the marquis de Soyecourt. The running was deferred till the next day, because the marshal duke de Grammont, who bet for the marquis, was obliged to go to Paris, whence he was not to return till that time.

On that afternoon, the King took all the court to his aviary, which excited great admiration, both by its particular beauties, and by the almost incredible number of birds of all sorts, amongst which were many of great rarity. It would be useless to mention the collation which followed this diversion, since, for eight successive days, every repast might be esteemed one of the greatest feasts that could be made.[81]

In the evening, his Majesty caused to be represented, on one of those double theatres of his Salon, which his boundless ingenuity had invented, the very clever comedy of *The Bores*, (See Vol. II., page 83,) written by the sieur de Molière, with *entrées de ballet*.

The Sixth Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

The rumour of the challenge which was to be run on Monday the twelfth, caused an infinite number of bets of great value to be laid; although that of the two knights was but a hundred pistoles. And as the duke, by a happy boldness, gave one head to that dexterous marquis, several betted on the latter, who, coming somewhat late to the King, found a challenge to hasten him. This challenge being only in prose, we have not inserted here.

The duke de Saint-Aignan had likewise shown to some of his friends, as an happy omen of his victory, these three verses:

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[81] It must not be forgotten that Louis XIV. was an omnivorous eater. As an example of this, I shall give a passage from one of the letters of the *Princesse palatine*, duchess of Orleans: "I have often seen the king eat four plates-full of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate-full of salad, some mutton roasted, with garlic, two good slices of ham, a plate-full of pastry, and then fruits and sweets." When Louis XIV. was seventy years old (1708), he dieted himself as follows, according to the *Journal de la santé du Roy*: "with some soup, with either some pigeons or a fowl boiled in it, and three roast fowls, of which he ate four wings, the breasts, and one leg." Of course the courtiers tried to imitate him: hence the repeated mention of repasts.

TO THE LADIES.

If, O ye fair, your sentiments agree
With mine, you shall confess this day, that he
Who conquers Soyecourt conquers ten besides—

still alluding to his name of Guido the savage whom the adventure of the dangerous island made conqueror over ten knights.[82] As soon as the King had dined, he conducted the queens, the duke and duchess of Orleans, and all the ladies, to a place where a lottery was to be drawn, that nothing might be wanting to the gallantry of these entertainments. The prizes were precious stones, furniture, plate and similar things; and though chance decided these presents, yet it certainly fell in with his Majesty's desire, when it gave the great prize to the Queen. Every one left that place very well pleased, to go to see the running which was about to begin.

At length Guido and Oliviero appeared in the lists, at five o'clock in the evening, very handsomely dressed and well mounted.

The King and all the court honoured them with their presence, and his Majesty himself read the conditions of the running, that there might be no difference between them. The duke de Saint-Aignan was fortunate, for he gained the day.

At night, his Majesty caused to be performed the first three acts of a comedy called *Tartuffe* (see Vol. IV.), which the sieur de Molière had made against the hypocrites. But although the King thought it very diverting, he found so much conformity between those whom a true devotion leads in the way to Heaven, and those whom a vain ostentation of good works does not hinder from committing evil ones, that his extreme delicacy in point of religion could hardly bear that resemblance of vice and virtue which might be mistaken for one another. And although he did not doubt the good intentions of the author, he forbade its being acted in public, and deprived himself of that pleasure, so as not to deceive others, who were less capable of a just discernment.

The Seventh Day of the Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.

On Tuesday the 13th, the King was pleased again to run at heads, as a common sport, wherein he who hit most was to win. His Majesty gained anew the prize of the course of the ladies, the duke de Saint-Aignan that of the sport; and having had the honour to enter the next time into competition with his Majesty, the incomparable skill of the King gained him that prize also. It was not without unavoidable astonishment, that the King was seen to gain four, whilst running twice at the heads. On the same night was played the comedy of *The forced Marriage* (see Vol. II., page 325), which was likewise the work of the same Molière. The

[82] There is in these lines an allusion to the marquis de Soyecourt's well-known prowess in other fields. See also page 12, note 18.

king then took his way to Fontainebleau on Wednesday the 14th. All the court was so satisfied with what they had seen, that every one was of opinion that it ought to be put in writing, to give some idea of it to those who did not see such varied and agreeable entertainments, wherein were at once to be admired the project and the success, the liberality with the politeness, the multitude with order, and the satisfaction of all; wherein the indefatigable pains of Monsieur Colbert were employed through all these diversions, notwithstanding his important affairs; wherein the duke de Saint-Aignan acted, as well as invented the design; wherein the fine verses of the president de Périgny in praise of the queens were so justly conceived, so agreeably turned, and repeated with so much art; wherein those which M. de Benserade made for the knights were generally approved; wherein the great care of M. Bontemps,[83] and the application of M. de Launay,[84] let nothing that was necessary be wanting; wherein every one so advantageously testified his design of pleasing the King, at a time when his Majesty himself thought of nothing but pleasing; and wherein, in a word, all that was seen will for ever continue in the memory of the spectators, even if care had not been taken to preserve in writing the remembrance of all these wonders.

[83] Mons. Bontemps was the first *valet de chambre* of the King, and afterwards became governor of the castles of Versailles and Marly. He was the confidant and favourite of Louis XIV., to whom he rendered many secret services. St Simon praises him in his *Mémoires*.

[84] M. de Launay was the *intendant des menus plaisirs et affaires de la chambre.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERSONAGES IN THE COMEDY.

IPHITAS, *father to the Princess of Elis.*
EURYALUS, *Prince of Ithaca.*
ARISTOMENES, *Prince of Messena.*
THEOCLES, *Prince of Pylos.*
ARBATES, *governor to the Prince of Ithaca.*
LYCAS, *attendant on Iphitas.*
MORON, *the Princess's fool.*
THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.[85]
AGLANTA, *cousin to the Princess.*
CYNTHIA, *cousin to the Princess.*
PHILLIS, *attendant on the Princess.*

PERSONAGES IN THE INTERLUDES.

First Interlude.

AURORA.
LYCISCAS, *a huntsman.*[86]
THREE HUNTSMEN, *singing.*
WHIPPERS-IN, *dancing.*

Second Interlude.

MORON.
HUNTSMEN, *dancing.*

Third Interlude.

PHILLIS.
MORON.
A SATYR, *singing.*
SATYRS, *dancing.*

Fourth Interlude.

PHILLIS.
TIRCIS, *a singing shepherd.*
MORON.

Fifth Interlude.

THE PRINCESS.
PHILLIS.
CLIMÈNE.

Sixth Interlude.

SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES, *singing.*
SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES, *dancing.*

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[85] It has been said in the pamphlet *la Fameuse comédienne* (see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., p. 291), that Madame Molière, whilst acting the part of the Princess of Elis, attracted the attention, and afterwards responded to the flame, of the Count de Lauzun, and also, perhaps, to those of the Abbé de Richelieu and the Count de Guiche. Several of Molière's biographers have repeated this accusation. M. Bazin, in his *Notes historiques sur la Vie de Molière*, has proved that one of the accused noblemen was at that time in Hungary, and the other in Poland.

[86] This short part was created by Molière himself. Molière acted also the part of Moron.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.

(*LA PRINCESSE D'ÉLIDE.*)

FIRST INTERLUDE. SCENE I.

AURORA.

When Love presents a charming choice
Respond to his flame, oh youthful fair!
Do not affect a pride which no one can subdue,
Though you've been told such pride becomes you well.
When one is of a lovely age
Naught is so handsome as to love.
Breathe freely sighs for him who faithful loves
And challenge those who wish to blame your ways.
A tender heart is lovely; but a cruel maid
Will never be a title to esteem.
When one is fair and beautiful
Naught is so handsome as to love.

SCENE II.

WHIPPERS-IN *and* MUSICIANS.

Whilst Aurora was singing these verses, four whippers-in were asleep on the grass, one of whom, called Lyciscas, represented by M. de Molière, an excellent actor, who had invented the verses and the whole comedy, was lying between two, whilst the third was at his feet. The other huntsmen were Messrs. Estival, Don, and Blondel, musicians of the king, who had admirable voices, and who awoke, at Aurora's call, and, as soon as she had finished, sang in recitativo.

Hullo! hullo! get up, get up, get up! Everything must be prepared for the hunting match. Hullo! get up; get up quickly.

1 *Whip.* Day to the darkest spots imparts its light.

2 *Whip.* The air distils its pearls on flowers.

3 *Whip.* The nightingales begin their warbling notes, and with their little concerts thrill the air.

All three. Come, come, get up! quick, get up! [*To Lyciscas asleep*] What is the matter, Lyciscas? What! you are snoring still! you, who promised to outstrip Aurora? Come, get up; get up, quick! Everything must be prepared for the hunting match. Get up quickly, get up! Make haste, get up!

Lyciscas. [*Waking*] Zounds, you are terrible brawlers! You open your throats early in the morning.

Musicians. Do you not see the light beams everywhere? Come, get up Lyciscas, get up.

Lyc. Oh! let me sleep yet a little while, I entreat you.

Mus. No, no, get up, Lyciscas, get up.

Lyc. I only ask about a quarter of an hour.

Mus. Not at all, not at all; get up, quick, get up.

Lyc. Alas! I pray you.

Mus. Get up.

Lyc. A moment.

Mus. Get up.

Lyc. I beseech you.

Mus. Get up.

Lyc. Oh!

Mus. Get up.

Lyc. I . . .

Mus. Get up.

Lyc. I shall have done immediately.

Mus. No, no, get up, Lyciscas, get up. Everything has to be prepared for the hunting match. Quickly, get up; make haste, get up.

Lyc. Well, be quiet; I shall rise. You are strange people to torment me thus. You will be the cause of my being unwell all day; for, do you see, sleep is necessary to man, and when one does not sleep one's fill, it happens . . . that . . . one is not . . . [*He falls asleep again.*

1 *Mus.* Lyciscas!

2 *Mus.* Lyciscas!

3 *Mus.* Lyciscas!

All. Lyciscas!

Lyc. To the deuce with these brawlers! I wish your throats were stopped with scalding porridge.[87]

All. Get up, get up; make haste; get up, quick, get up.

Lyc. Oh! how wearisome not to sleep one's fill!

1 *Mus.* Soho, ho!

2 *Mus.* Soho, ho!

3 *Mus.* Soho, ho!

All. Soho, ho!

Lyc. Ho! ho! ho! ho! Plague take the fellows with their howlings. May the devil take me if I do not give you a good drubbing for this. But what deuced enthusiasm possesses them to come and caterwaul in my ears at this rate?

All. Get up!

Lyc. Again?

All. Get up!

Lyc. The devil take you!

All. Get up.

Lyc. [*Getting up*] What! again! Was there ever such a passion for singing. Zounds! I shall go mad! Since I am disturbed, I will not let the others sleep. I shall torment them as they have done me. Come, soho! gentlemen, get up, get up, quick; you have been sleeping too long. I shall make a devil of a noise everywhere. [*He shouts with all his might*] Get up, get up, get up! Come quick! Soho, ho! get up, get up! Everything must be prepared for the hunt; get up, get up! Lyciscas, get up! Soho! ho! ho! ho!

Lyciscas having at length risen with the greatest difficulty, and having shouted as loud as he could, several horns and hunting-horns are blown, which, together with the violins, begin an entrée-tune, to which six whippers-in dance with great precision and order, whilst winding their horns at certain periods.

[87] In Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*, chapter xxxii., Bailie Nicol Jarvie says: "And I wish Mr Jarvie's boots had been fu' o' boiling water when he drew them on for sic a purpose."

ACT I.

ARGUMENT.

This hunt was prepared by the Prince of Elis, who, being of a gallant and magnificent disposition, and desirous that the Princess, his daughter, would think of marriage, to which she was very much averse, had invited to his court the Princes of Ithaca, Messena, and Pylos, thinking that whilst hunting, which she loved much, or during other sports, chariot-races, and the like displays, one of these princes might perhaps please her, and so become her husband.

SCENE I.

Euryalus, Prince of Ithaca, in love with the Princess of Elis; Arbates, his governor, who, indulgent to the prince's passion, praises him in elegant phraseology, instead of blaming him.

EURYALUS, ARBATES.

Arb. This dreamy silence, to which you have accustomed yourself so dolefully, makes you continually seek solitude, those deep sighs which come from your heart, and that gaze so full of languor, certainly say much to one of my age. I believe, my lord, I understand the language; but, for fear of running too great a risk, I dare not be so bold as to explain it without your leave.

Eur. Explain, explain with all freedom, Arbates, these sighs, these looks, and this mournful silence. I give you leave to say that love has subjected me to its laws, and defies me in its turn. I farther admit that you make me ashamed of the weakness of a heart which suffers itself to be overcome.

Arb. What, my lord, shall I blame you for the tender emotions with which I now see you inspired? The sourness of old age cannot embitter me against the gentle transports of an amorous flame. Although my life is near its close, I maintain that love suits well such men as you; that the tribute paid to the charms of a beautiful face is a clear proof of a beautiful mind; and that it is not easy for a young prince to be great and generous without being in love. It is a quality I admire in a monarch. Tenderness of heart is

a sure sign that everything may be expected from a prince of your age as soon as we perceive that his soul is capable of love. Yes, that passion, the most beautiful of all others, draws a hundred virtues in its train. It urges the heart to noble deeds, and all great heroes have felt its ardour. Your infancy, my lord, was spent under my eyes. I have seen realised the expectations formed from your virtues. I observed in you qualities which told of the blood from which you sprung; I discovered in you a fund of wit and brightness; I found you handsome, great, and noble; your courage and your abilities shone forth every day; but I was concerned because I did not perceive any traces of love. Now that the pangs of an incurable wound show that your soul is sensible to its strokes, I triumph, and my heart, full of joy, looks upon you as a finished prince.[88]

Eur. If, for a time, I defied the power of love, alas! my dear Arbates, it takes ample vengeance for it now. If you knew the ills into which my heart is plunged, you yourself would wish that it had never loved. For this is the fate that awaits me; I love—I ardently love the Princess of Elis; you know that that pride which lurks beneath her charming aspect arms her youthful sentiments against love; and that she avoids, during this grand feast, the crowd of lovers who strive to obtain her hand. Alas! how little truth is there in the saying that the being we love charms us at first sight, and that the first glance kindles in us those flames to which Heaven at our birth destined our souls. On my return from Argos, I passed this way, and then saw the Princess. I beheld all the charms with which she

[88] These verses, spoken in a festival given by Louis XIV. to please Mademoiselle de la Vallière, contain a very transparent allusion to the monarch's passion. Of course, many things may be brought forward to excuse Molière; yet, after all, although we admire the dramatist, we have not the same feelings for the courtier.

is endowed, but looked on them as one would look on a fine statue. Her brilliant youth, which I observed carefully, did not inspire my soul with one secret desire; I quietly returned to the shores of Ithaca, without so much as recalling her to my mind for two years. In the meantime, the rumour spread to my court that she was known to entertain a contempt for love; it was published everywhere that her proud spirit had an unconquerable aversion to marriage, and that, with a bow in her hand, and a quiver on her shoulder, she roamed through the woods like another Diana, loved nothing but hunting, and caused all the young heroes of Greece to sigh in vain. Admire our tempers and fate! What her presence and beauty failed to do, the fame of her boldness produced in my heart. An unknown transport was born within me, which I could not master. Her disdain so bruited about had a secret charm, which made me carefully call to remembrance all her features. Looking upon her with new eyes, I formed an image of her so noble, so beautiful,—picturing to myself so much glory, and such pleasures, if I could but triumph over her coldness, that my heart, dazzled by such a victory, saw its glorious liberty fade away. It in vain resisted such a bait; the sweetness of it took such complete possession of my senses that, impelled by an invisible power, I sailed at once from Ithaca hither, concealing my ardent passion under the pretence of wishing to be present at these renowned sports, to which the illustrious Iphitas, father of the princess, has invited most of the princes of Greece.

Arb. But of what use, my lord, are the precautions you take; and why are you so anxious to keep it a secret? You love this illustrious princess, you say, and come to signalize yourself before her; yet neither looks, words, nor sighs have informed her of your ardent passion? I cannot, for my part, understand this policy, which will not allow

you to open your heart; nor do I see what fruit can be expected of a love which avoids all modes of discovering itself.

Eur. And what should I gain, Arbates, by avowing my pangs, but draw down on myself the disdain of her haughty soul, and throw myself into the rank of those submissive princes, whose title of lovers causes her to look on them as enemies? You see the kings of Messena and Pylos in vain lay their hearts at her feet; the lofty splendour of their virtues, accompanied by the most assiduous respect, is useless. This repulse of their homage makes me conceal, in sad silence, the warmth of my love. I account myself condemned in seeing her behaviour towards these famous rivals, and read my own sentence in the contempt she shows to them.

Arb. And it is in this contempt and haughty humour that your love should see its brightest hope, since fortune presents to you a heart to conquer, which is defended only by mere coldness, and does not oppose to your passion the deep-rooted tenderness of some other engagement. A heart already occupied resists powerfully; but when the soul is free, it is easily overcome, and only a little patience is needed to triumph over all the pride of indifference. Conceal no longer from her the influence which her eyes have upon you; openly display your passion, and, far from trembling at the example of others, fortify yourself with the hope that you will be successful because they have been repulsed. Perhaps you may possess the secret of touching her obdurate heart, which these princes have not. And if, through her imperious and capricious pride, you should not meet with a more propitious destiny, it is at least a happiness in misfortunes of this kind to see one's rivals rejected with oneself.

Eur. I am glad to find that you approve a declaration of my passion; by combating my reasons, you delight my soul.

I wished to see, by what I said, whether you could approve what I had done. In short, since I must take you into my confidence, there is one who is to explain my silence to the Princess, and perhaps, at the very moment I am talking to you here, the secret of my heart is revealed. This chase, to which she went, you know, this morning early, in order to avoid the crowd of her adorers, is the opportunity which Moron has chosen to declare my passion.

Arb. Moron, my lord?

Eur. My choice rather astonishes you; you misjudge him because he is a court fool; but you must know that he is less of a fool than he wishes to appear, and that, notwithstanding his present employment, he has more sense than those who laugh at him.[89] The Princess amuses herself with his buffooneries: he has obtained her favour by a hundred jests, and can thus say, and persuade her to, what others dare not hazard. In short, I think him fit for my purpose; he says he has a great affection for me, and, having been born in my country, will assist my love against all rivals. A little money given him to sustain his zeal.[90] . . .

SCENE II.

Moron, represented by M. de Molière, arrives, and, being haunted by the remembrance of a furious wild boar, before which he had taken flight in the chase, asks for assistance. Meeting with Euryalus and Arbates, he places himself between them for greater safety, after having given proofs of his terror and cracked a hundred jokes about his want of courage.

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[89] The office of court fool was, at the time Molière wrote, not wholly abolished; Louis XIV. still kept one, called l'Angeli, who formerly belonged to the Prince de Condé. Very little is known of him, except that he was biting in his remarks, and at last obliged to leave the court. I do not think any court fool was represented on the French stage from the time of *The Princess of Elis*, until Victor Hugo's Triboulet in *Le Roi s'amuse*.

[90] See Appendix, Note A.

EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

Mor. [*Behind the scenes*] Help, help! save me from this cruel animal.

Eur. I think I hear his voice.

Mor. [*Behind the scenes*] Come to me! for mercy's sake, come to me!

Eur. It is he. Where is he running in such a fright?

Mor. [*Appearing without seeing anyone*] How shall I avoid this frightful boar? Ye gods! preserve me from his horrid tusks, and I promise you, if he does not catch me, four pounds of incense and two of the fattest calves. [*Meeting Euryalus, whom in his fright he takes for the boar from which he is flying.*] Oh! I am dead.

Eur. What ails you?

Mor. I took you for the animal, whose throat I beheld ready to swallow me; my lord, I could not recover from my fright.

Eur. What is it?

Mor. Oh! what a strange taste the Princess has; and, in following the chase and her extravagances, what foolishness we must put up with. What pleasure can these hunters find in being exposed to many thousand terrors? Now, if a man hunted only hares, rabbits, or young does, it would be sensible; they are animals of a very gentle nature, and always run away from us. But to go and attack these unmannerly beasts, who have not the least respect for a human face, and who hunt those who come to hunt them; that is a foolish pastime that I cannot endure.

Eur. Tell us what is the matter.

Mor. [*Turning round*] What a whim of the Princess to take exercise under such difficulties! I could have sworn she would play this trick. As the chariot-race came on

to-day, she must needs go hunt to show her open contempt for these sports, and to make it appear . . . . . But, mum, let me finish my tale, and resume the thread of my discourse. What was I saying ?

Eur. You were talking of an exercise under difficulties.

Mor. Ah ! yes. Well, then, fainting under this horrible labour (for I was up at break of day fitted out like a famous hunter), I slunk away from them all like a hero, and, finding a good place to take a nap in, I laid me down, and, composing myself, already began to snore comfortably, when suddenly a frightful noise made me open my eyes, and I beheld, coming out from behind an old thicket of the leafy wood, a boar of enormous size for . . .

Eur. What now ?

Mor. Nothing. Do not be afraid, but let me get between you, for a reason; I may then be better able to tell you the whole thing. I was saying I beheld the boar, which, being pursued by our people, set up all his bristles with a hideous air ; his glaring eyes darted only threats, his mouth with an ugly grin shewed through the foam certain tusks, for those who ventured near him . . . I leave you to imagine it. At this terrible sight, I seized my weapons ; but the treacherous brute without the slightest fear rushed straight at me, without my speaking a word to him.

Arb. And you stood your ground ?

Mor. I was not such a fool ! I threw down my arms and ran like a dozen.

Arb. What ! Having weapons, and yet fly from a boar ! That was not a valiant action, Moron.

Mor. I confess it was not valiant, but sensible.

Arb. But if one does not immortalize oneself by some exploit . . .

Mor. I am your servant. I had rather people should say, it was here that Moron, by flying without much pres-

sure, saved himself from the fury of a wild boar, than that they should say, here is the famous spot where the brave Moron, with heroic boldness facing the furious rush of a wild boar, lost his life by a wound from his tusk.

Eur. Very good.

Mor. Yes. Without offence to glory, I would rather live two days in the world, than a thousand years in history.

Eur. Your death would indeed grieve your friends; but if your mind has recovered from its fright, may I enquire if the passion which consumes me

Mor. My lord, I will not dissemble with you. I have done nothing yet, not having had the opportunity to speak with the Princess as I desired. The office of court buffoon has its prerogatives, but we must often turn aside from our free attempts. To talk of your flame is a delicate matter; it is a state affair with the Princess. You know in what title she glories, and that her brain is full of a philosophy which wars against marriage, and treats Cupid as a minor god. I must manage the thing skilfully for fear of rousing her tiger humour. One must be careful how to speak to great folks, for they are very ticklish sometimes. Let me manage it by degrees. I am full of zeal for you. I was born your subject. Some other obligations may also contribute to the happiness I design for you. My mother was esteemed handsome in her day, and was not naturally cruel; that generous Prince, your late father, was dangerously gallant, and I have heard that Elpénor, supposed to be my father because he was my mother's husband, related to the shepherds that he was occasionally honoured by a visit from the Prince, and that, during that time, he had the advantage of being bowed to by all the village. That is sufficient! Be that as it may, I intend by my labours . . . But here is the Princess and two of your rivals.

SCENE III.

The Princess of Elis appears afterwards with the Princes of Messena and Pylos, who show that their characters are very different from that of the Prince of Ithaca, which procured for him, in the heart of the Princess, all the advantages he could desire. This amiable Princess did not show, however, that the merit of this Prince had made any impression on her mind, or that she had so much as observed him. She always professed that, like Diana, she only loved the chase and the forests; and when the Prince of Messena wished to mention the service he had rendered her by rescuing her from a huge boar which had attacked her, she told him that, without diminishing in aught her gratitude, she considered his assistance so much the less considerable, as she, unaided, had killed many as furious, and might perhaps have overcome that one.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, EURYALUS, PHILLIS, ARBATES, MORON.

Aris. Do you upbraid us, madam, for saving your charms from this peril? For my part, I should have thought that to overcome the boar which was about to attack you so furiously was an adventure (not knowing of the hunt) for which we ought to have thanked our happy fate; but, by your coldness, I see plainly that I ought to be of another opinion, and quarrel with that fatal power of chance which made me take part in an affair that has given you offence.

Theo. For my part, madam, I esteem myself very happy in having performed this action for which my whole heart was anxious, and, notwithstanding your displeasure, cannot consent to blame fortune for such an adventure. I know that, when one is disliked everything one does displeases; but even were your anger greater than it is, it is an extreme pleasure, when one's love is extreme, to be able to rescue from peril the object of one's love.

Prin. And do you think, my lord, since I must speak, that there would have been anything in this danger to

terrify me so greatly? That the bow and arrow, which I love so much, would have been a useless weapon in my hands? And that I, accustomed to traverse our mountains, our plains, our woods, might not dare hope to suffice for my own defence? Surely I have made but little use of my time and the assiduous labours of which I boast, if, in such an emergency, I could not have triumphed over a wretched animal. At least if, in your opinion, my sex in general is unable for such actions, allow me the glory of a higher sphere, and do me the favour, both of you, to believe that, whatever the boar of to-day may have been, I have conquered fiercer ones without your help, my lords.

Theo. But, madam . . .

Prin. Well, be it so. I see that your desire is to shew me that I owe my life to you; I grant it. Yes, without you I had lost my life. I heartily thank you for your grand assistance, and will go at once to the Prince to inform him of the kindness with which your love has inspired you for me.

SCENE IV.

EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

Mor. Well! was there ever seen such an untamed spirit? The well-timed death of that ugly boar vexes her. Oh! how willingly would I have rewarded anyone who would have rid me of him just now!

Arb. [*To Euryalus*] I see, my lord, her disdain renders you pensive; but it ought not to retard in the least the execution of your plans. Her hour must come, and perhaps it is to you that the honour of conquering her is reserved.

Mor. She must know of your passion before the race, and I . . .

Eur. No, Moron, I do not wish it so any longer. Be

careful to say nothing, and leave me to act; I have resolved to take quite a different course. I see plainly she is resolved to despise all who think to gain her heart by deep respect; and the deity who induces me to sigh for her has inspired me with a new way to conquer her. Yes, it is he who has caused this sudden change, and from him I await its happy conclusion.

Arb. May one know, my lord, by what means you hope . . .

Eur. You shall see it. Follow me and keep silence.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

ARGUMENT.

The agreeable Moron leaves the Prince to go and talk of his growing passion to the woods and the rocks, uttering everywhere the beautiful name of his shepherdess Phillis; a ridiculous echo answers him whimsically; he takes so great a pleasure in it, that, laughing in a hundred ways, he makes the echo answer as often, without seeming at all tired of it. But a bear interrupts this fine amusement, and surprises him so much by the unexpected sight, that he shows visible signs of terror, which causes him to make before the bear all the bows he can think of to mollify him. At length he is going to run up a tree; but, seeing that the bear is also going to climb, he cries out for help so loudly, that eight peasants armed with pointed sticks and spears appear, whilst another bear comes after the first. A battle then begins, which ends with the death of one of the bears, and the flight of the other.

SCENE I.

MORON, *alone.*

Good bye, till I see you again; as for me, I shall stay here, and have a little conversation with these trees and rocks.

Woods, meadows, fountains, flowers, that behold my pale countenance, if you do not know it, I tell you I am in love. Phillis is the charming object who has fixed my heart. I became her lover by seeing her milk a cow; her

fingers, quite full of milk, and a thousand times whiter, squeezed the udder in an admirable manner. Ouf! the thought of it will drive me crazy. Ah! Phillis! Phillis! (*echo*, Phillis!) ah! (*echo*, ah!) hem! (*echo*, hem!) ah! (*echo*, ah!) oh! (*echo*, oh!) oh! (*echo*, oh!) This is a funny echo! Hom! (*echo*, hom!) ha! (*echo*, ha!) ha! (*echo*, ha!) hu! (*echo*, hu!) This is a funny echo.

SCENE II.

A Bear, Moron.

Mor. [*Seeing a bear approaching*] Oh, Master bear, I am your very humble servant. Pray, spare me; I assure you I am not worth eating; I am only skin and bone, and I see certain people yonder who would serve your turn much better. Eh! eh! eh! my lord, gently, if you please. There [*he caresses the bear and trembles with fear*], there, there, there. Ha, my lord, how handsome and well-made your highness is! You look quite stylish, and you have the prettiest shape in the world. Ah! what beautiful bristles! what a beautiful head! what beautiful, sparkling, and large eyes! Ah! what a pretty little nose! what a pretty little mouth! what darling little teeth! Ah! what a beautiful throat! what beautiful little paws! what well-shaped little nails [*the bear gets on his hind legs*]! Help! help! I am dead! Have mercy! Poor Moron! Oh! good Heavens! Oh! quick, I am lost. [*The huntsmen appear and Moron climbs up a tree*]. [*He addresses the huntsmen*]. Oh! gentlemen, take pity upon me. [*The huntsmen fight with the bear*]. That is right, gentlemen, kill that ugly beast for me. Assist them, kind Heaven! All right! he runs away; there he stops and falls upon them. That is right, there is one who has given him a thrust in his throat. They all surround him. Courage—stand to it! well done, my friends! That is right! go on! again! Oh! there he is on the ground; it is all over with him; he is dead. Let us come down now and give him a hundred blows. [*Moron comes down the tree*]. Your servant, gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for having delivered me

from this animal. Now that you have killed him, I am going to finish him, and triumph with you.

These fortunate huntsmen had no sooner gained this victory, than Moron, grown bold by the danger being remote, wishes to go and give a thousand blows to the animal, no longer able to defend himself, and does all that a braggart, not over bold, would have done on such an occasion; the huntsmen, to show their joy, dance a very fine entreé.

ACT II.

ARGUMENT.

The Prince of Ithaca and the Princess had a very gallant conversation about the chariot race which was in preparation. She had ere this told one of the princesses, her relatives, that the insensibility of the Prince of Ithaca disturbed her, and was disagreeable to her: that, although she did not wish to love anyone, it was very sad to see that he loved nothing, and that, although she had resolved not to go to see the races, she now would go, in order to endeavour to triumph over the liberty of a man who was so fond of it. It might easily be perceived that the merit of this prince produced its ordinary effect; that his fine qualities had touched her proud heart, and had begun partly to thaw that ice which had resisted until then all the ardour of love. Advised by Moron, whom he had gained over, and who knew well the heart of the Princess, the more the Prince pretended to be insensible, although he was but too much in love, the more the Princess resolved to win his affections, though she did not intend to return his love. The Princes of Messena and Pylos took their leave of her, to go to prepare for the races, and spoke of the expectation they had of being conquerors, because they desired to please her. The Prince of Ithaca, on the contrary, told her that, having never been in love with anything, he was going to try to obtain the prize for his own satisfaction. This made the Princess all the more anxious to subdue a heart, already sufficiently subdued, but which knew how to disguise its sentiments in a wonderful manner.

SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS.

Prin. Yes, I love to dwell in these peaceful spots. There is nothing here but what enchants the eye; and all the noble architecture of our palaces must yield the palm to these

simple beauties formed by nature. These trees, these rocks, these waters, this fresh turf, have charms for me of which I never tire.

Agl. Like you, I love tranquil retreats where one avoids the bustle of the city. Such places are adorned with a thousand charming objects; and what is surprising is that, at the very gates of Elis, those gentle souls who hate a crowd may find so vast and beautiful a solitude. But, to tell you the truth, in these days of rejoicing your retreat here appears somewhat unseasonable, and puts a slight on the magnificent preparations made by each prince for the public entertainment. The grand spectacle of the chariot-race merits the honour of your notice.

Prin. What right have they to desire my presence, and what do I owe, after all, to their magnificence? They take these pains on purpose to win me, and my heart is the only prize for which they all strive. But with whatever hope they may flatter themselves, I am greatly mistaken if either of them carries it off.

Cyn. How long will this heart be provoked at the innocent designs which are formed to touch it; and regard the trouble which people give themselves as so many offences against your person? I know that in pleading the cause of love, I am exposed to your displeasure, but as I have the honour to be related to you, I oppose myself to the harshness which you show; and cannot feed by flattery your resolution of never loving. Is anything more beautiful than the innocent flame which brilliant merit kindles in the soul? What happiness would there be in life, if love were banished from among mortals? No, no, the delights which it affords are infinite, and to live without loving is, properly speaking, not to live at all.[91]

[91] As far as this line the play is, in the original, in verse; but in the printed edition, Molière inserted the following notice: "The design of

Agl. For my part, I think that this passion is the most agreeable business of life; that, in order to live happily, it is necessary to love, and that all pleasures are insipid unless mingled with a little love.

Prin. Can you two, being what you are, talk thus? And ought you not to blush for countenancing a passion which is nothing but error, weakness, and extravagance, and of which all the disorders are so repugnant to the glory of our sex? I intend to maintain its honour until the last moment of my life, and will never trust those men who pretend to be our slaves, only to become in time our tyrants. All these tears, all these sighs, all this homage, all these respects, are but snares laid for our hearts, and which often induce them to act basely. For my part, when I behold certain examples, and the hideous meannesses to which that passion can debase persons who are under its sway, my whole heart is moved; I cannot bear that a soul which possesses ever so little pride should not feel horribly ashamed of such weaknesses.

Cyn. Ah, madam, there are certain weaknesses that are not at all shameful, and which it is beautiful to have in the highest degree of glory. I hope that one day you will change your mind; and if Heaven please, we shall shortly see your heart . . .

Prin. Hold. Do not finish that strange wish. I have too unconquerable a horror of such debasement; if I should ever be capable of sinking so low, I should certainly never forgive myself.

Agl. Take care, madam! Love knows how to revenge himself for the contempt shown him, and perhaps . . .

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the author was to treat thus the whole comedy. But an order of the King, who hurried on this affair, compelled him to finish the remainder in prose, and to pass lightly over several scenes, which he would have extended if he had had more leisure."

Prin. No, no. I defy all his darts; the great power which is attributed to him is nothing but an idle fancy, and an excuse for feeble hearts, who represent him as invincible to justify their weakness.

Cyn. But all the world recognises his power, and you see that the gods themselves are subject to his empire. We are told that Jupiter loved more than once, and that Diana herself, whom you so much affect to imitate, was not ashamed to breathe sighs of love.

Prin. Public opinions are always mixed with error. The gods are not such as the vulgar make them out to be, and it is a want of respect to attribute to them human frailties.

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.[92]

Agl. Come hither, Moron; come, help us to defend love against the Princess's opinion.

Prin. Your side is strengthened by a grand defender truly!

Mor. Upon my word, madam, I believe that after my example there is no more to be said, and that none should doubt any longer the power of love. I for a long time defied his arms, and acted like a rogue, just as any other; but at length my pride was cowed, and you have a traitress [*pointing to Phillis*] who has made me tamer than a lamb. After that, you ought to have no scruples to love; and, since I have submitted to him, others may do the same.

Cyn. What! Moron in love?

Mor. Yes, indeed.

Cyn. And is he beloved?

Mor. And why not? Am I not well enough made for

[92] See Appendix, Note B.

that? I think this face is passable enough; and as to elegant manners, thank Heaven, we yield to none.

Cyn. Without doubt, it would be wrong to . . .

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON, PHILLIS, LYCAS.

Lyc. Madam, the Prince, your father, is coming hither to seek you; he brings with him the Princes of Pylos, of Ithaca, and of Messena.

Prin. Heavens! what does he mean by bringing them to me? Has he resolved on my ruin, and would he force me to choose one of them?

SCENE IV.

IPHITAS, EURYALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.[93]

Prin. [*To Iphitas*] My lord, I beg you to give me leave to prevent, by two words, the declaration of the thoughts which you may perhaps foster. There are two truths, my lord, the one as certain as the other, of which I can assure you; the one is, that you have an absolute power over me, and that you can lay no command upon me which I would not blindly obey; the other is, that I look upon marriage as death, and that it is impossible for me to conquer this natural aversion. To give me a husband and to kill me are the same thing; but your will takes precedence, and my obedience is dearer to me than life. After this, my lord, speak; say freely what you desire.

Iph. Daughter, you are wrong to be so alarmed; and I am grieved that you can think me so bad a father as to do violence to your sentiments, and to use tyrannically the power which Heaven has given me over you. I wish, indeed, that

[93] See Appendix, Note C.

your heart were capable of loving some one. All my desires would be satisfied if that were to happen; and I proposed to celebrate the present fêtes and sports only to assemble all the illustrious youth of Greece, that amongst them you might meet one who would please you and determine your choice. I say, I ask of Heaven no other happiness than to see you married. To obtain this favour, I have this morning again offered up sacrifice to Venus; and if I know how to interpret the language of the gods, the goddess promised me a miracle. But, be this as it may, I will act like a father who loves his daughter. If you can find one on whom to fix your inclination, your choice shall be mine, and I shall consider neither interests of state nor advantages of alliance. If your heart remains insensible, I shall not attempt to force it. But at least be polite in answer to the civilities offered to you, and do not oblige me to make excuses for your coldness. Treat these princes with the esteem which you owe them, and receive with gratitude the proofs of their zeal. Come and see this race in which their skill will appear.

Theo. [*To the Princess*] Every one will do his utmost to gain the prize of this chariot-race. But, to tell you the truth, I care little for the victory, since your heart is not to be contended for.

Aris. For my part, madam, you are the only prize I propose to myself everywhere. It is you whom I imagine to be the reward in these combats of skill; I aspire honourably to gain this race only to obtain a degree of glory which may raise me nearer to your heart.

Eur. As for me, madam, I do not go with any such thought. As I have all my life professed to love nothing, I take pains, but not with the same object as the other princes. I do not pretend to obtain your heart, and the honour of gaining the race is the sole advantage to which I aspire.

SCENE V.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

Prin. Whence proceeds thus unexpected haughtiness? Princesses, what do you say of this young Prince? Did you observe what an air he assumed?

Agl. It is true it was somewhat haughty.

Mor. [*Aside*] Oh! what a fine trick he has played her!

Prin. Do you not think it would be pleasant to humble his pride, and to abase a little that hectoring heart?

Cyn. As you are accustomed to receive nothing but homage and adoration from the whole world, such a compliment as his must indeed surprise you.

Prin. I confess it has caused me some emotion; and I should much like to find a way to chastise this pride. I had no great desire to go to this race, but now I shall go on purpose, and do all I can to inspire him with love.

Cyn. Take care, madam, the enterprise is dangerous; and when one tries to inspire love, one runs a risk of receiving it.

Prin. Oh, pray apprehend nothing. Come, I shall answer for myself.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

MORON, PHILLIS.

Mor. Phillis, stay here.

Phil. No, let me follow the rest.

Mor. Oh! cruel creature! If Tircis had asked you, you would have stayed fast enough.

Phil. That may be. I own I love much better to be with him than with you, for he amuses me with his

voice, and you deafen me with your cackle. When you sing as well as he does, I promise to listen to you.

Mor. Oh, stay a little.

Phil. I cannot.

Mor. Pray do.

Phil. No, I tell you.

Mor. [*Holding Phillis*] I will not let you go . . .

Phil. What a bother!

Mor. I only ask to be one instant with you.

Phil. Well, I shall stay, provided you promise me one thing.

Mor. What?

Phil. Not to speak at all.

Mor. Oh, Phillis.

Phil. If you do, I shall not stay.

Mor. Will you . . .

Phil. Let me go.

Mor. Well, stay; I shall not say a word.

Phil. Take care you do not, for at the first word I shall run.

Mor. Be it so . . . . . [*Making some gestures*] Ha, Phillis! Ha! . . .

SCENE II.

MORON, *alone.*

Mor. She runs away, and I cannot overtake her. That is the mischief. If I could but sing, I might do my business better. Most women now-a-days are caught by the ear; that is the reason why every one learns music; no one succeeds with them but with little songs and little verses that are warbled to them. I must learn to sing that I may act like others. Oh! here is the very man.

SCENE III.

A SATYR, MORON.

Sat. [*Sings*] La, la, la.

Mor. Ah, friend Satyr, you know what you promised me, ever so long ago. Pray teach me to sing.

Sat. I will; but first listen to a song I have just made.

Mor. [*Aside and in a whisper*] He is so used to sing that he cannot speak otherwise. [*Aloud*] Come, sing, I am listening to you.

Sat. [*Sings*] I was carrying . . .

Mor. A song, do you say?

Sat. I was . . .

Mor. A song to be sung?

Sat. I was . . .

Mor. A lover's song? Hang it!

Sat. I was carrying in a cage two sparrows I had caught, when young Chloris, in a dark grove, showed to my astonished eyes her blooming and lovely countenance. When I beheld her gaze, so skilled in conquering, I said to the sparrows, Alas! console yourselves, poor little animals, he who caught you is much more caught than you are.

Moron was not satisfied with this song, though he thought it very pretty; he asked for one with more passion in it, and, begging the Satyr to sing him the one he had heard him sing some days before, the Satyr thus continued:—

In your songs so sweet, sing to my fair one, oh birds, sing all my mortal pain. But if the cruel maid gets angry when she hears the true story of the pangs I endure for her sake, then, birds, be silent.

This second song having moved Moron very much, he desires the Satyr to teach him to sing it.

Mor. Ah! this is fine; teach it me.

Sat. La, la, la, la.

Mor. La, la, la, la.

Sat. Fa, fa, fa, fa.

Mor. Fa yourself.[94]

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[94] In the original there is a play on words which cannot be rendered into English. The musical scale consisted formerly of the notes ut, ré, mi, fa, sol, la, si, ut; hence when Moron answers the Satyr *Fat toi-meme;* it may mean "fa yourself," or "dandy yourself."

The Satyr gets angry, and by degrees places himself in an attitude as if he was coming to fisticuffs; the violins begin to play, and several Satyrs dance an agreeable entrée.[95]

ACT III.

ARGUMENT.

In the meantime the Princess of Elis was very uneasy; the Prince of Ithaca had gained the prize at the races; afterwards the Princess had sung and danced in an admirable manner; and yet it did not seem that these gifts of nature and art had been even observed by the Prince of Ithaca; she complains of it to the Princess, her relative; she also speaks of it to Moron, who calls that unfeeling Prince a brute. At last, seeing him herself, she cannot refrain from making some serious allusions to it; he candidly answers that he loves nothing except his liberty, and the pleasures of solitude and the chase, in which he delights.

SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS.

Cyn. It is true, madam, that this young prince showed uncommon skill, and that his bearing was surprising. He is the conqueror in this race, but I doubt much if he leaves with the same spirit with which he came; for you aimed such blows at him that it was difficult to defend himself, and, without mentioning anything else, your graceful dancing and the sweetness of your voice had charms to-day to touch the most insensible.

Prin. There he comes, conversing with Moron. We shall know what he is talking of. Let us not interrupt them, but turn this way, to meet them again by-and-bye.

[95] Shakespeare in his *Merchant of Venice* (Act v., Scene i.), has also given a kind of musical interlude, in the scene between Lorenzo and Jessica; but in it the sparkling poetry sometimes soars to the highest realms of lyric enthusiasm; Molière wished only to give a comic scene, interspersed with some songs.

SCENE II.

EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.[96]

Eur. Ah, Moron! I confess I was enchanted; never have so many charms together met my eyes and ears. She is, in truth, adorable at all times; but she was at that moment more so than ever. New charms enhanced her beauty. Never was her face adorned with more lively colours, nor were her eyes armed with swifter or more piercing shafts. The sweetness of her voice showed itself in the perfectly charming air which she deigned to sing; and the marvellous tones she uttered went to the very depth of my soul, and held all my senses so enraptured that they could not recover. She then showed an agility altogether divine; her lovely feet upon the enamel of the soft turf traced such delightful steps as put me quite beside myself, and bound me by irresistible bonds to the easy and accurate motion with which her whole body followed those harmonious strains. In short, never did soul feel stronger emotions than mine. More than twenty times I thought to give up my resolution, cast myself at her feet, and declare to her frankly the ardour which I felt for her.

Mor. Take my advice, my lord, and be careful how you do that. You have discovered the best method in the world, and I am greatly deceived if it does not succeed. Women are animals of a whimsical nature; we spoil them by our tenderness; and I verily believe we should see them run after us, were it not for the respect and submission whereby men allure them.

Arb. My lord, here comes the Princess, a little in advance of her retinue.

Mor. At least, continue as you have begun. I shall go

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[96] See Appendix, Note D.

and see what she will say to me. In the meantime, walk you in these alleys without showing any desire to join her, and if you do accost her, stay as little with her as you can.

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.[97]

Prin. You are intimate, Moron, with the Prince of Ithaca?

Mor. Ah, madam! we have known one another a long time.

Prin. What is the reason that he did not walk so far as this, but turned the other way when he saw me?

Mor. He is a whimsical fellow, and only loves to converse with his own thoughts.

Prin. Were you present just now when he paid me that compliment?

Mor. Yes, madam, I was, and thought it rather impertinent, under favour of his princeship.

Prin. For my part, I confess, Moron, this avoidance of me offends me. I have a great desire to make him fall in love with me, that I may bring down his pride a little.

Mor. Upon my word, madam, you would not do ill; he deserves it: but, to tell you the truth, I have great doubts of your success.

Prin. How so?

Mor. How? Why, he is the proudest little rogue you ever saw. He thinks no one in the world is like him, and that the earth is not worthy to bear him.

Prin. But has he not yet spoken of me?

Mor. He? No.

Prin. Did he say nothing to you of my singing and dancing?

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[97] See Appendix, Note E.

Mor. Not the least word.

Prin. This contempt is shocking. I cannot bear this strange haughtiness, which esteems nothing.

Mor. He neither esteems nor loves any one but himself.

Prin. There is nothing I would not do to humble him as he deserves.

Mor. We have no marble in our mountains harder or more insensible than he.

Prin. There he comes.

Mor. Do you see how he passes without noticing you?

Prin. Pray, Moron, go and tell him I am here, and oblige him to come and speak to me.

SCENE IV.

THE PRINCESS, EURYALUS, ARBATES, MORON.[98]

Mor. [*Going up to Euryalus and whispering to him*] My lord, I tell you everything is going on well. The Princess wishes you to come and speak to her; but take care to continue to play your part. For fear of forgetting it, do not stay long with her.

Prin. You are very solitary, my lord; and it is an extraordinary disposition of yours to renounce our sex in this manner, and to avoid at your age that gallantry upon which your equals pride themselves.

Eur. This disposition, madam, is not so extraordinary but that we may find examples of it at no great distance; you cannot condemn the resolution I have taken of never loving anything, without also condemning your own sentiments.

Prin. There is a great difference. That which becomes well our sex does not well become yours. It is noble for a woman to be insensible, and to keep her heart free from the

[98] See Appendix, Note F.

flames of love: but what is a virtue in her is a crime in a man; and as beauty is the portion of our sex, you cannot refrain from loving us without depriving us of the homage which is our due, and committing an offence which we ought all to resent.

Eur. I do not see, madam, that those who will not love should take any interest in offences of this kind.

Prin. That is no reason, my lord; for although we will not love, yet we are always glad to be loved.

Eur. For my part, I am not of that mood; and as I design to love none I should be sorry to be beloved.

Prin. Why so?

Eur. Because we are under an obligation to those who love us, and I should be sorry to be ungrateful.

Prin. So that, to avoid ingratitude, you would love the one who loved you?

Eur. I, madam? Not at all. I say I should be sorry to be ungrateful; but I would sooner be so than be amorous.

Prin. Perhaps such a person might love you that your heart . . .

Eur. No, madam; nothing is capable of touching my heart. Liberty is the sole mistress whom I adore; and though Heaven should employ its utmost care to form a perfect beauty, in whom should be combined the most marvellous gifts both of body and mind; in short, though it should expose to my view a miracle of wit, cleverness, and beauty, and that person should love me with all the tenderness imaginable, I confess frankly to you I should not love her.

Prin. [*Aside*] Was ever anything seen like this?

Mor. [*To the Princess*] Plague take the little brute! I have a great mind to give him a slap in the face.

Prin. [*Aside*] This pride confounds me! I am so vexed that I am beside myself!

Mor. [*In a whisper to the Prince*] Courage, my lord; everything goes as well as can be.

Eur. [*To Moron*] Ah, Moron, I am exhausted! I have made strange efforts.

Prin. [*To Euryalus*] You must be very unfeeling, indeed, to talk as you do.

Eur. Heaven has not made me of another disposition. But, madam, I interrupt your walk, and my respect ought to inform me that you love solitude.

SCENE V.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

Mor. He is not inferior to you, madam, in hardness of heart.

Prin. I would willingly give all I possess in the world to triumph over him.

Mor. I believe you.

Prin. Could not you serve me, Moron, in such a design?

Mor. You know well, madam, that I am wholly at your service.

Prin. Speak of me to him in your conversation. Cunningly praise my charms and my lofty birth; try to shake his resolution by encouraging him to hope; I give you leave to say all you think fit, to try to make him in love with me.

Mor. Leave it to me.

Prin. It is a thing I have set my heart on. I ardently wish he may love me.

Mor. It is true, the little rascal is well made; he has a good appearance, a good countenance, and I believe would suit very well a certain young Princess.

Prin. You may expect anything from me, if you can but find means to inflame his heart for me.

Mor. Nothing is impossible; but, madam, if he should come to love you, pray what would you do?

Prin. Oh, then I would take delight in fully triumphing over his vanity; I would punish his disdain by my coldness, and practise on him all the cruelties I could imagine.

Mor. He will never yield.

Prin. Ah! Moron, we must make him yield.

Mor. No, he will not; I know him; my labour will be in vain.

Prin. We must, however, try everything, and prove if his soul be entirely insensible. Come, I will speak to him, and follow an idea which has just come into my head.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

PHILLIS, TIRCIS.

Phil. Come, Tircis, let them go, and depict to me your sufferings, in the manner you know. Your eyes have spoken to me for a long time, but I should be more glad to hear your voice.

Tir. [*Sings*] Alas! you listen to my sad complaints; but, O matchless fair one, I am not the better for it; I make an impression on your ears, but not on your heart.

Phil. Well, well, it is something to touch the ear; time will produce the rest. Meanwhile, sing me some new ditty that you have made for me.

SCENE II.

MORON, PHILLIS, TIRCIS.

Mor. Oh! have I caught you, cruel one? You slink away from the company to listen to my rival?

Phil. Yes, I slink away for that reason. I repeat it to you, I find a pleasure in his company; we hearken willingly

to lovers when they complain so agreeably as he does. Why do you not sing like him? I should then take a delight in listening to you.

Mor. If I cannot sing, I can do other things; and when . . .

Phil. Be silent, I wish to hear him. Tircis, say what you like.

Mor. Ah! cruel one! . . .

Phil. Silence, I say, or I shall get angry.

Tir. [*Sings*] Ye tufted trees; and ye enamelled meads; that beauty winter stript you of is restored to you by spring. You resume all your charms; but, alas! my soul cannot resume the joy it has lost!

Mor. Zounds! why cannot I sing? Oh! stepmotherly nature, why did you not give me the means of singing like any other?

Phil. Really, Tircis, nothing can be more agreeable, and you bear away the bell from all your rivals.

Mor. But why can I not sing? Have I not a stomach, a throat, and a tongue, as well as any other man? Yes, yes, come on then. I too will sing, and show you that love enables one to do all things. Here is a song I made for you.

Phil. Come, sing it then; I shall listen to you for the novelty of the thing.

Mor. Pluck up your courage, Moron, there is nothing like boldness. [*He sings.*] Your extreme severity cruelly wounds my heart. Ah! Phillis, I am dying; deign to lend me some assistance. Will you be the stouter for it, because you have allowed me to die? . . . Well said, Moron.

Phil. That is very well. But, Moron, I should like very much the glory of having some lover die for me! It is an advantage I have not yet enjoyed; I find I should love with all my heart a person who would love me sufficiently to kill himself.

Mor. You would love the person that would kill himself for you?

Phil. Yes.

Mor. That is the only thing to please you?

Phil. Ay.

Mor. It is done then. I will show you that I can kill myself when I have a mind to it.

Tir. [*Sings*] Ah! how pleasant it is to die for the object one loves.

Mor. [*To Tircis*] It is a pleasure you may have when you like.

Tir. [*Sings*] Take courage, Moron, quickly die, like a generous lover.

Mor. [*To Tircis*] Pray, mind your own business, and let me kill myself as I like. Come, I will shame all lovers. [*To Phillis*] Behold, I am not a man who makes many compliments. Do you see this dagger? Pray, observe how I shall pierce my heart. [*Laughing at Tircis*] I am your servant; I am not such a fool as I look.

Phil. Come, Tircis, repeat to me, in an echo, what you have sung.[99]

ACT IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Princess of Elis, hoping by a stratagem to discover the sentiments of the Prince of Ithaca, confides to him that she loves the Prince of Messena. Instead of seeming concerned at it, he gives her tit-for-tat, and tells her that he is enamoured of the Princess, her relative, and that he will demand her in marriage of the King, her father. At this unexpected news, the Princess of Elis loses all firmness, and although she tries to restrain herself before him, yet, as soon as he is gone, she so earnestly entreats her cousin not to listen favourably to this Prince, and never to marry him, that she cannot refuse. The Princess complains even to Moron, who, having freely told her that it was a sign she loved the Prince of Ithaca, is driven from her presence on account of his remark.

SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, EURYALUS, MORON.

Prin. Prince, as hitherto we have shown a conformity of sentiment, and Heaven seems to have imbued us both

[99] See Appendix, Note G.

with the same affection for liberty and the same aversion to love, I am glad to open my heart to you, and to entrust you with the secret of a change which will surprise you. I have always looked upon marriage as a frightful thing, and have vowed rather to abandon life than to resolve ever to lose that liberty of which I was so fond; but now, one moment has dispersed all these resolutions. The merit of a certain prince has to-day become obvious to me; my soul suddenly, as it were by a miracle, has become sensible to that passion which I have always despised. I presently found reasons to authorise this change; I may attribute it to my willingness to satisfy the eager solicitations of a father, and the wishes of a whole kingdom; but, to tell you the truth, I dread the judgment you may pass upon me, and would fain know whether or not you will condemn my design of taking a husband.

Eur. You may make such a choice, madam, that I should certainly approve of it.

Prin. Whom do you think, in your opinion, I intend to choose?

Eur. If I were in your heart, I could tell you; but as I am not, I do not care to answer you.

Prin. Guess, name some one.

Eur. I am too much afraid of making a mistake.

Prin. But for whom would you wish that I should declare myself?

Eur. I know well, to tell you the truth, for whom I could wish it; but, before I explain myself, I must know your thoughts.

Prin. Well, Prince, I will disclose it to you. I am sure you will approve of my choice; and, to hold you no longer in suspense, the Prince of Messena is he whose merit has made me love him.

Eur. [*Aside*] Oh, Heavens!

Prin. [*Aside to Moron*] My invention has succeeded, Moron. He is disturbed.

Mor. [*To the Princess*] Good, madam. [*To the Prince*] Take courage, my lord. [*To the Princess*] He is hit hard. [*To the Prince*] Do not be disheartened.

Prin. [*To Euryalus*] Do you not think that I am in the right, and that the Prince possesses very great merit!

Mor. [*Aside to the Prince*] Recover yourself and answer.

Prin. How comes it, Prince, that you do not say a word, and seem thunderstruck?

Eur. I am so, indeed, and I wonder, madam, that Heaven could form two souls so alike in everything as ours; two souls in which are seen the greatest conformity of sentiment, which have shown, at the same time, a resolution to brave the power of love, and which, in the same instant, have shown an equal facility in losing the character of insensibility. For in short, madam, since your example authorises me, I shall not scruple to tell you that love, this very day, has mastered my heart, and that one of the princesses, your cousins, the amiable and beautiful Aglanta, has overthrown with a glance all my proud projects. I am overjoyed, madam, that we cannot reproach each other, as we are equally defeated. I do not doubt that, as I praise your choice greatly, you shall also approve mine. This miracle must become apparent to all the world, and we ought not to delay making ourselves both happy. For my part, madam, I solicit your influence, so that I may obtain her I desire; you will not object that I go immediately to ask her hand of the Prince, your father.

Mor. [*Aside to Euryalus*] Ah, worthy heart! ah, brave spirit!

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

Prin. Ah, Moron! I am undone. This unexpected blow absolutely triumphs over all my firmness.

Mor. It is a surprising blow, it is true; I thought at first that your stratagem had taken effect.

Prin. Ah! this vexation is enough to drive me mad! Another has the advantage of subduing a heart which I wished to conquer.

SCENE III.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

Prin. Princess, I have one thing to beg of you, which you absolutely must grant me. The Prince of Ithaca loves you, and designs to ask your hand of the Prince, my father.

Agl. The Prince of Ithaca, madam!

Prin. Yes; he has just now told me so himself, and asked my consent to obtain your hand; but I conjure you to reject this proposal, and not lend an ear to what he may say.

Agl. But, madam, if it be true that this prince really loves me, and as you have yourself no design to gain his affections, why will you not suffer . . .

Prin. No, Aglanta. I desire it of you. I beg you to gratify me so far; and, as I have not the advantage of subduing his heart, let me have the pleasure of depriving him of the joy of obtaining yours.

Agl. Madam, I must obey you; but I should think the conquest of such a heart no contemptible victory.

Prin. No, no, he shall not have the pleasure of braving me entirely.

SCENE IV.

THE PRINCESS, ARISTOMENES, AGLANTA, MORON.

Aris. Madam, at your feet I come to thank love for my happy fate, and to testify to you, by my transports, how grateful I am for the surprising goodness with which you deign to favour the most humble of your captives.

Prin. How?

Aris. The Prince of Ithaca, madam, just now assured me that, with regard to that celebrated choice which all Greece awaits, your heart had been kind enough to declare itself in my favour.

Prin. He told you that he had it from my mouth?

Aris. Yes, madam.

Prin. He is thoughtless, and you are a little too credulous, prince, to believe so hastily what he told you; such news, in my opinion, should have been doubted for some time; and you could have done no more than believe it, if I myself had told it you.

Aris. Madam, if I have been too ready in persuading myself . . .

Prin. Pray, my lord, let us break off this conversation; and, if you will oblige me, let me enjoy a moment's solitude.

SCENE V.

THE PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

Prin. With what strange severity Heaven uses me in this adventure! At least, Princess, remember the request I have made to you.

Agl. I have already told you, madam, that you shall be obeyed.

SCENE VI.

THE PRINCESS, MORON.

Mor. But, madam, if he loved you, you would not have him, and yet you will not let him be another's. It is just like the dog in a manger.[100]

Prin. No, I cannot bear that he should be happy with another. If such a thing is to be, I believe I shall die with vexation.

Mor. Come, madam, confess all. You would fain have him for yourself; and in all your actions it is easily seen that you rather love this young prince.

Prin. I, I love him? Oh, Heavens! I love him? Have you the insolence to pronounce those words? Out of my sight, impudent man, and never let me see you again.

Mor. Madam . . .

Prin. Begone, I say, or I shall make you leave in another manner.

Mor. [*Aside*] Upon my word, her heart is no longer free, and . . . [*The Princess casts a look upon him which sends him away.*]

SCENE VII.

THE PRINCESS, *alone.*

What unknown emotion do I feel in my heart! What secret uneasiness suddenly disturbs the tranquillity of my soul! Is it not what I have just been told, and do I love this young prince without knowing it! Ah! if it were so, I should be in despair. But it is impossible it should be so, and I plainly perceive that I can never love

[100] A dog in a manger cannot himself eat the corn and straw that are there, but barks if any other animal approaches, and will not allow it to eat in peace; this is called in French *faire comme le chien du jardinier*, because a dog cannot eat cabbage, and does not permit others to eat it.

him. What! I be capable of that baseness! I have seen the whole world at my feet with the utmost insensibility. Respect, homage, submission, could never touch my soul; and shall haughtiness and disdain triumph over it? I have despised all those who have loved me, and shall I love the only one who despises me! No, no, I know well I do not love him; there is no reason for it. But if this is not love which I now feel, what can it be? And whence comes this poison which runs through all my veins, and will not let me rest? Out of my heart, whatever you may be, you enemy who lurk there! Attack me openly, and appear before me as the most frightful monster of all our forests, so that with my darts and javelins I may rid myself of you.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, *alone.*

O, you admirable ones, who by your sweet songs can calm the greatest uneasiness, draw near, I pray you, and try to soothe, with your music, the sorrow which I feel.

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, CLIMÈNE, PHILLIS.

(Climène and Phillis sing this duet.)

Clim. Tell me, dear Phillis, what think you of love?
Phil. Tell me, what think you, my dear trusty friend?
Clim. They say its flame is worse than vulture's gnawing,
And that great pangs are suffered when one loves.
Phil. They say no fairer passion e'er existed,
And that we live not, if we do not love.
Clim. Which of us two shall be victorious here?
Phil. Must we believe love to be good or ill?

Both. Let's love, and then we'll know
What we ought to believe.
Phil. Chloris praises love and its flames everywhere.
Clim. For its sake, Amarant sheds always tears.
Phil. If it fills every heart with so much pain
Whence comes it that we like to yield to it?
Clim. If, Phillis, its flame is so full of charms
Why forbid us its pleasures to enjoy?
Phil. Which of us two shall be victorious here?
Clim. Must we believe love to be good or ill?
Both. Let's love, and then we'll know
What we ought to believe.

Prin. [*Interrupting them here, says*] Finish alone, if you like. I cannot remain at rest; and however agreeable your songs are, they do but redouble my uneasiness.

ACT V.

ARGUMENT.

The heart of the Prince of Messena was agitated by various feelings; the joy which the Prince of Ithaca had caused by maliciously informing him that he was beloved by the Princess, had compelled him to go to her, with a want of consideration which nothing but extreme love could excuse; but he was received in a manner very different from what he hoped for. She asked him who had told him that news; and when she knew that it was the Prince of Ithaca, that knowledge cruelly increased her disease, and made her nearly beside herself. She replied "He is thoughtless." This so confounded the Prince of Messena that he departed without being able to answer. On the other hand, the Princess went to the King, her father, who came with the Prince of Ithaca, and told the latter not only how delighted he should be to see him allied to him, but even the opinion he entertained that his daughter did not hate him. No sooner was the Princess in her father's presence than, casting herself at his feet, she asked him, as the greatest favour she could ever receive, that the Prince of Ithaca might not marry the Princess Aglanta. This he solemnly promised her; but he told her that if she did not wish him to belong to another, she should take him herself. She answered "that the Prince did not desire it," but in such a passionate manner that it was easy to see the sentiments of her heart. Then the Prince, abandoning all disguise,

avowed his love for her, and the stratagem which, knowing her disposition, he had made use of, in order to attain the object he had now reached. The Princess giving him her hand, the King turned towards the two Princes of Messena and Pylos, and asked them if his two relatives, whose merit was equal to their rank, were incapable of consoling them in their disgrace. They answered that, the honour of his alliance being all they wished for, they could not expect a happier lot. This occasioned so great a joy in the Court, that it spread over the whole neighbourhood.

SCENE I.

IPHITAS, EURYALUS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON.

Mor. [*To Iphitas*] Yes, my lord, it is no jest; I am what they call in disgrace. I was forced to pack up my traps as quickly as I could; you never saw any one more suddenly in a passion than she was.

Iph. [*To Euryalus*] Ah, Prince! how grateful I ought to be for your amorous stratagem, if it has found the secret of touching her heart!

Eur. Whatever, my lord, you may have been told, I dare not, for my part, yet flatter myself with that sweet hope; but if it is not too presumptuous in me to aspire to the honour of your alliance, if my person and dominions . . .

Iph. Prince, let us not enter upon these compliments. I find in you all that a father could desire; and if you have gained the heart of my daughter, you want nothing more.

SCENE II.

THE PRINCESS, IPHITAS, EURYALUS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON.[101]

Prin. Oh, Heaven! what do I see here?

Iph. [*To Euryalus*] Yes, the honour of your alliance is of the highest value to me; and without any farther difficulty I consent to your request.

Prin. [*To Iphitas*] My lord, I throw myself at your feet

[101] See Appendix, Note H.

to beg a favour of you. You have always shewn great tenderness for me; I owe you much more for your kindness than for my birth. But if ever you had any affection for me, I now ask the greatest proof of it which you can show. My lord, do not listen to that prince's request and do not permit the princess Aglanta to marry him.

Iph. And why, daughter, would you oppose that union?

Prin. Because I hate the Prince, and will, if I can, cross his designs.

Iph. You hate him, daughter?

Prin. Yes, from my heart I confess it.

Iph. And what has he done to you?

Prin. He has despised me.

Iph. And how?

Prin. He did not consider me handsome enough to pay his addresses to me.

Iph. What offence does that give you? You will accept no one's hand.

Prin. No matter. He ought to have loved me like the rest, and at least have left me the glory of refusing him. His love for Aglanta is an insult to me; he disgraces me when, in my presence and in the midst of your court, he has sought the hand of any other but me.

Iph. But what interest can you have in him?

Prin. My lord, I wish to revenge myself for his disdain; and as I know he is very much in love with Aglanta, with your permission I shall prevent him from being happy with her.

Iph. Then you take this to heart?

Prin. Without doubt, my lord; and if he obtains his desires, I shall die before your eyes.

Iph. Come, come, daughter, make a frank confession. This Prince's merit has made you open your eyes; and in short, you love him, say what you will.

Prin. I, my lord ?

Iph. Yes, you love him.

Prin. I love him, say you ? Do you impute such baseness to me ? Oh, Heavens ! how great is my misfortune ! Can I hear these words and live ? And must I be so unhappy as to be suspected of loving him ? Oh ! if it were anyone but you, my lord, who spoke thus to me, I know not what I should do.

Iph. Well, well, you do not love him. You hate him, I grant ; and I am resolved to content you, so that he shall not wed the Princess Aglanta.

Prin. Oh ! my lord, you give me life.

Iph. But to prevent his ever being hers, you must take him for yourself.

Prin. You are joking, my lord, and that is not what he desires.

Eur. Pardon me, madam, I am rash enough to aspire so high, and I take to witness the prince, your father, if it was not your hand I asked of him. I have deceived you too long ; I must throw off the mask, and, though you use it against me, discover to your eyes the real sentiments of my heart. I have never loved anyone but you, and never shall I love any other. It is you, madam, who took from me that want of feeling which I always affected ; all I said to you was only a feint which I adopted, inspired by some secret motive, and which I did not follow up without doing the greatest violence to my feelings. It must soon have ceased, no doubt, and I am only astonished that it lasted for half a-day ; for I was dying, my soul was burning within me, when I disguised my sentiments to you ; never did a heart suffer a constraint equal to mine. If this feint, madam, has given you offence, I am ready to die to avenge you ; you have only to speak, and my hand will immediately glory in executing the decree you pronounce.

Prin. No, no, Prince, I do not take it ill that you have deceived me; and would rather that all you have said to me were a feint than not the truth.

Iph. So that you accept the Prince for a husband, my daughter?

Prin. My lord, I do not yet know what I shall do. Pray give me time to think of it, and spare a little the confusion I am in.

Iph. Prince, you may guess the meaning of this; and you can now see what you may expect.

Eur. I shall wait as long as you please, madam, for this decree of my destiny; and, if it condemns me to death, I shall obey without murmuring.

Iph. Come, Moron, this is a day of peace, and I restore you to favour with the Princess.

Mor. My lord, I shall be a better courtier for the future, and shall take very good care not to say what I think.

SCENE III.

ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, IPHITAS, the PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, MORON.

Iph. [*To the Princes of Messena and Pylos*] I am afraid, princes, that my daughter's choice is not in your favour; but there are two princesses who may console you for this trifling misfortune.[102]

Aris. My lord, we have made up our minds; and, if these amiable Princesses have not too great contempt for hearts which have been repulsed, we may, through them, attain to the honour of your alliance.

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[102] The hands of the two princesses, Aglanta and Cynthia, seem to be right royally disposed of: they have not even been courted, but the answers of the two princes denote also royal causes for alliance.

SCENE THE LAST.

IPHITAS, the PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CYNTHIA, PHILLIS, EURYALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, MORON.

Phil. [*To Iphitas*] My lord, the goddess Venus has proclaimed everywhere the change in the Princess's heart. All the shepherds and shepherdesses testify their joy for it by dances and songs; and, if it is not a spectacle which you despise, you may see the public rejoicings extend as far as this.

THE END.

SIXTH INTERLUDE.

A chorus of SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES, *who dance.*

Four shepherds and two shepherdesses, dressed in the heroic style, and holding each other's hands, sing this song, to which the rest answer.

Proud fair, employ in better way
The power of charming all:
Love, darling rustic maidens:
Our hearts are made to love.
However much we e'er may try
One day comes when we love.
Naught does exist but yet it yields
To the sweet charms of love.
In pristine youth, oh follow
The ardent love's delight.
A heart only begins to live
The day it knows to love.
However much, etc., etc.

The rest of the Interlude will be found in the Introductory Notice to this comedy, page 24.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 42.

This scene from *The Princess of Elis* (Act ii., Scene 1) is thus imitated by Miller in his *Universal Passion*. Arbates is called Lucentius, and Euryalus Bellario.

Lucentius. Come, come, my Lord, 't is in vain to dissemble; that deep Thoughtfulness, those downcast Looks, and those involuntary Sighs, carry a Meaning with 'em which one of my Age and Observation in Life can't long be a Stranger to —— But I transgress, perhaps, by insisting so long on this Subject.

Bellario. No, Lucentius, you can't deal too freely with me upon it.— I must own, tho' with blushing, that Love has at last found a way to my Heart—. Come, my good old Tutor, and chastise me for this Folly; rally me without Reserve for being guilty of such a Weakness.

Luce. No, my Lord, even the cold Severity of Old Age can't induce me to condemn so generous a Passion. Your Infancy was spent under my Care; I observ'd in you such excellent Talents as proclaim'd the Blood you sprung from, but at the same time was grieved to perceive no Footsteps of the tender Passion; this was the only Accomplishment wanting, and I am therefore transported at your being sensible of it.

Bel. If I have hitherto slighted the Power of Love it takes its fill of Revenge for it now. When I first arrived at Genoa, I was surpris'd at the Charms of lovely Lucilia, Daughter to the Duke here; but then I beheld 'em with no other Regard than I should have view'd those of a Painting or Statue: Her blooming Beauties inspir'd my Soul with no secret Inclination; but what her soft, her gentle Frame could not effect, her haughty disdainful Soul too soon accomplish'd: When I found her, like another Diana, frequenting the Forests and delighting only in the Chace, whilst all the Italian Youths were left to sigh in vain; then, then, Lucentius, Ambition begot Love in me: O the Glory and Rapture of triumphing over such Coldness! In short, by the Vanity of aiming at a Conquest over her Heart, I have irrecoverably lost my own.

Luce. But to what purpose, my Lord, do you make so great a Secret of your Passion?

Bel. What must I expect from the Discovery, Lucentius, but bringing

on me the Contempt of her insolent Spirit, like the rest of her Admirers? who owning themselves Lovers makes her treat 'em as Spaniels: Their Usage is a sufficient Warning to me.

Luce. Not at all, my Lord, not at all: If there was a Favourite in the Case you might have reason to despair, but when there's nothing but a little Female Pride in the way.—Psha, Psha, Psha! Why 't is only so much as to say, that none but a dauntless Champion shall win me.—I know the Sex—ay, ay, I know 'em.—Why, I warrant she's half distracted that you han't attacked her before now.—Come, come, my Lord, discover your Inclinations, and go manfully to work; don't tremble at other Peoples want of Success, but let Courage be the Word and secure your own.

Bel. I am glad your opinion, Lucentius, agrees with my own, for, like a true Lover, I have been asking Advice when 't was too late to take it; for there 's a Person, you must know, whom I have already employed to reveal it to her: This Hunting-Match which she has appointed to-day, in contradiction to the magnificent Sports, which are to be given by her Lovers in honour of her Birth-Day, is the Opportunity which Joculo takes to speak to her.

Luce. Who? Joculo! Joculo! my Lord?

Bel. You wonder, I see, Lucentius, at my Choice of a Confidant: You think him a Fool perhaps, but he's far from being so; and, notwithstanding his employment of Court-Jester, he has more sense than many in a higher station who take upon 'em to laugh at him. His shrewd Wit and Talent at Raillery are agreeable to Lucilia; then he has the Liberty of saying anything by virtue of his Office, and he can often give her a serviceable Hint in a Jest, which would not be taken so well in earnest.

Luce. O dear, dear, dear! what a strange World this is, that People of Rank should be directed in the Disposal of their Favours by their Lacqueys and Buffoons!

B, Page 53.

Miller has imitated, in *The Universal Passion* (Act i., Scene 2) the following scene from *The Princess of Elis* (Act ii., Scenes 1, 2). The Princess is called in the English comedy Lucilia, Aglanta her cousin is Liberia, her maid Phillis, Delia, and Moron, Joculo.

Luc. How charming and agreeable is a little Solitude to us who are eternally surrounded and teaz'd with Multitudes! and what Satisfaction to converse a little with one's own Thoughts and Desires, free from the Impertinence of Flattery and Folly! O, my dear Liberia, how I love these lonely Forests, these scenes of Freedom and Innocence! There 's nothing here but what enchants the Eye.—What are all the gilded Toys of a Palace to these simple Beauties of Nature?

Lib. Why ay, Cousin, such a Retreat as this, at the very Gate of a

Court, is well enough sometimes to give one a stronger Relish for succeeding Gaities within; but in this time of general Joy it looks, methinks, a little unseasonable, and I am afraid 't will be taken as a direct Affront to the young Lords, who give this magnificent Entertainment on your Account.

Luc. What Right have they to expect my Presence? How am I oblig'd to 'em for their magnificence? They act in this manner for themselves, not me. My Heart is the Prize, it seems, and this is the Method they take to win it; but they may find themselves deceiv'd.

Lib. My sweet Cousin, how long will this flinty Heart of your's be provok'd at every innocent attempt to touch it? You look upon the Addresses of your Admirers as so many criminal Plots against your Person. Where would be the Pleasure of Breathing if Love were banish'd out of the World? To live without loving is, properly speaking, not to live at all.

Del. I am of your Cousin's Opinion, Madam, all Pleasures are insipid unless season'd with that.

Luc. Astonishing Notions! Why 't is nothing but Error, Weakness, and Extravagance. No, I 'll maintain the Honour of my Sex against all those Sighs, Homages, and Respects, which are only Snares to overthrow it. Men only pretend to be our Slaves the present Hour, in order to be real Tyrants to us for the future.

Lib. Take care, my Dear, Cupid's a testy little Urchin and knows how to revenge any slight cast upon him.—Come, Joculo, how come you silent so long? Won't you help to defend Love against my Cousin's Opinion?

Luc. Nay, then you 'll have a powerful Advocate indeed.

Joc. Troth, Madam, after my Example, I think there 'll be nothing more to be said; I defy'd him most heroically for a long time, I must own, but at length the little Trickster juggled me out o' my Senses.

Lib. Joculo, in Love!

Joc. Yes, Joculo in Love!

Lib. And does he pretend to be belov'd again?

Joc. Yes sure, Madam, belike he does. And why not, pray? I am no such contemptible Figure, if I know my self. As for my shape I can't find much fault in it; my Face I think too may pass in a Crowd; and as for Wit and Parts, as much a Fool as I am, thank Jupiter, we need not lower the Flag to many in the Drawing-Room.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! And prythee who is the happy Nymph that is so highly favour'd?

Joc. A certain fair Handmaid of your Ladyship's there; therefore after this, Madam, you ought to submit. Since I do, I think others very well may.

C, Page 54.

This scene from *The Princess of Elis* (Act ii., Scene 4) is imitated by Miller in *The Universal Passion* (Act i., Scene 5) thus. The father of the Princess is in the French play called Iphitas, in the English one, Gratiano.

Grat. Well Daughter, won't you yet comply with my earnest Solicitations? Will your Heart still remain insensible to the ardent Addresses of those noble Youths who study to outvie each other in their Attempts to merit it? Come, come, my dear Lucilia, a youthful generous Breast, like yours, must be capable of Love, and I must no longer be deny'd.

Luc. My Lord, you can lay no Command upon me but what I 'll blindly obey; but at the same time I must declare I have that natural Aversion to Marriage, that to injoin me Death or a Husband will be the very same thing. But your Will goes first, and my Obedience is dearer to me than Life itself . . .

Grat. You are in the wrong, Daughter, to think me so cruel a Father as to do Violence to your Inclinations; but shew a Complaisance at least to the Honours which are done you by your Lovers, and give 'em your Presence at these Sports where their Skill and Bravery will be exerted.—If you should approve of either your Choice shall be mine, and I 'll consider neither Interest nor Advantage.

Bellario. You, Madam, are the Prize it seems to Day, but I aspire after no such Honour. As all my Life I have resolutely bid Defiance to Love, 't is with a different Aim that I engage. I make no Pretence to your Heart, Madam, the Joy of Victory is the whole of my Ambition.

D, Page 60.

Miller, in *The Universal Passion* (Act ii., Scene 1), has thus rendered the following scenes from *The Princess of Elis* (Act iii., Scenes 1 and 2). The Princess's name is Lucilia, and Aglanta's, Delia.

LUCILIA, DELIA.

Delia. 'Tis true, madam, the Lord Bellario shew'd the highest Bravery and Dexterity.

Lucilia. Ay, he goes off Conqueror from the Ring, but not with the same Heart, I fancy, that he came in.

Del. You levell'd such strokes at him, Madam, as 'twas impossible he should be proof against.

Luc. I should joy to find it so; but see yonder he comes with his old Tutor and Joculo. We must know what he's talking of; however, we'll not interrupt 'em now, let us turn this Way, and meet them again by-and-bye. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLARIO, LUCENTIUS, and JOCULO.

Bel. My good old friend, I was quite enchanted; 'tis true she's always lovely, but that Moment a thousand new Graces redoubl'd the

Charm of her Beauty; her Eyes beam'd with irresistible Lustre; when she danc'd all Nature seem'd to smile with Approbation . . . . In short, everything she did, everything she said, had such Charms to-day, that I thought I should not possibly have maintain'd my Resolution, but thrown myself at her Feet and confess'd my Passion at once . . . .

Luce. And then she would have trampl'd upon you. No, keep but your Disdain up, and she'll soon lower hers.

Joc. Did not I see to-day how she labour'd to trap you. There was a Design against you in every Inch of her; there was not a Pin about her but what was pointed full tilt at your Heart. These Women are whimsical kind of Animals, my Lord; we spoil 'em; yes, we quite spoil 'em indeed. If we were but wise enough to neglect 'em a little we should have 'em hunting us in Troops.

E, Page 61.

The third scene of the Third Act of *The Princess of Elis* is thus rendered in *The Universal Passion* (Act ii., Scene 3), although, in the latter play, the ending of the scene is lengthier and different.

LUCILLIA, JOCULO.

Luc. Are you familiar, Joculo, with Lord Bellario?

Joc. O, lack-a-day, Madam, we are old Acquaintance.

Luc. What was the Reason he did not walk on hither, but turn'd another way when he saw me coming?

Joc. 'Tis a whimsical Mortal, Madam, and loves to be alone.

Luc. I must humble his Arrogance, Joculo.

Joc. Why, troth, Madam, I think you should—if you could.

Luc. If I could, Joculo!

Joc. Why, to tell you the truth, Madam, you would have a tight Task of it.

Luc. How so?

Joc. How! why 'tis the proudest Animal you ever came nigh; he thinks nobody in the World is good enough for him; I wonder he condescends to let the Earth bear him, for my part.

Luc. And does he never speak of me?

Joc. He! no not he.

Luc. Did he say nothing of my Singing and Dancing?

Joc. No, not a syllable.

Luc. Not a syllable? . . . . Insufferable!

Joc. Why, he's as hard as a Flint, Madam; there's ne'er a Rock in our Mountains that's so insensible as he is.

Luc. There he walks.

Joc. Ay, d'ye see now how he goes by without taking any notice of you.

F, Page 62.

Miller has, in *The Universal Passion* (Act ii., Scene 5), thus rendered the scene from *The Princess of Elis* (Act iii., Scene 4).

BELLARIO, LUCENTIUS, LUCILIA, JOCULO.

Luce. If you must accost her, remember your Part, and for fear you should forget it, don't stay long with her.

Luc. I was thinking, my Lord, 't was something very extraordinary for one of your Age and Galantry to be at war with our sex.

Bel. You, Madam, have certainly no reason to be surpris'd at it, since 't is so agreeable to your own sentiments.

Luc. What's a Glory in our Sex, my Lord, is a Crime in yours; Homage and Love are due to our Beauty, tho' we resolve to continue insensible to 'em.

Bel. My Opinion would be different, Madam. If I had no design of returning Love, I should not care to receive it.

Luc. Why so?

Bel. Because I would not willingly be ungrateful.

Luc. So that to avoid Ingratitude, you'd be sure to love those who had an Affection for you.

Bel. Not at all, Madam; I only say I would not *willingly* be ungrateful, but perhaps I should sooner be that than amorous.

Luc. What, suppose a Person of Merit and Beauty——

Bel. No, Madam, Liberty's the only Mistress to whom I consecrate my Vows; and should lavish Nature pour out all her Charms, to form a perfect Beauty, should Wisdom's self inspire the matchless Frame, and Fortune crown her with the noblest honours; should such a Miracle of all that's lovely dote on me with the utmost Tenderness, it would not touch my Heart.

Joc. Deuce take him! I could give him a Slap o' the Chops with all my Soul [*Aside.*]

Luce. Take courage, or you 're undone.

G, Page 67.

The conversations between Moron and Phillis in the Third and Fourth Interludes of *The Princess of Elis* are imitated as follows in *The Universal Passion* (Act ii., Scene 7).

JOCULO, DELIA.

Joc. Hark ye, dear Madame Delia, a Word with you, if you please.

Del. No Impertinence, Sir . . . .

Joc. [*Catching her*] Nay, pr'ythe stay, you dear hard-hearted creature; if Gremio was to desire it, you'd consent, I warrant ye.

Del. And what then, art thou a Gremio? No, he diverts and pleases me with his sweet voice; you deafen me with your impertinent clack;

I hate and despise a Fool's Wit as much as I do his ridiculous Coat. When you sing as sweetly as Gremio does, I'll promise to stay and hear you.

Joc. Indeed, Delia, you must stay now.

Del. Well, I will stay then, provided thou wilt promise me one thing.

Joc. Ay, ay, with all my Heart—. But hold, what is it tho'?

Del. Why, that you'll go, Booby.

Joc. Heyday, Madam Delia, that is not right for you to turn Jester, and take my Business off my Hands . . . .

Del. Silence, Impudence, and don't open thy booby Chops, or else I'll leave the Place this Moment.

Joc. What! not speak?

Del. No, be sure you don't.

Joc. Well, I won't then. [*Courting her in dumb show.*]

Del. Pr'ythe don't distort that little scurvy Carcase of thine; thou need'st not take pains to make ugly Faces, for thou hast one ready made to thy Hands. Where is this Gremio? I wish he was here to entertain one with a song.

Joc. Ay, all you fine Ladies now-a-days are to be taken by the Ear. If a Man has but a tuneable Gullet 'tis enough. 'Sbobs! why can't I sing as well as another? Han't I a pair of Lungs? Han't I a Throat? Han't I a Tongue as well as he? And I was not born in England, was I? Yes, yes, I can sing, I'm sure I can, tho' nobody has happen'd to find it out yet, and tho' I don't know it myself neither.

Del. I should be glad to hear thee, for the rarity of the thing. But hark ye, Joculo, there's but one way you can possibly gain my Affection; I want the glory of having somebody die for Love of me; that's a Pleasure I have never had yet, and I find I should love a Man prodigiously that lov'd me enough to hang or drown himself for me.

Joc. You'd love a Man that was to kill himself for you, would you?

Del. Yes.

Joc. And that's the only thing that can please you; is it, Madam?

Del. Ay.

Joc. Um—I believe 't will be some time then before I shall please you that way. Ha, ha, ha! kill myself with a Murrain! no, I'm not quite enough in Love to be such a Fool as that comes to neither.

H, Page 75.

In *The Universal Passion* (Act ii.) the Princess requests her father not to allow Bellario to marry her cousin Liberia, whom he pretends to love. This is taken from *The Princess of Elis* (Act v., Scene 2). The end of the latter play is also thus imitated by Miller:—

GRATIANO, BELLARIO, LUCILIA.

Gratiano. Daughter, you have heard already all that I can tell you; Heaven, you see, has explain'd itself in favour of this lord, and sure, my

dear Child, you'll not refuse the Recompense of your Smiles to one who sav'd your Father's Life.

Luc. My Lord, that's not a Recompense which Bellario desires.

Bel. Forgive me, Madam, if I have Ambition enough to aspire so high. I have too long deceiv'd you, Madam, but now throw off the Veil, and speak the real Language of my Soul; all that Disguise was the last Shift of a despairing Passion; I languish'd, I dy'd for love all the while. And if this stratagem offends you, Madam, I'm ready to expiate the Crime of it any way you shall command me.

Luc. My Lord, if it be the Will of Heav'n and my Father, I must submit; and at the same time must confess that I can't blame your Stratagem, and am better pleas'd that what you said to me was only a Pretence, than if it had been Truth.

DON JUAN, OU LE FESTIN DE PIERRE.

COMÉDIE.

DON JUAN; OR, THE FEAST WITH THE STATUE.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

FEBRUARY 15TH, 1665.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

After Molière had written *Tartuffe*, he found it impossible to get permission to play it; all his attempts were in vain; the clerical party was too strong for him; he therefore resolved to write a counterpart to it, in *Don Juan, or the Feast with the Statue*. This play was acted for the first time on the 15th of February 1665. It contains, perhaps, more severe attacks upon hypocrisy than does even *Tartuffe*. It depicts the hero as a man who, rich, noble, powerful, and bold, respects neither heaven nor earth, and knows no bounds to the gratification of his desires or his passions. He has excellent manners, but abominable principles; he is "a whited sepulchre," and abuses the privileges of nobility without acknowledging its obligations or its duties. Molière sketches no longer the nobleman as ridiculous, but makes him terrible, and shows that his exaggerated hatred of cant leads to the commission of the greatest immoralities, and to Atheism. After having seduced and abandoned many fair maids; after having insulted his father, and openly flaunted the most sceptical doctrines, Don Juan turns hypocrite; for hypocrisy is the climax of all vices. But although the hero of the play is young, elegant, and profligate, Molière makes us feel all the while that, underneath that charming exterior lurks something venomous. No doubt he is witty, but too sarcastic to be pleasant. He is sensual, but less than is generally thought. He is not so much a libertine, as a man who loves to set all rules of decency, order, and morality at defiance. What attracts him is something eccentric, violent, and scandalous. He likes to seduce a nun, or an innocent country girl, who is already engaged; and this not through mere lust, but in order to prove that he can trample upon all human laws; just as he invites to supper the statue of a man whom he has killed, and plays the hypocrite in order to show his scorn for all divine laws. He is not a follower of the modern romantic school, always in pursuit of an eternal idea of beauty, and fluttering from flower to flower; he has arrived at that stage of satiety that only the pangs of his victims can produce any emotion in him. This is proved by the remark he makes to Sganarelle on beholding Donna Elvira (Act i., Scene 2, page 110). He has something of the cruelty of Lovelace in Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, and, like him, is faithful to his friends,

generous to his enemies, but at the same time cowardly enough to sacrifice any woman to his caprices.

But Molière has not made the hero coarse or ribald; his language is always well chosen; and although his morality may be offensive, his manners are never so. The style of his speech is generally masterly, often eloquent, and not seldom characteristic of his sneering, insolent, cruel, hypocritical feelings. The author sometimes borders upon almost forbidden ground, as, for example, when Don Juan, after having witnessed the "surprising miracle of a moving and speaking statue," says—"There is really something in that which I do not understand; but, whatever it may be, it is not capable either of convincing my judgment, or of shaking my nerves."

And yet this play made far less sensation than *Tartuffe*, and its representations were never forbidden. The reason of this is simple; *Don Juan* attacked an abstract idea, but *Tartuffe* satirised a particular class, "the unco guid."

This drama came originally from Spain. A very old legend relates how one of the twenty-four governors of Sevilla, Don Juan de Tenorio, ran away with the daughter of the venerable Commander Gonzalo de Ulloa, whom he killed in a duel, and who was buried in the church of the Franciscans, where a splendid tomb and statue were erected to him. For some time, the murderer, thanks to the privileges of his rank and the influence of his family, set at nought human justice, when a rumour was circulated that, Don Juan having dared to insult the statue of his victim, the latter had come down from his marble tomb, had seized the impious wretch, and had precipitated him to the uttermost depths of the infernal regions. Those who said that he had been allured into the church, under some pretext or other, and slain there, were declared unbelievers and sceptics.

One of the Spanish dramatists, friar Gabriel Tellez, who lived at the beginning of the sixteenth century, wrote, under the name of Tirso de Molina, a comedy on this legend, which he divided into three *jornados* or days, and which he called *The Seducer of Sevilla and the Stone Guest.*

The action opens at Naples, where a certain Duchess Isabella, of whom Don Juan, under the feigned name of Duke Ottavio, has taken advantage, complains loudly to the king, who orders the guilty one to be seized. The seducer escapes, and is shipwrecked on the coast of Tarragona, in Spain, where he meets a young fisherman's daughter, Tisbea, whom he seduces under promise of marriage, and who, when undeceived, throws herself into the sea. We next meet him at Sevilla, where, under the name and the disguise of his friend, the Marquis de la Mota, he treats Donna Anna, the daughter of the Commander de Ulloa, as he had treated Isabella. He then kills the Commander, and anew takes flight into the country, where he meets Aminta, who also falls a victim to his usual method of promising marriage. Don Juan secretly returns

to Sevilla, and sees in the church the mausoleum of the Commander de Ulloa, bearing the inscription: "Here the most loyal of gentlemen awaits until God shall avenge him on a traitor." Don Juan and his servant, Catalinon, insult him and invite him to supper. The statue makes its appearance, and requests Don Juan to come to feast with him the next evening at ten o'clock in the chapel. He goes, and the seventeenth scene of the third day shows us the funereal feast, in which Don Juan and the statue sup on scorpions and vipers, drink gall and vinegar; and in which, finally, the libertine repents, and asks for a priest to be confessed and to receive absolution. The last scene of the play represents the Alcazar at Sevilla, where the king repairs the crimes of Don Juan by giving all his victims away in marriage, and commands the tomb and statue of the Commander to be brought to Madrid, to remain there as a warning for all time. The Spanish Don Juan is not a heartless and deliberate seducer, a thorough unbeliever, but an easy-going fellow, swayed by his passions, who does not repent because he thinks he has sufficient time for it, and at the final catastrophe proves himself a good Roman Catholic. Moreover, he meets the statue, not because he disbelieves in miracles, but because he has given his word to come, and "the dead man might otherwise have the right to call (him) me infamous." The impression which the Spanish play leaves on the mind is eminently a religious one, and must have been strongly felt at the time it was written,—a feeling enhanced by the scene in the chapel, with the moonlight shining through the stained glass windows, and the chorus singing: "Let those who flee from the punishments of God, know that there is no term nor debt which must not be paid. No mortal living should say, 'I have time before me,' for the time of repentance is so short."

From Spain, this drama went to Italy, where Onifrio Giliberti wrote an imitation of the Spanish play, called *Il Convitato di pietra*, and which was performed in 1652, in which Don Juan appears as a high-born free-lover, making fun of everything, and even of the gods. In 1657, the Italian actors of Torelli, who played at the Théâtre du petit Bourbon, in Paris, gave a harlequinade, based on Giliberti's imitation. This piece was full of broad fun; and Arlequin, the servant, is the principal character, whose chief business seems to be to crack jokes and to indulge in practical horse-play.

The actor Dorimond, in 1658, translated the Italian play for the comedians of Mademoiselle (see Prefatory Memoir, Vol. I., page xxiv., note 7), who were then at Lyons, and brought it to Paris in 1661. The translator made a blunder in the very title of the piece. *Il convitato* means "The guest;" but Dorimond thought it meant "feast," which was in old French *convive*, and in Italian *convito*, and thus gave to his piece the title, *Le Festin de Pierre*, the Stone Feast. This play was printed only in 1665, after the great success which Molière's comedy obtained. Villiers also versified an imitation of

Giliberti's comedy for the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, with the same title as Dorimond's, and which was printed in 1660. It is probable that the Spanish actors, who appeared in France in 1659, on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta Maria Theresa, had represented the original Spanish play.

Four years after Molière's *Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre*—for he kept the old title as well—had been performed, a certain actor, Rosimond, wrote for the Théâtre du Marais *Le Nouveau Festin de Pierre, ou l' Athée foudroyé*, in which he made of Don Juan a tiresome controversialist.

Don Juan was played from February 15th, 1665, until the 20th of March of the same year; but produced so much irritation and remarks that several scenes,—for example, that between the poor man and Don Juan, and the boldest remarks in the dialogue between Don Juan and Sganarelle, had to be suppressed at once. It may even be supposed that Molière received a hint not to play the piece again; for after the 20th of March it disappeared for a long time from the scene.

In the month of April 1665, a pamphlet appeared, called *Observations sur une Comédie de Molière intitulée le Festin de Pierre*, and written by a clergyman called de Rochemont.[1] It passed through three or four editions, which followed one another in quick succession, and is written in a good style, but full of the most bitter *animus* against our author. It faintly praises Molière, admits that he has some talent for farce, that he speaks passable French, translates Italian pretty well, and does not copy badly other authors; but states that he is always the same, although the public should be indulgent to those who try to amuse them. If Molière had, in the *Précieuses*, only criticised the little doublets, and the prodigious quantity of ribbands, nobody would have attacked him, or been indignant at him; but to make fun of religion, and openly to display scepticism, is too bad for a mere buffoon. *Don Juan* has caused a public scandal, which is the greater because it was performed in the house of a Christian prince, and in the presence of so many wise and pious magistrates. Whilst the greatest and most religious monarch in the world tries to destroy heresy, and to establish real devotion, Molière raises altars to impiety; his purpose is to ruin men whilst making them laugh; the malicious ingenuousness of his Agnès has corrupted more maidens than the most licentious writings; *Sganarelle* teaches how to make cuckolds, and *The School for Wives* how to debauch them. In fact, he first destroys the morals of men, and then their religion. To use his own words: "he does not mind if people criticise his pieces, so that they come to see them"[2] and pay for their places. Nothing more impious has ever appeared than *Tartuffe* and *Don Juan;* even Pagan emperors condemned to death those who ridi-

[1] See Prefatory Memoir, Vol. I., page xxx, note 14.

[2] See *The School for Wives Criticised*, Vol. II., Scene vii., page 273.

culed religion. It is to be hoped that our great Prince will put a stop to this: "Deluge, plague and famine are the consequences of Atheism; when Heaven resolves to punish it, it pours out upon us all the vials of its wrath to make the chastisement more impressive. The wisdom of the King will divert those misfortunes which impiety wishes to draw upon us; it will establish the altars which it endeavours to overturn; we shall see everywhere religion triumph over its enemies, under the sway of this pious and invincible monarch, the glory of his age, the ornament of his states, the beloved of his subjects, the terror of the unbelievers, the delight of the whole human race. *Vivat rex, vivat in æternum!* May the King live, but may he live eternally for the good of the Church, for the tranquillity of the State, and for the happiness of all nations!"

These observations were answered in a *Lettre sur les Observations d'une Comédi du Sieur Molière, intitulée Le Festin de Pierre,* published also in 1665, in which the author defends Molière; says that he is more than a mere buffoon; that the very fact that that most religious King, Louis XIV., allowed *Don Juan* to be acted before him, proves that there is no harm in the play; that people ought not to accuse Molière of infidelity without sufficient proof; that in this play virtue is rewarded and vice punished; that in *Don Juan,* as well as in *Tartuffe,* hypocrisy only is attacked, but not real religion; and that, finally, if we are to be visited by all those plagues prophesied by the *Observateur,* the hypocrites will be the first to feel the effects of them.

Another very badly written pamphlet was likewise published in the same year, in defence of Molière, having for its title *Réponse aux Observations touchant Le Festin de Pierre de Monsieur de Molière.*

In 1667, *Don Juan* re-appeared on the French stage, but remodelled and put into verse by Thomas Corneille. This version, or rather perversion, of Molière's play was acted until the 15th of January 1847, when the comedy, as originally written, was again performed, and continues to be so until the present day.

Sir Aston Cokain wrote *The Tragedy of Ovid,* which was printed in 1662, but which was never acted. In this, the passage of Captain Hannibal (Don Juan) inviting the dead body of Helvidius to supper, and the Spectre accepting it, and the latter afterwards inviting Hannibal to supper, as well as the final catastrophe, seem borrowed from the Italian play *Il Atheisto fulminato,* from which Molière appears also to have taken several scenes. In any case, Cokain cannot have borrowed from the French author, whose play was not brought out until February 15th, 1665. We have given, however, in the Appendix, several of Cokain's scenes, imitated from the Italian, so that they may be compared with those of Molière.

Thomas Shadwell (see Introductory Notice to *The Bores,* Vol. II., page 88), has, in *The Libertine,* acted at Dorset Garden in 1676, partly imitated Molière. This play is dedicated to William, Duke of Newcastle;

and in the preface it is admitted that "there are an Italian, a Spanish, and four French plays on the story of Don Juan, the character of the libertine, and consequently those of his friends are borrowed; but all the plot till the latter end of the fourth act is new." This seems not quite true; for in the second act of Shadwell's comedy there are evidently some scenes borrowed from Molière. In the English play, Don Juan loves wickedness, and philosophises about it to his two friends, Don Lopez and Don Antonio; he causes his own father to be murdered, and, on the whole, behaves rather like a madman. The scenes between Don Juan, The Statue, and Sganarelle—Jacomo in the English play—are pretty closely followed from Molière, but made more horrible. They are given in the Appendix. Shadwell's comedy met with great success, although our author states: "there being no act in it which cost me above five days' writing, and the two last (the playhouse having great occasion for a play) were both written in four days." The Prologue opens thus:

"Our Author sent me hither for a Scout,
To spy what bloody Criticks were come out.
Those Piccaroons in Wit, wh' infest this Road,
And snap both Friend and Foe that come abroad.
This savage Party crueller appears
Than in the Channel Ostend Privateers.
You in this Road, or Sink or Plunder all;
Remorseless as a Storm on us you fall.
But as a Merchant, when by Storm distres'd,
Flings out his bulky Goods to save the rest,
Hoping a Calm may come, he keeps the best.
In this black Tempest which o'er us impends,
Near Rocks and Quicksands, and no Ports of Friends,
Our Poet gives this over to your Rage,
The most irregular Play upon the Stage."

Congreve has imitated, in *Love for Love* (Act i., Scene 1), acted for the first time in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1695, the scene from Molière's *Don Juan* between M. Dimanche and the hero of the play. *Love for Love* appears to me to be a free imitation of three of Molière's plays; the scenes between Valentine and Jeremy are something like those between Don Juan and Sganarelle, from *Don Juan;* Scandal, Tattle, Mrs Foresight, and Mrs Frail, are followed from similar characters in *The Misanthrope;* whilst Foresight seems Harpagon from *The Miser*. *Love for Love* was, curiously enough, acted entirely by women June 25th, 27th, and 29th, 1705; the two first times most likely at Lincoln's Inn Fields, the last, at the Haymarket.

At the Royalty Theatre was acted, in 1787, a tragic pantomimical entertainment, called *Don Juan, or the Libertine Destroyed,* composed by M. Delpini; the songs, duets, and choruses by Mr Reeve. At Drury Lane, in 1790, was played a pantomime-ballet of the same name.

Moncrieff wrote an operatic extravaganza, in two acts, called *Giovanni in London, or the Libertine Reclaimed.* "Don Giovanni having, like his noble compeers, made the *grand tour*, and also acquired additional notoriety, by being forcibly ejected from that place where Telemachus went to look for his father, jumps into Charon's boat, re-passes the river Styx, and pays a visit to London, for the purpose, like the man when he opened the oysters, of astonishing the *natives.* In this expedition he is accompanied by his valet, pimp, and bottle-holder, Leporello; and whether at the Magpie and Punch-Bowl, in the Borough—in St Giles's, with Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins—at Chalk Farm, with Finikin and Popinjay—in the King's Bench, with Shirk, Sponge, and other gentlemen who pay their creditors by a bill at three months—or at Charing Cross, in company with King Charles on horseback—their adventures are equally wonderful and entertaining." This piece was originally written for the Olympic Theatre, but was played in 1827 both at Drury Lane and at Covent Garden. In the last mentioned theatre the late Madame Vestris created a certain furore, in acting the hero of the piece.

Thomas Dibdin wrote a similar piece, called *Don Giovanni, or the Spectre on Horseback*, a burlesque on Mozart's celebrated opera, which was acted at Bath, on the 19th of May, 1819.

On the 22d of December 1821, there was performed at Drury Lane, an opera called *Giovanni in Ireland*, in which Madame Vestris again played the hero; but it met with little success.

Goldine, the Italian dramatist, also wrote a *Don Juan, or The Libertine*, a comedy in five acts, and in blank verse, of which he says in his Autobiography, "Having learned enough of French to be able to read it, I found that Moliére and Thomas Corneille had employed their talents on the same subject; I undertook also to give a similar treat to my countrymen, that I might be on somewhat decent terms with the devil. I could not, it is true, give the same title to it; for in my piece, the statue of the Commander neither speaks, moves, nor goes to sup in town. . . . I could not dispense with the thunder which strikes Don Juan, because the wicked deserve to be punished; but I brought about the event in such a way that it might either be an immediate effect of the wrath of God, or might proceed from a combination of secondary causes under the direction of the laws of providence."

Mozart also composed the music to an opera called *Don Giovanni*,—in which the Italian librettist, Delponte, has followed rather the old Spanish play than Molière,—and which is known and admired wherever music is cultivated.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON JUAN, *son to Don Louis.*
DON CARLOS, } *brothers to Donna Elvira.*
DON ALONZO, }
DON LOUIS, *father to Don Juan.*
THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER.[3]
GUZMAN, *gentleman-usher to Donna Elvira.*
M. DIMANCHE, *a tradesman.*
SGANARELLE,[4] }
VIOLETTE, } *servants to Don Juan.*
RAGOTIN, }
PIERROT, *a countryman.*
LA RAMÉE, *a swashbuckler.*
A POOR MAN.
Don Juan's FOLLOWERS.
Don Carlos' and Don Alonzo's FOLLOWERS.
A GHOST.

DONNA ELVIRA, *wife to Don Juan.*
CHARLOTTE, } *country-women.*
MATHURINE, }

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[3] A Commander was a member of the military-religious order of the Knights of Malta, or of any other similar order, who, by virtue of long or meritorious services, had the control of a manor, with lands and tenements appertaining thereto, part of the proceeds of which had to be used for the benefit of that order, and part for himself. Such a manor was called a commandery or preceptory.

[4] Molière played this part. In the inventory taken after the author's death, we see: "a deep gold-coloured satin little jerkin, with long skirts, a linen jacket with gold facings, a doublet of flowered satin for the *Festin de Pierre.*" I doubt if this was part of the dress of Sganarelle.

DON JUAN; OR, THE FEAST WITH THE STATUE.

(DON JUAN; OU, LE FESTIN DE PIERRE.)

ACT I. SCENE I.

(A Palace.)

SGANARELLE, GUZMAN.

Sgan. [*With a snuff-box in his hand*] Whatever Aristotle and all the philosophers may say, nothing can be compared to tobacco: all respectable men are very fond of it, and he who lives without tobacco deserves not to live. It not only enlivens and clears a man's brains, but it also teaches men to be virtuous; through it one learns to become a respectable man. Do you not see plainly, as soon as we take it, how affable we become with every one, and how delighted we are to give right and left, wherever we are? We do not even wait till it is asked for, but we forestall people's wishes; so true it is that tobacco inspires all those who take it with sentiments of honour and virtue.[5] But enough of this; let us rather resume our discourse. So, then, dear Guzman, Donna Elvira, your mistress, being surprised at our departure, is come after us; and my master has touched her heart so intensely, that you say she cannot exist without coming here in search of him. Between ourselves, do

[5] Tobacco had been in use for more than a century. It was introduced into France, in the year 1560, by Jean Nicot, lord of Villemain, ambassador of Francis II. at the Court of Madrid, who made a present of it to the Queen, Catherine de Medici; hence its first name was in French *Herbe de la reine* or *Nicotiane.*

you wish me to tell you my thoughts? I am afraid her love will be ill repaid, that her journey to this city will produce little fruit, and that you would have gained just as much had you never stirred from the spot.

Guz. And pray, Sganarelle, what can inspire you with a terror which so augurs ill? Has your master opened his heart to you on that subject, and did he tell you that his coldness for us obliged him to leave?

Sgan. Not at all; but, by what I see, I know pretty well how things are; and, although he has not yet said anything to me, I could almost lay a wager that the business is tending that way. I may, perhaps, be mistaken; but yet, in such cases, experience has given me some insight.

Guz. What! Can this sudden departure be caused by the faithlessness of Don Juan. Could he insult so greatly the chaste love of Donna Elvira?

Sgan. No, no, he is young yet, and has not the courage to . . .

Guz. Can a man of his rank commit so base an action!

Sgan. Oh yes, his rank! The idea is really admirable; he would forbear on that account!

Guz. But he is restrained by the holy bonds of matrimony.

Sgan. Ah! poor Guzman, my good friend, believe me, you do not know yet what sort of man Don Juan is.

Guz. Truly, I do not know what sort of a man he may be, if he has acted so treacherously towards us. I do not understand how, after so much love and impatience shown, such homage urged upon us, such vows, sighs, and tears, so many passionate letters, such ardent protestations and repeated oaths, such transports in short, and such outbursts, forcing even, in his passion, the sacred obstacle of a nunnery, in order to get Donna Elvira in his power;

I do not understand, I say, how after all this, he should have the heart to break his word.

Sgan. I have no great difficulty in understanding this; and, if you knew the fellow, you would think the thing easy enough for him. I do not say that he has changed his sentiments for Donna Elvira; I am not yet quite sure of it. You know that he ordered me to set out before him; and since his arrival, he has not spoken to me; but, by way of precaution, I tell you, between ourselves, that Don Juan, my master, is one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth, a madman, a dog, a demon, a Turk, a heretick, who believes neither in Heaven, hell, nor devil, who passes his life like a regular brute beast, one of Epicurus' swine, a true Sardanapalus, who shuts his ears against all Christian remonstrances that can be made to him, and considers all that we believe as so much nonsense. You tell me that he has married your mistress; believe me, he would have done more to satisfy his passion, and would, besides herself, have married you, her dog and her cat into the bargain. It costs him nothing to contract a marriage; he uses no other snares to entrap the fair sex; and he marries whomsoever he can get hold of. A lady, gentlewoman, citizen's daughter, countrywoman; he thinks nothing too hot or too cold for him; and if I were to tell you the names of all those whom he has married in different places, I would not have finished until night.[6] You seem surprised and change colour at what you hear; this is a mere outline of the man; and

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[6] Molière has not given a list of the names of the different wives of Don Juan, to be found in the Italian piece which he has freely followed, and also in several other plays of that time. Perhaps he thought the idea too hackneyed. In Mozart's opera, *Don Giovanni*, the list of the *mille e tre* conquests of the hero, as sung by Leporello, beginning *Madamina il catologo e questo, Delle belle ch' amo il padron mio*, produces a great and admirable effect

many other touches would be required to finish the picture. Let it be sufficient that some day or other Heaven must needs overwhelm him with its wrath; that I had much better be with the devil than with him, and that he makes me witness so many horrors, that I could wish him already I do not know where! If a great lord is a wicked man it is a terrible thing. I must be faithful to him in spite of myself; fear moves me instead of zeal, curbs my sentiments, and often compels me to applaud what I detest from my very soul. See, there he comes to take a walk in this palace; let us separate. One word more; I have trusted you, and not concealed anything from you; it came a little too quickly out of my mouth; but, if ever anything should reach his ears, I shall declare flatly that you have told a lie.

SCENE II.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.[7]

D. Ju. What man was just now talking to you? He has very much the air, it seems to me, of honest Guzman, a servant of Donna Elvira.

Sgan. It is something very like it.

D. Ju. What! is it he?

Sgan. The very man.

D. Ju. And how long has he been in town?

Sgan. Since last night.

D. Ju. And why has he come?

Sgan. I believe you may imagine well enough what disturbs him.

D. Ju. Our departure, no doubt?

Sgan. The good man is quite offended, and asked me the cause of it.

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[7] See Appendix, Note A.

D. Ju. And what answer did you give him?

Sgan. That you had not told me anything about it.

D. Ju. But, prithee, what do you think of it? What do you imagine about this affair?

Sgan. I? I believe, without wronging you, that you have some new love affair in your head.

D. Ju. Do you think so?

Sgan. Yes.

D. Ju. Upon my word, you are not mistaken; and I must confess another object has driven Elvira from my thoughts.

Sgan. Oh! good Heavens! I know my Don Juan at my fingers' ends, and that your heart is the most restless in the world; it delights to rove from one set of chains to another, and never likes to stay in one spot.

D. Ju. And tell me, do you not think I am right in acting in such a manner?

Sgan. Oh! sir . . .

D. Ju. What! Speak.

Sgan. Certainly, you are right, if you have a mind to it; no one can say anything against it. But, if you had not a mind to it, it might perhaps be another affair.

D. Ju. Well, then, I give you leave to speak, and to tell me your sentiments.

Sgan. In that case, sir, I must frankly tell you that I do not approve of your goings on, and that I think it very wicked to make love to every one, as you do.

D. Ju. What! Would you have a man bind himself to remain with the first object which has caught him, renounce the world for her sake, and have no more eyes for anybody? A nice thing to pique one's self upon the false honour of being faithful, to bury one's self for ever in one passion, and to be dead from our very youth to all other beauties that may strike us! No, no, constancy is fit only for fools;

every handsome woman has a right to charm us, and the advantage of being first met with ought not to rob others of the just pretensions which they all have upon our hearts. As for me, beauty delights me wherever I meet with it, and I easily give myself up to that sweet violence with which it hurries us along. It does not matter if I am engaged; the love I feel for one fair does not induce me to do injustice to others; I have eyes to see the merit of all, and pay to every one the homage and tribute which nature demands from us. However it be, I cannot refuse my heart to any lovely creature I behold; and as soon as a handsome face asks it of me, if I had ten thousand hearts, I would give them all. Budding inclinations, after all, have a charm which is indescribable, and all the pleasure of love is in variety. One takes great delight in reducing, by a hundred contrivances, the heart of a young beauty; in seeing every day the gradual progress one has made; in combating with transports, tears, and sighs, the innocent bashfulness of a mind which can hardly prevail upon itself to surrender; in demolishing, inch by inch, all the little resistance she can oppose to us; in conquering the scruples upon which she prides herself, and in leading her gently whither we have a mind to bring her. But when we are once her master, there is nothing more to say, nothing more to wish for; all the charms of the passion are over, and we are lulled asleep in the tranquillity of such a love, if some new object does not awaken our desires and present to our heart the attractive charms of a conquest still to make. In short, there is nothing so pleasant as to triumph over the resistance of a fair maiden; I possess, in such a case, the ambition of a conqueror, who flies perpetually from one victory to another, and can never resolve to set bounds to his wishes. Nothing can restrain the impetuosity of my desires; I feel I have a heart that could love all the world, and like Alexander, I

could wish for other worlds, wherein to extend my amorous conquests.[8]

Sgan. Ods' boddikins, how you talk! It seems that you have learned this by heart; you speak like a book.

D. Ju. What have you to say to this?

Sgan. Upon my word, I have to say . . . I do not know what to say; for you turn things in such a manner that it seems you are right, and yet it is certain you are not. I had the finest thoughts in the world, but your speech has put them all out of my head. Let me alone; another time I shall write down all my arguments, to dispute with you.

D. Ju. Do so.

Sgan. But, sir, would it be included in the permission you have given me, if I were to tell you that I am somewhat scandalised at the life which you lead.

D. Ju. How? What life do I lead?

Sgan. A very good one. But, for example, to see you marry every month, as you do!

D. Ju. Can there be anything more agreeable?

Sgan. True, I should think it very agreeable and very amusing, and I should myself like it well enough if there were no harm in it; but, sir, to make thus a jest of a sacred mystery, and . . .

D. Ju. Well, be it so; it is an affair between Heaven and me, and I can very well settle it without your troubling yourself about it.

Sgan. Upon my word, sir, I have always heard it said that to jest about Heaven is wicked jesting, and that libertines always come to a bad end.

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[8] Lovelace, in Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, expresses nearly the same sentiments, and writes, "the *Debellare superbos* should be my motto;" "I always considered opposition and resistance as a challenge to do my worst."

D. Ju. Hullo, Master Fool! You know I told you that I do not like persons who remonstrate.

Sgan. Therefore I do not speak to you! Heaven forbid! You know what you do; and, if you are a libertine[9] you have your reasons: but there are certain puny coxcombs in this world who are so without knowing why or wherefore, who pretend to be free-thinkers, because they think it becomes them. Had I a master of that kind, I would tell him plainly to his face: "Dare you thus jest with Heaven, and do you not tremble to laugh, as you do, at things the most sacred? Does it become you, you little earthworm, you mannikin that you are (I speak to the master I mentioned), does it become you to wish to turn into ridicule what all men revere? Do you think that because you are a man of rank, because you wear a fair and well-curled wig, have some feathers in your hat, a gold-laced coat, and flame-coloured ribbons[10] (I do not speak to you but to the other)—do you think, I say, that you are a cleverer man for all this, that you may be allowed to do everything, and that no one should dare to tell you the truth? Learn from me, who am your servant, that Heaven, sooner or later, punishes the impious; that a wicked life leads to a wicked death; that libertines never come to a good end, and that . . ."

D. Ju. Silence!

Sgan. Why, what is the matter?

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[9] The French word *libertin* had formerly not only the signification which it has in our days, but meant also a free-thinker; and was often said of a man or woman who did not like to submit to the ordinary rules and regulations of society. Libertine was also formerly applied, in English, "to certain heretical sects, and intended to mark the licentious liberty of their creed and forms," says Trench, in his *Select Glossary*, "a striking evidence of the extreme likelihood that he who has no restraints on his belief will ere long have none upon his life."

[10] Sganarelle describes the apparel Don Juan wears, without daring to name him.

D. Ju. The matter is, that I inform you that a certain beauty has got possession of my heart, and that, captivated by her charms, I followed her to this city.

Sgan. And you have no fear, sir, of the consequences of the death of that Commander whom you killed six months ago?

D. Ju. Why should I be afraid? Did I not kill him honourably?

Sgan. Very honourably; it could not have been done more so, and he would be wrong to complain.

D. Ju. I had my pardon for this affair.

Sgan. Yes; but this pardon does not perhaps stifle the resentment of relatives and friends, and . . .

D. Ju. Pooh! Let us not think of any harm that may happen to us, but only of what can give us pleasure. The person of whom I speak to you is a young bride, one of the prettiest in the world, who was brought hither by the very man she is to marry. Chance threw this pair of lovers in my way, three or four days before they set out on their journey. Never did I see two people so satisfied with each other; and displaying so much love. The visible tenderness of their mutual flame moved me; I felt it deeply, and my love began by jealousy. Yes, I could not at first sight endure to see them so happy together. Resentment kindled my desire, and I thought it would cause me very great pleasure to disturb their intimacy, and to sever that union by which the delicate feelings of my heart were offended; but hitherto all my efforts have been in vain, and I have recourse to the final stratagem. This intended spouse is to-day to treat the object of his love with a sail. Without having said anything to you, all things are prepared for gratifying my passion. I have freighted a little vessel, and engaged men with whose assistance I can easily carry off the fair.

Sgan, Ah! sir . . .

D. Ju. What?

Sgan. You have done quite right, and you take things in the proper way. There is nothing in the world like satisfying all one's desires.

D. Ju. Get ready to come along with me, and take care, you yourself, to bring all my arms, so that . . . [*He sees Donna Elvira*] Oh! most unlucky meeting. Traitor, you did not tell me she was here herself.

Sgan. Sir, you did not so much as ask me.

D. Ju. Is she mad not to have changed her dress, and to come here in her riding-habit?[11]

SCENE III.

DONNA ELVIRA, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.[12]

D. El. Will you do me the favour, Don Juan, to notice me? And may I at least hope that you will deign to turn your eyes this way?

D. Ju. I confess to you, madam, that I am surprised, and that I did not expect you here.

D. El. Yes, I see plainly that you did not expect me here; and you are indeed surprised, but quite otherwise than I hoped for; the manner in which you appear convinces me fully of what I refused to believe. I am astonished

[11] This remark of Don Juan, on beholding a woman whom he has abandoned, shows that he has neither feelings nor heart. Louis XIV., then (1665) in the height of his passion for Mademoiselle de la Vallière, behaved afterwards to her as badly as Don Juan does to Donna Elvira. It has many a time been stated that the King was neither coarser nor more unfeeling than his contemporaries. We have only to look at the *Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon*, to see what at least one of them thought of *le Grand Monarque*. But Louis XIV. was no sceptic, and during the latter part of his reign he became even a fanatic and a persecutor.

[12] See Appendix, Note B.

at my simplicity, and at the weakness of my heart in doubting a treachery so strongly confirmed by appearances. I was simple-minded enough, I confess it, or rather foolish enough, to be willing to deceive myself, and to take pains to contradict my eyes and my judgment. I sought for reasons to excuse to my affection that diminution of friendship which it discovered in you; I purposely invented a hundred legitimate excuses for so hurried a departure, to clear you from the crime of which my reason accused you. All that my just suspicions could daily say to me was in vain; I would not listen to their voice, which represented you to me as a criminal; I took a pleasure in giving ear to a thousand ridiculous fancies, which depicted you to my heart as innocent; but, at last, your reception permits me no longer to doubt, and the glance with which you received me informs me of many more things than I would wish to know. I shall be glad, nevertheless, to hear from your own mouth the reasons for your departure. Pray, speak, Don Juan, let us hear in what way you can justify yourself.

D. Ju. Madam, there is Sganarelle, who knows why I went away.

Sgan. [*Whispering to Don Juan*] I, sir! By your leave, I know nothing of the matter.

D. El. Well, Sganarelle, speak. It does not matter from whose mouth I hear his reasons.

D. Ju. [*Making signs to Sganarelle to draw near him*] Come, speak then to the lady.

Sgan. [*Whispering to Don Juan*] What would you have me say?

D. El. Come hither, since he will have it so, and tell me the causes of so sudden a departure.

D. Ju. Why do you not answer?

Sgan. [*Whispering to Don Juan*] I have nothing

to answer. You make fun of your very humble servant.

D. Ju. Will you answer, I say?

Sgan. Madam . . .

D. El. What?

Sgan. [*Turning towards his master*] Sir .

D. Ju. [*Threatening him*] If . . .

Sgan. Madam, the conqueror, Alexander, and the other worlds, are the cause of our departure. That, sir, is all I can say.

D. El. Will you be pleased, Don Juan, to explain to me these beautiful mysteries?

D. Ju. Madam, to say the truth . . .

D. El. Fy! how badly you defend yourself for a courtier; who should be accustomed to these sort of things! I pity you to see you so confused. Why do you not arm your brow with a noble impudence? Why do you not swear that you entertain still the same feelings for me; that you always love me with an unparalleled affection, and that nothing but death can sever you from me? Why do you not tell me that affairs of the greatest consequence compelled you to set out without informing me of it; that, much against your will, you must stay here for some time; and that I need only return whence I came, with the assurance that you will follow me as soon as possible; that it is certain you are very anxious to rejoin me, and that, whilst you are absent from me, you endure the pangs of a body separated from the soul? That is the way to defend yourself; but not to stand thunderstruck as you do.

D. Ju. I must confess, madam, that I possess not a talent for dissimulation, but am sincere at heart. I will not tell you that I entertain still the same feelings for you, and that I am very anxious to rejoin you, since it is

certain that I came away only to avoid you; not for the reasons you imagine, but from a pure motive of conscience, and because I thought I could not live with you any longer without sin. I felt some scruples, madam; and the eyes of my mind were opened to what I was doing. I reflected that, in order to marry you, I took you from the precincts of a convent, that you broke vows which engaged you elsewhere, and that Heaven is very jealous of such things. I was seized with repentance, and dreaded the wrath of Heaven. I thought our marriage was only adultery in disguise; that it would bring down upon us some calamity, and that, in short, I ought to endeavour to forget you, and to give you an opportunity of returning to your former obligations. Would you oppose so holy a design, madam, and would you have me expose myself to the vengeance of Heaven by retaining you; that by . . .

D. El. Ah! wicked wretch! now I know you thoroughly; and to my misfortune I know you when it is too late, and when such a knowledge can only serve to make me despair. But be assured that your crime will not remain unpunished, and that the same Heaven which you mock will revenge your perfidy.

D. Ju. Sganarelle, Heaven!

Sgan. Oh, yes, we care much for that.

D. Ju. Madam . . .

D. El. It is enough. I do not wish to hear anything more. I even blame myself for having already heard too much. It is meanness to have our shame explained too clearly, and in such cases, a noble heart should, at the very first word, resolve what to do. Do not expect me to break out into reproaches and opprobrious language; no, no, my wrath does not spend itself in vain words; it reserves all its ardour for vengeance. I tell you once more, Heaven will punish you, wretch, for the wrong you have done me; and if you

have nothing to fear from Heaven, fear at least the anger of an injured woman.

SCENE IV.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. [*Aside*] If he should ever feel some remorse.

D. Ju. [*After some pause*] Let us go and think of the execution of our amorous enterprise.

Sgan. [*Alone*] Oh! what an abominable master I am forced to serve!

ACT II. SCENE I.

(*A Landscape near the sea shore.*)

CHARLOTTE, PIERROT.[13]

Char. By Jingo, Pierrot, you were there just in the nick of time.

Pier. 'Sbobs, they were within an ace of being drowned, both of them.

Char. Was it the great storm this morning that upset them in the sea?

Pier. Look you, Charlotte, I shall tell you outright how it happened; for, as the saying is, I saw them first, first I saw them. I was on the sea-shore, I and fat Lucas, and we were a-larking together with clods of earth, that we threw

[13] Charlotte and Pierrot speak in a provincial dialect, which was quite a novelty on the stage in the time of Molière; we shall give an example of this:—CHARLOTTE. *Notre dinse! Piarrot, tu t' es trouvé là bien à point.* PIERROT. *Parquienne! il ne s'en est pas fallu l' épaisseur d'une éplinque, qu'il ne se sayant nayés tous deux.* CHARLOTTE. *C'est donc le coup de vent d' à matin qui les avait ranvarsés dans la mar?* &c. As it would be impossible to render this in an equivalent dialect, I have translated it in plain English.

at one another's heads, for you very well know that fat Lucas likes to be a-larking, and so do I sometimes too. So as we were a-larking, for we were a-larking, I perceived a distance off something that stirred in the water, and that came bobbing towards us. I looked fixedly at it, but all of a sudden I saw that I saw nothing more. Ay, Lucas, says I, I think that there are men a-swimming down there. Oh, says he, you have been at the burial of a cat, your eyes are dazed. 'Sdeath, says I, my eyes are not dazed; they are men. No, no, says he to me, you are purblind. Would you wager, says I, that I am not purblind, says I, and that they are two men, says I, who are swimming straight this way, says I. Znigs, says he, I lay a wager they are not. Well, come on, says I, will lay you tenpence on it? Marry will I, says he, and to show thee, there is the money down on the nail, says he. I was neither a fool nor a gaby; I boldly threw down upon the ground four silver pennies and sixpenny worth of ha'pence, as freely, i' faith, as if I had drank off a glass of wine; for I am very venturesome, and go on any way. Yet I knew what I did howsomdever. I am not such a fool as I look. We had but just laid the wager when I saw the two men very plainly, who made signs to us to come and fetch them, and I take up the stakes. Come, Lucas, says I, you see that they call us; let us go at once and help them. No, says he, they have made me lose. Then, to cut short my story, I went on so, and at last preached so much to him, that we got into a boat, and then I made so much ado that I got them out of the water, and then I carried them home to the fire, and then they pulled off all their clothes and stripped to dry themselves, and then two more of the same gang came, who had saved themselves quite alone, and then comes Mathurine, and one of them cast sheep's eyes at her. And that is precisely, Charlotte, how all this has happened.

Char. Did you not say, Pierrot, that one of them is a great deal handsomer than the rest?

Pier. Ay, he is the master; he must be some great, great man to be sure, for he has gold upon his clothes from top to bottom, and his servants are gentlefolks themselves; but for all his being a great man, he would have been drowned if I had not been there.

Char. Lawk a-day!

Pier. Ay, indeed, if it had not been for us he would have had his fill of water.

Char. Is he still at your house without his clothes on, Pierrot?

Pier. No, no, they all put on their clothes again before us. Mercy on me, I never saw any of these folks dress themselves before; what a parcel of gimcracks these courtiers wear! I should lose myself in them, and I was quite flabbergasted to see them. Why, Charlotte, they have hair which does not stick to their heads, and, after all, they put it on like a big cap of unspun flax. They have smocks with sleeves that you and I might get into; instead of breeches they have an apron as large as from this to Easter, instead of doublets they have little tiny waistcoats that do not reach to their middle, and instead of bands a great neck-handkerchief all open-worked with four large tufts of linen hanging down over their stomach. They have bands about their wrists too, and great funnels of lace about their legs, and amongst all this so many ribands, that it is a downright shame. Their very shoes are stuffed with them from one end to the other, and they are made in such a fashion that I should break my neck in them.

Char. I' fakins, Pierrot, I must go and see them.

Pier. Oh! hark you, Charlotte, stay a little first, I have something else to say to you.

Char. Well, tell me, what is it?

Pier. Do you not see, Charlotte, that, as the saying is, I must unbosom myself to you. I am in love with you, you know it very well, I am for us being married together; but 's boddikins, I am not pleased with you.

Char. How? what's the matter?

Pier. The matter is, to tell the truth, that you vex my very heart.

Char. How so?

Pier. Because, by the powers, you do not love me.

Char. Ho! ho! Is that all?

Pier. Ay, that is all, and enough too.

Char. Law, Pierrot, you always say the same thing to me.

Pier. I always say the same thing to you because it is always the same thing; and if it was not always the same thing I would not always say the same thing.

Char. But what do you want? What do you wish?

Pier. Drat it, I would wish you to love me.

Char. Why, do I not love you?

Pier. No, you do not love me, and yet I do all I can to make you. I do not mean to reproach you, but I buy ribbons for you of all the pedlars that come about, I risk my neck to go and fetch jackdaws out of their nests for you, I make the piper play for you when your birthday comes; and all this is no more than if I ran my head against the wall. Do ye hear? it is neither fair nor honest not to love folk that love us.

Char. But, lawk-a-day, I love you too.

Pier. Ay, very much indeed!

Char. What would you have me do then?

Pier. I would have you do as folk do when they love as they ought.

Char. Why, do I not love you as I ought?

Pier. No, when that is the case, anyone can see it;

people play a thousand little tricks to folk when they love them with all their heart. Look at stout Thomasse, how smitten she is with young Robin; she is always about him to tease him, and never lets him alone. She is always playing him some trick or other, or hits him a rap when she passes by him. The other day, as he was sitting upon a small stool, she comes and pulls it from under him, and down falls he at full length upon the ground. Zounds, that is the way folk do when they are in love; but you never say a word to me, you always stand like a log of wood; I may go by ye twenty times and you never stir to give me the smallest thump, or to say the least thing to me. Upon my word, it is not fair, after all, and you are too cold for folk.

Char. What would you have me do? My temper is such, and I cannot alter myself.

Pier. Temper or no temper, when a body loves a body one always gives some small inkling of it.

Char. I love you as well as I can, and if you are not satisfied with that, you must go and love somebody else.

Pier. Why there now! I have got what I bargained for. Zooks, if you loved me you would not say that.

Char. Why do you come and worrit me so?

Pier. And what harm do I do you? I only ask a little friendship from ye.

Char. Well, let me alone then and do not press me so, maybe it will come all of a sudden, without thinking of it.

Pier. Shake hands, then, Charlotte.

Char. [*Gives him her hand*] Well, there.

Pier. Promise me that you will do your best to love me more.

Char. I will do all that I can, but it must come of itself. Pierrot, is that the gentleman?

Pier. Yes, that is he.

Char. Oh! lack-a-day, how nice he is! what a pity it would have been if he had been drowned.

Pier. I shall come again presently; I shall go to take a pint to refresh myself a little after my fatigue.

SCENE II.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, CHARLOTTE *in the background.*

D. Ju. We have failed in our plot, Sganarelle, and this sudden squall has overturned our sloop, as well as the plan we had formed; but, to tell you the truth, the country-wench I have just parted with, makes amends for this misfortune. I have found such charms in her that they have effaced from my mind all the vexation caused by the ill success of our enterprise. This heart must not escape me; I have already disposed it in such a manner that I shall have no need to sigh long in vain.

Sgan. I confess, sir, you astonish me. We have hardly escaped from the jaws of death, and instead of thanking Heaven for the mercy it has granted us, you labour anew to draw down its wrath by your usual whims and your amours . . . [*Seeing Don Juan look angry*] Peace, rascal that you are; you do not know what you are talking of, and my master knows what he does. Come.

D. Ju. [*Perceiving Charlotte*] Ha! whence comes this other country-girl? Did you ever see anything prettier? Tell me, do you not think she is as handsome as the other?

Sgan. Certainly. [*Aside*] Another fresh morsel.

D. Ju. [*To Charlotte*] Whence this pleasant meeting, fair one? What? are there in these rural spots, amongst these trees and rocks, persons as handsome as you are?

Char. As you see, sir.

D. Ju. Do you belong to this village?

Char. Yes, sir.

D. Ju. And do you live there?

Char. Yes, sir.

D. Ju. What is your name?

Char. Charlotte, at your service.

D. Ju. Ah! what a beauty! what piercing eyes!

Char. Sir, you make me quite ashamed.

D. Ju. Oh! do not be ashamed to hear the truth. What do you say, Sganarelle? Can anything be more agreeable? Turn about a little, please. Oh! what a fine shape. Hold up your head a little, pray. Oh! what a pretty face is this! Open your eyes wide. Oh! how lovely they are. Pray let me see your teeth. Oh! how love-inspiring! And those provoking lips! For my part, I am delighted; I never beheld so charming a person.

Char. Sir, you are pleased to say so; I do not know whether you make fun of me.

D. Ju. I make fun of you! Heaven forbid! I love you too well for that; I speak to you from the bottom of my heart.

Char. I am very much obliged to you if it is so.

D. Ju. Not at all; you are not obliged to me for anything I say; you owe it to your beauty alone.

Char. Sir, all these words are too fine for me; I have not wit enough to answer you.

D. Ju. Sganarelle, just cast a glance on her hands.

Char. Fie, sir! they are as black as anything.

D. Ju. Oh! what are you saying? They are the fairest in the world; pray, allow me to kiss them.

Char. You do me too much honour, sir, and if I had known it just now, I would not have failed to have washed them with bran.

D. Ju. Pray, tell me, pretty Charlotte, are you married?

Char. No, sir, but I am to be very soon, to Pierrot, our neighbour Simonetta's son.

D. Ju. What! should a person like you become the wife of a simple clod-hopper! No, no! that would be a profanation of so much beauty; you were not born to pass your whole life in a village. No doubt you deserve a better fate; Heaven, which very well knows this, has led me hither on purpose to prevent this match, and to do justice to your charms; for, in short, beauteous Charlotte, I love you with all my heart; it only depends upon yourself whether I shall carry you off from this wretched place, and put you in the position you deserve. This passion is doubtless very sudden; but what then? It is owing to your great beauty; I love you as much in one quarter of an hour as I would another in six months.

Char. Really, I do not know what to do when you speak. What you say pleases me, and I should very much like to believe you; but I have always been told that we must never believe gentlemen, and that you, courtiers, are cozeners who think of nothing but of making fools of young girls.

D. Ju. I am not one of these.

Sgan. Not at all! Not at all!

Char. Look ye, sir, there is no pleasure in being imposed upon. I am but a poor country-wench, but I value honour above everything; I would sooner die than lose my honour.

D. Ju. I have a soul so wicked as to impose on such a person as you! I should be so base as to dishonour you! No, no, I am too conscientious for that. I love you, Charlotte, virtuously and honourably; and to show you that I speak the truth, be convinced that I have no other design than to marry you. Can you have any greater proof? Here I am ready, whenever you please, and I call this fellow to be a witness of the promise which I make you.

Sgan. No, no, never fear. He will marry you as much as you please.

D. Ju. Ah! Charlotte, I plainly perceive you do not yet know me. You do me great wrong in judging of me by others; and if there are rogues in the world, people who only endeavour to make fools of young women, you ought not to consider me one of them, and never doubt the sincerity of my love; besides, your beauty is a guarantee for everything. When a woman is as handsome as you are she ought never to entertain such fears; believe me, you do not look as if you could be made a fool of. As for me, I protest I would stab myself a thousand times to the heart if I fostered the least thought of betraying you.

Char. Good Heavens! I do not know whether you speak the truth or not; but you make people believe you.

D. Ju. You do me justice most certainly by believing me; I repeat anew the promise which I have made you. Do you not accept it? Will you not consent to become my wife?

Char. Yes, provided my aunt has no objection.

D. Ju. Give me your hand then upon it, Charlotte, since you do not object.

Char. But at the very least, sir, pray, do not deceive me; it would be a sin, and you see how honestly I act.

D. Ju. What! you seem to doubt still my sincerity! Would you have me swear the most frightful oaths? May Heaven . . .

Char. Bless me, do not swear, I believe you.

D. Ju. Give me one little kiss, then, as a pledge of your promise.

Char. Nay, sir, pray, wait till we are married, and then I shall kiss you as much as you wish.

D. Ju. Well, pretty Charlotte, I will do whatever you please; only give me your hand, and let me, by a thousand kisses, express the rapture I am in. . .

SCENE III.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, PIERROT, CHARLOTTE.

Pier. [*Getting between them, and pushing away Don Juan*] Gently, sir, if you please, you are getting too warm; you may get a pleurisy.

D. Ju. [*Pushing away Pierrot roughly*] What brings this impertinent fellow here?

Pier. [*Placing himself between Don Juan and Charlotte*] Hold hard, sir, you must not kiss our wives that are to be.

D. Ju. [*Pushing Pierrot again away*] Ha! what a noise!

Pier. 'Sdeath! People are not to be pushed thus.

Char. [*Taking Pierrot by the arm*] Let him alone, Pierrot.

Pier. What! let him alone? I will not, not I!

D. Ju. Hah!

Pier. Drat it, because you are a gentleman, you come here to caress our wives under our very noses? Go and kiss your own.

D. Ju. What?

Pier. What? [*Don Juan gives him a box on the ear*] Dam it, do not strike me; [*another*] Hang it! [*another*] Zounds! [*another*] 'Sblood and wounds! it is not fair to beat people! Is this my reward for saving you from being drowned?

Char. Do not be angry, Pierrot.

Pier. I will be angry; and you are a hussy, to let him cozen you.

Char. Oh, Pierrot! it is not as you think. This gentleman will marry me, and you should not be in a passion.

Pier. Ha! But you are engaged to me.

Char. That makes no matter, Pierrot. If you love me, should ye not be glad that I am to be made a madam?

Pier. No, I would as soon see you hanged as see you another's.

Char. Come, come, Pierrot, do not fret yourself. If I am a madam I shall make you gain something; you shall serve us with butter and cheese.

Pier. Zounds! I shall never serve you with anything, even if you would pay me twice as much. Do not listen thus to what he says. 'Sfish, had I known this just now, I should not have taken him out of the water at all, but I would have given him a good rap upon the head with my oar.

D. Ju. [*Coming up to Pierrot to strike him*] What is that you say?

Pier. [*Getting behind Charlotte*] Drat it! I fear no man.

D. Ju. [*Coming towards him*] Let me only get hold of you.

Pier. [*Gets on the other side of Charlotte*] I do not care, not I.

D. Ju. [*Running after him*] We shall try that.

Pier. [*Getting anew behind Charlotte*] I have seen many a man as good as you.

D. Ju. What?

Sgan. Oh, sir, let the poor wretch alone. It is a pity to beat him. [*Placing himself between Don Juan and Pierrot, and addressing the latter*] Harkee, my poor lad, move off, and do not talk to him.

Pier. [*Passing before Sganarelle, and looking boldly at Don Juan*] I will talk to him.

D. Ju. [*Lifts up his hand and intends to give Pierrot a box on the ear*] Ha! I shall teach you. [*Pierrot ducks down his head, so that Sganarelle receives it.*

Sgan. [*Looking at Pierrot*] Plague take the booby!

D. Ju. [*To Sganarelle*] That is a reward for your charity.

Pier. Zounds! I shall go and tell her aunt of all her goings-on.

SCENE IV.

DON JUAN, CHARLOTTE, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. [*To Charlotte*] At last I am going to be the happiest of men, and I would not change my happiness for all the world could give me. What pleasures shall we have, when you are my wife, and what . . .

SCENE V.

DON JUAN, CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. [*Perceiving Mathurine*] So, so.

Math. [*To Don Juan*] Sir, what are you doing there with Charlotte? Are you courting her too?

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] No; on the contrary; she told me she wished to be my wife, and I told her I was engaged to you.

Char. [*To Don Juan*] What is that Mathurine wants with you?

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] She is jealous of my speaking to you, and would like me to marry her; but I tell her it is you whom I wish to have.

Math. What! Charlotte . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] All you can say to her will be of no use; she took this into her head.

Char. What then, Mathurine . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] It is in vain to talk to her, you will not get this whim out of her head.

Math. Would you . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] There is no possibility of making her listen to reason.

Char. I should like . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] She is as obstinate as the devil.

Math. Really . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] Do not say anything to her, she is a fool.

Char. I think . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] Let her alone, she is silly.

Math. No, no, I must speak to her.

Char. I will hear some of her reasons.

Math. What . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] I will lay you a wager that she tells you that I promised to marry her.

Char. I . . .

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] I will bet you anything that she will maintain that I have given her my word to make her my wife.

Math. Hark you, Charlotte, it is not right to meddle with other folks' bargains.

Char. It is not polite to be jealous because the gentleman speaks to me.

Math. The gentleman saw me first.

Char. If he saw you first, he saw me second, and has promised to marry me.

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] Well, did I not tell you so?

Math. [*To Charlotte*] Your humble servant, it was me and not you whom he promised to marry.

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] Did I not guess right?

Char. You may tell that to others, if you please, but not to me; it was me he promised to marry, I tell you.

Math. You make fun of folks; once more it was me he promised to marry.

Char. There he is; he can tell you whether I am right.

Math. There he is; he can give me the lie if I do not speak the truth?

Char. Sir, did you promise to marry her?

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] You are joking.

Math. Is it true, sir, that you have given your word to be her husband?

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] Could you entertain such a thought?

Char. You see she affirms it.

D. Ju. [*Aside to Charlotte*] Let her alone.

Math. You are witness how positive she is.

D. Ju. [*Aside to Mathurine*] Let her say what she likes.

Char. No, no, we must know the truth.

Math. We must have it decided.

Char. Yes, Mathurine, I will have the gentleman show you your mistake.[14]

Math. Yes, Charlotte, I will have the gentleman make you look foolish.[15]

Char. Decide the quarrel, sir, if you please.

Math. Satisfy us, sir.

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[14] The original has, *Je veux que monsieur vous montre votre bec jaune;* literally, "I will that the gentleman should show you your yellow beak." This is a phrase which dates from the days when falconry was a favourite sport. A bird with a yellow beak is a very young bird, hence young scholars, greenhorns, were called *béjaunes*, and thus *montrer à quelqu'un son béjaune* or *son bec jaune* came to mean, "to show one he was duped" or foolishly taken in. "Green," instead of *jaune*, yellow, appears to have the same signification in very familiar English phraseology.

[15] In the original we find, *Je veux que monsieur vous rende un peu camuse*, literally, "I wish the gentleman would make you a little flat-nosed," or figuratively, as above. *Avoir un pied de nez*, literally "to have a nose a foot long," has the same meaning when used as a familiar form of speech.

Char. You shall see.

Math. And you shall see too.

Char. [*To Don Juan*] Speak.

Math. [*To Don Juan*] Speak.

D. Ju. What would you have me say? You both maintain that I have promised to marry you. Does not each of you know the whole business without any necessity for me giving any more explanations? Why should you oblige me to repeat what I have said? Has not the person to whom I really gave the promise sufficient reasons within herself to laugh at what the other says; and ought she to trouble herself, provided I keep my promise? All the speeches do not forward affairs; we must act and not talk, and facts prove more than words. Therefore, that is the only way in which I shall satisfy you, and when I marry, you shall see which of you two has my heart. [*Aside to Mathurine*] Let her believe what she will. [*Aside to Charlotte*] Let her flatter herself in her own imagination. [*Aside to Mathurine*] I adore you. [*Aside to Charlotte*] I am entirely yours. [*Aside to Mathurine*] All faces are ugly in comparison with yours. [*Aside to Charlotte*] When a man has once seen you he cannot bear to look at others. [*Aloud to both*] I have some trifling message to deliver; I shall be back again in a quarter of an hour.[16]

SCENE VI.

CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE, SGANARELLE.

Char. [*To Mathurine*] I am the one he loves, however.

Math. [*To Charlotte*] He will marry me.

Sgan. [*Stopping Charlotte and Mathurine*] Ah! poor girls, I pity your innocence. I cannot bear to see you run

[16] On reading this scene it seems forced and unnatural, but on the stage, when acted well, it is very amusing.

thus to your destruction. Believe me both, do not be imposed upon by the stories he tells you, but stay in your village.

SCENE VII.

DON JUAN, CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. [*In the background, aside*] I would fain know why Sganarelle does not follow me.

Sgan. My master is a knave; he only wishes to make fools of you; he has made fools of a good many others; he marries the whole sex, and . . . [*Seeing Don Juan*] It is false, and whoever tells you this you may tell him he lies. My master does not marry the whole sex; he is no knave; he does not intend to deceive you, nor has he ever made a fool of any one. Oh, stay! here he is; ask him himself.

D. Ju. [*Looking at Sganarelle, and suspecting him of having said something*] Yes!

Sgan. Sir, as the world is full of backbiters, I was beforehand with them; and I was telling these girls that if anybody should say anything wrong of you they ought not to believe him, and be sure to tell him that he lied.

D. Ju. Sganarelle!

Sgan. [*To Charlotte and Mathurine*] Yes, my master is an honourable man; I warrant him such.

D. Ju. Hem!

Sgan. They are impertinent rascals.

SCENE VIII.

DON JUAN, LA RAMÉE, CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE, SGANARELLE.

La R. [*Aside to Don Juan*] Sir, I come to tell you that it is not quite safe for you to be here.

D. Ju. How so?

La R. Twelve men on horseback are in search of you; they will be here in a moment. I do not know how they have followed you; but I have learned these tidings from a country-man of whom they enquired, and to whom they described you. As there is no time to lose, the sooner you leave here the better.

SCENE IX.

DON JUAN, CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. [*To Charlotte and Mathurine*] Urgent business obliges me to leave this place, but I entreat you to remember the promise which I made you; depend upon it, you shall hear from me before to-morrow evening.

SCENE X.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. As we are unequally matched we must make use of a stratagem, and cleverly escape from the misfortune that pursues me. Sganarelle, you shall put on my clothes, and I . . .

Sgan. Sir, you are joking. To expose me to be killed in your clothes, and . . .

D. Ju. Make haste, I do you too much honour. Happy is the servant who has the glory of dying for his master.

Sgan. Thank you for such an honour. [*Alone*] As it is a case of death, grant me the favour, oh Heaven! not to be taken for another.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(*A Forest*).

DON JUAN, *dressed as a country gentleman,*
SGANARELLE, *as a physician.*

Sgan. Upon my word, sir, acknowledge that I was right, and that we are both wonderfully well disguised. Your first plan would by no means have been opportune; this conceals us much better than what you would have done.

D. Ju. It is true, you look very well; I cannot imagine where you have unearthed this ridiculous apparel.

Sgan. Yes! It is the dress of an old physician which was left in pawn in the place where I got it, and it cost me some money to have it. But do you know, sir, that this dress has already obtained me some consideration; that the people I meet bow to me, and that they come to consult me as an able man?

D. Ju. How?

Sgan. Five or six countrymen and countrywomen, seeing me pass, came to ask my advice upon different diseases.

D. Ju. You answered that you knew nothing of the matter?

Sgan. I? Not at all. I wished to keep up the honour of my dress; I speechified about the disease, and gave each of them a prescription.

D. Ju. And what remedies did you prescribe?

Sgan. Upon my word, sir, I picked them up where I could. I prescribed at random; it would be a funny thing if the patients should get cured, and come to thank me.

D. Ju. And why not? Why should you not have the same privileges as all other physicians? They have no more to do with the recovery of their patients than you have,

and all their art is mere pretence. They do nothing but get honour if they succeed; and you may take advantage, as they do, of a patient's good luck, and see attributed to your remedies what is owing to a lucky chance and to the powers of nature.[17]

Sgan. What, sir? You are also an unbeliever in medicine?

D. Ju. It is one of the greatest errors of mankind.[18]

Sgan. What! you have no belief in senna, cassia, or antimonial wine?[19]

D. Ju. And why would you have me believe in them?

Sgan. You are of a very unbelieving temper. Yet you know how, of late, great noise has been made about antimonial wine? The miracles it has produced have converted the most incredulous minds; and it is but three weeks ago since I myself, who am speaking to you, saw a marvellous effect of it.

D. Ju. What?

Sgan. There was a man who, for six days, was dying; they did not know what more to prescribe for him, and all

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[17] This remark, which Molière has also made use of in *Love is the best Doctor* is taken from Montaigne's *Essays*. "If good fortune, nature, or some other strange cause, produce something good and healthy within us, it is the privilege of medicine to see it attributed to it: all the fortunate successes which happen to a patient who is under the hands of the physicians, are ascribed to it."

[18] This is the first satirical outburst of Molière against the physicians; but as it was put into the mouth of a man who believed in nothing, and attacked everything, the doctors and the public in general did not think they were the expression of the feelings of the author. His next play, *Love is the best Doctor*, undeceived them.

[19] In Molière's time several works, pamphlets, and satires had been written against, or in favour of a comparative new remedy, a preparation of antimony, called emetic, or antimonial wine. But in 1658, Louis XIV. fell ill at Calais, and was cured by it, so that this medicine became quite the fashion. In 1666, about one year after the first performance of *Don Juan*, the parliament decided that antimony could be used by the physicians of the Faculté.

the remedies produced no effect; at last the doctors took it into their heads to give him an emetic.

D. Ju. He recovered, did he not?

Sgan. No, he died.

D. Ju. The effect is admirable.

Sgan. I should say so! He could not die for six whole days, and that made him die at once. Could you have anything more efficacious?

D. Ju. You are right.

Sgan. But let us drop physic, in which you do not believe, and talk of other things; for this dress inspires me, and I feel in the humour of disputing with you. You know you allow me to dispute, and forbid me only to remonstrate.

D. Ju. Well?

Sgan. I would fain know your innermost thoughts. Is it possible that you do not believe at all in Heaven?

D. Ju. Let us leave that alone.

Sgan. That means no. And in hell?

D. Ju. Eh?

Sgan. The same thing over again. And in the devil, if you please?

D. Ju. Yes, yes.

Sgan. Very little also. Do you not believe in a life after this?

D. Ju. Ha! ha! ha!

Sgan. I shall have some trouble in converting this man. Tell me what do you think of the *moine bourru*?[20] Eh?

[20] The *moine bourru*, literally, "the gruff monk," was a phantom who, it is said, ran through the streets at night, and beat the belated wayfarers. This connecting a superstition with the highest belief gave great offence in Molière's time, and our author had probably to suppress this passage after the first representations of Don Juan. But very likely he only wished to show that people like Sganarelle have a greater belief in superstitions than in the highest abstract truths.

D. Ju. A plague on the fool!

Sgan. That is what I cannot bear; for nothing can be more true than the *moine bourru.* I will be hanged if it is not true! People must believe something in this world. What do you believe?

D. Ju. What do I believe?

Sgan. Yes.

D. Ju. I believe that two and two are four, Sganarelle, and that twice four are eight.

Sgan. A fine belief, and nice articles of faith! As far as I can see, your religion is arithmetic. It cannot be denied that strange follies run in the heads of men, and that those who have studied are often not the wiser for it. As for me, sir, thank Heaven! I have not studied as you have, and no one can boast of ever having taught me anything; but with my small amount of sense, and my little judgment, I can see things more clearly than all books, and I can very well understand that this world which we behold has not sprung up of itself in one night, like a mushroom. I should like to ask you who has created these trees, these rocks, this earth, and this sky above us; and if all this has sprung up of itself. There you are; I take you as an example; there you are: did you make yourself alone, and was not your father obliged to sleep with your mother to make you? Can you see all the inventions of which the human machine is composed without wondering how the one influences the other? these nerves, these bones, these veins, these arteries, these . . . this lung, this heart, this liver, and all these other ingredients to be found there, and which . . . Oh, Lord! interrupt me, if you please. I cannot argue unless I am interrupted. You do not say a single word on purpose, and allow me to go on out of spite.

D. Ju. I am waiting for your arguments to be finished.

Sgan. My arguments are that there exists something admirable in man, whatever you may say, which all the philosophers cannot explain. Is it not marvellous that I am here, and that I have something in my head which thinks a hundred different things in one moment, and does with my body all that it wishes to do? I wish to clasp my hands, to lift up my arm, to raise my eyes towards Heaven, to bend my head, to move my feet, to go to the right, to the left, forwards, backwards, turn . . . [*He falls down whilst turning round.*]

D. Ju. There is an end of all your arguing.

Sgan. Zounds! I am a fool to amuse myself in arguing with you; believe what you like; it does not matter a straw to me whether you are damned!

D. Ju. I believe that whilst arguing we have lost our way. Call that man we see yonder, and let us ask him our road.[21]

SCENE II.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, A POOR MAN.

Sgan. Hullo! ho! I say, you man! ho! my good fellow! friend, a word with you, pray. Show us the way to the town.

Poor M. You have only to follow that path, gentlemen, and turn to the right when you come to the end of the

[21] Molière intended to print his *Don Juan*, but this was never done. In 1682, eight years after his death, La Grange and Vinot, in the first collected edition of Molière's works, printed this play; but they had to suppress several passages, which were afterwards found in a copy, that had belonged to M. de la Reynie, then lieutenant-general of police, and which was discovered only in 1825. Some passages are found only in the editions printed at Amsterdam in 1683, and at Brussels in 1694. None of these has ever before been translated into English. The suppressed words begin page 133, "*Don Juan.* Let us leave that alone," until nearly the end of the scene.

forest! but I warn you to be upon your guard, for there have been robbers about for some time.

D. Ju. I am much obliged to you, friend, and thank you with all my heart.

Poor M. If you would kindly assist me, sir, with some trifle?

D. Ju. Ha, ha! your advice is interested, I see.

Poor M. I am a poor man, sir, living alone in this forest these ten years; and I shall pray to Heaven to grant you all kinds of prosperity.

D. Ju. Pray Heaven to give you a coat, and do not trouble yourself about other people's business.

Sgan. My good man, you do not know this gentleman; he only believes that two and two make four, and that twice four are eight.

D. Ju. What is your occupation among these trees?

Poor M. To pray to Heaven for the prosperity of all kind people who give me something.

D. Ju. You are pretty well off, then?

Poor M. Alas! sir, I am as poor as poor can be.

D. Ju. You are joking: a man who prays to Heaven every day must be very well off.

Poor M. I assure you, sir, that frequently I have not even a piece of bread to eat.

D. Ju. That is strange; your assiduity is ill rewarded. Ha, ha! I am going to give you directly a piece of gold, provided you swear a round oath.

Poor M. Oh! sir, would you wish me to commit such a sin?

D. Ju. Will you gain a piece of gold? yes or no. Here is one for you, if you swear. There; now swear.

Poor M. Sir . . .

D. Ju. Unless you swear, you shall not get it.

Sgan. Well, well; swear ever so little; there is no harm in it.

D. Ju. Take it; here it is; take it, I tell you; but swear.

Poor M. No, sir, I would rather die of hunger.

D. Ju. There, there; I give you this piece of gold because you are a human being.[22] [*Looking into the forest*] But what do I see? One man attacked by three! The match is too unequal, and I ought not to allow so base an action. [*He draws his sword and hastens to the spot where the attack was going on*].

SCENE III.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

My master is truly mad to run unsought into danger. But, upon my word, his assistance has been of some use; the two have put the three to flight.

SCENE IV.

DON JUAN, DON CARLOS, SGANARELLE, *in the background.*

D. Car. [*Putting up his sword*] The flight of these robbers shows me what I owe to your arm. Allow me, sir, to return you thanks for so generous an action, and let . . .

D. Ju. I have done nothing, sir, but what you would have done in my place. Such adventures touch our honour; the action of these rogues was so cowardly, that it would have been taking part with them not to have opposed them. But how fell you into their hands?

D. Car. By chance, I strayed from my brother and all our retinue; and whilst I was endeavouring to rejoin them, I fell in with these robbers, who immediately killed my

[22] The original has *pour l'amour de l'humanité*, for the love of humanity. *Humanité* often meant with Molière "the quality of being human," and not what it usually means now, "mankind collectively." The passages suppressed in the first printed and uncastrated edition of this play are from page 136, "I have not even a piece of bread to eat," until page 137, "I would rather die of hunger." The rest of the scene is found only in the Amsterdam edition of 1684. This whole scene caused an immense scandal in the beginning, and Molière was accused of impiety (see Introductory Notice).

horse, and would have done as much for me, had it not been for your valour.

D. Ju. Do you intend to go towards the town?

D. Car. Yes, but I do not intend to go into it; my brother and I are obliged to roam about on account of one of those sad affairs which compel noblemen to sacrifice themselves and their families to their untarnished honour; it is ever fatal, even if we do succeed; if we do not lose our life, we are compelled to leave the kingdom. This is the reason why I think it unfortunate to be a nobleman, for however discreetly and honestly he may live himself, he cannot prevent the laws of honour from connecting him with the disgraceful conduct of other people, nor from having his life, repose, and property depend upon the whims of the first audacious fellow who takes it into his head to do him one of those injuries for which a gentleman must lose his life.

D. Ju. There is, however, this advantage, that those who take it into their head to offend us out of mere wantonness run the same risks, and spend their time just as uncomfortably. But if I am not indiscreet, may I ask what this sad affair is?

D. Car. It has gone so far that the secret can no longer be kept. When the insult is once public, our honour does not oblige us to conceal our shame, but openly to blazon forth our vengeance, and even to proclaim that we intend to avenge ourselves. Therefore, sir, I have no scruples in telling you that the offence which we wish to avenge is the seduction of a sister, who was carried off from a convent, and that the author of this offence is Don Juan Tenorio, son of Don Louis Tenorio. We have been in search of him for some days, and we followed him this morning, upon the information of a servant, who told us that he had gone out on horseback, with four or five others, and that he had taken this route; but all our pains have been useless, and we cannot discover what has become of him.

D. Ju. Do you know this Don Juan, sir, of whom you speak?

D. Car. No, sir, I do not. I never saw him, and I have only heard my brother describe him; but his reputation is none of the best; he is a man whose life . . . .

D. Ju. Stop, sir, if you please. He is rather a friend of mine, and it would be base in me to allow any one to speak ill of him.

D. Car. Out of respect for you, sir, I shall say nothing of him. As you have saved my life, certainly the least thing I can do is not to speak before you of one of your acquaintances, when I can say nothing but evil of him. But however much his friend you may be, I venture to hope that you will not approve of this action of his, or think it strange that we should endeavour to avenge ourselves.

D. Ju. On the contrary, I will serve you in this, and spare you some fruitless trouble. I am Don Juan's friend, I cannot help being so; but it is not right that he should offend gentlemen with impunity, and I promise you in his name that he shall give you satisfaction.

D. Car. And what satisfaction can he give for these sorts of injuries?

D. Ju. All that your honour can desire; and, without giving you any further trouble to look for Don Juan, I engage that he shall be forthcoming wherever you like, and when you please.

D. Car. This is very pleasant news, sir, to outraged hearts; but after what I owe you, it would be very painful to me if you were to be one of the combatants.

D. Ju. I am so intimately connected with Don Juan that he cannot fight unless I must fight too; but I answer for him as for myself, and you have only to say when you wish to meet him, and give you satisfaction.

D. Car. How cruel is my lot! Must I owe my life to you, and Don Juan be one of your friends?

SCENE V.

DON ALONZO, DON CARLOS, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Al. [*Speaking to his retinue, without seeing Don Carlos or Don Juan*] Give some water to my horses, and then lead them after us; I shall walk a little. [*Seeing them both*] Heavens! what do I see? What! brother, you are in conversation with our mortal enemy?

D. Car. Our mortal enemy?

D. Ju. [*Clapping his hand to his sword*] Yes, I am myself, Don Juan; and your superior number shall not force me to wish to disown my name.

D. Al. [*Drawing his sword*] Ah! traitor, you must die, and . . . [*Sganarelle runs away and hides himself*]

D. Car. Stay, brother. I owe my life to him; and had he not come to my assistance, the robbers whom I encountered would have killed me.

D. Al. And would you allow this consideration to prevent our vengeance? Whatever service the hand of an enemy may render us, it ought to have no influence upon our heart; if we are to measure the obligation by the injury, then your gratitude, brother, is in this case ridiculous; for honour is infinitely more precious than life, and therefore we owe nothing when we owe our life to him who has taken away our honour.

D. Car. I know the difference, brother, that a gentleman ought always to make between the one and the other; and gratitude for the obligation does not efface within me resentment for the injury; but allow me to give back to him on this very spot what he has lent me; let me repay him immediately the life I owe him, by delaying our vengeance, and by allowing him the liberty of enjoying, for a few days, the benefit of his kind action to me.

D. Al. No, no, we run the risk of not wreaking our

vengeance if we delay it, and the opportunity of taking it may never come again. Heaven offers it to us now, and we ought not to let it pass. When honour is mortally wounded, we should not think of keeping any moderation; if you do not like to engage personally in this action, you need only retire, and leave to my arm the glory of such a sacrifice.

D. Car. Pray, brother . . .

D. Al. All further conversation is unnecessary; he must die.

D. Car. Hold, I say, brother. I will not allow any attempt upon his life; and I swear by Heaven that I shall defend him here against any and every one; that very life which he has saved shall always guard him; if you attempt to kill him, you must first pierce me.

D. Al. What! you side with our enemy against me; and, instead of feeling the same rage on beholding him as I do, you show feelings full of gentleness!

D. Car. Brother, let us show moderation in a lawful action; and not avenge our honour with so much violence. Let us master our courage; let us show valour without ferocity, which only proceeds from mature deliberation and reason, not from the impulse of a blind rage. I will not remain in debt, brother, to my enemy; I am under an obligation to him, which I must repay before I do anything else. Our revenge will not be the less exemplary for being deferred; on the contrary, it will be the greater; and the opportunity we have had of taking it, will make it appear more just in the eyes of the whole world.

D. Al. O, the strange weakness and dreadful blindness of thus hazarding the interests of our honour for the ridiculous idea of a fanciful obligation!

D. Car. No, brother, do not trouble yourself about that. If I commit a fault, I shall make amends for it, and take

care of our honour; I know to what it obliges us, and this delay of one day, which my gratitude asks for him, will only augment my desire to satisfy it. You see, Don Juan, how anxious I am to return you the favour I have received; by this you can judge of the consequences; rest assured that I discharge with the same warmth what I owe, and that I shall not be the less punctual in repaying you the insult than the kindness. I will not oblige you to express your sentiments now; I allow you to think at your leisure about what you are resolved to do. You very well know the great injury you have done us; you shall yourself judge what reparation it demands. There are peaceful means of giving us satisfaction; there are violent and bloody ones; but finally, whatever choice you may make, you have passed me your word to let Don Juan give me satisfaction. Pray, mind to do so, and remember that, out of this place, my only duty is for my honour.

D. Ju. I have asked nothing of you, and shall keep my promise.

D. Car. Come, brother, a moment's forbearance does not injure the severity of our duty.

SCENE VI.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. Hullo! hey! Sganarelle!

Sgan. [*Coming out of a place where he had hid himself*] What is your pleasure, sir?

D. Ju. How! scoundrel, you run away when I am attacked?

Sgan. I beg your pardon, sir; I was quite near. I believe that this gown is purgative, and that to wear it is as good as taking medicine.

D. Ju. Plague on your insolence! Hide your cowardice

at least behind a more decent covering. Do you know who the gentleman is whose life I saved?

Sgan. I? No.

D. Ju. It is a brother of Elvira.

Sgan. A . . .

D. Ju. He is gentlemanly enough, and behaved pretty well; I am sorry I have a quarrel with him.

Sgan. It would be easy for you to arrange all things.

D. Ju. Yes, but my passion for Elvira is worn out, and it does not suit my mood to engage myself. You know I love liberty in love, and I cannot resolve to immure my heart between four walls. I have told you a score of times I have a natural propensity to give way to whatever attracts me. My heart belongs to the whole fair sex; and they must take it by turns, and keep it as long as they can. But what splendid edifice do I see amongst those trees?

Sgan. Do you not know it?

D. Ju. No, indeed.

Sgan. Why! it is the tomb which the Commander ordered to be built when you killed him.[23]

D. Ju. Ha! you are right. I did not know that it was hereabout. Every one says it is wonderfully well done, and the statue of the Commander as well; I have a mind to go and see it.

Sgan. Do not go there, sir.

D. Ju. Why not?

Sgan. It is not courteous to go to pay a visit to a man whom you have killed.

D. Ju. On the contrary; I intend to be courteous by paying him a visit, which he ought to receive politely, if he is anything of a gentleman. Come, let us go in. [*The tomb opens, and discovers a splendid mausoleum and the statue of the Commander.*]

[23] See Appendix, Note C.

Sgan. Ah! how beautiful that is! what fine statues! what beautiful marble! what fine pillars! ah! how beautiful that is! What do you say of it, sir?

D. Ju. That the pride of a dead man cannot possibly go farther. What I think admirable is that a man, who, whilst he was alive, was satisfied with quite a plain abode, should desire so magnificent a one, when he has no longer occasion for it.

Sgan. Here is the statue of the Commander.

D. Ju. Zounds! he looks very well in the dress of a Roman emperor!

Sgan. Upon my word, sir, it is very well made. It seems as if he were alive, and going to speak. He looks at us in such a manner that it would frighten me if I were quite alone; I do not think he likes to see us.

D. Ju. He would be wrong; and it would be an unhandsome reception of the honour I do him. Ask him if he will come to take supper with me.

Sgan. That is a thing he has no occasion for, I believe.

D. Ju. Ask him, I say.

Sgan. You are jesting. It would be madness to go and speak to a statue.

D. Ju. Do what I bid you.

Sgan. How ridiculous! Mr Commander . . . [*Aside*] I laugh at my folly, but my master makes me do it. [*Aloud*] Mr Commander, my master, Don Juan, asks whether you will do him the honour to come to take supper with him. [*The statue nods its head*] Ah!

D. Ju. What is the matter? What ails you? Tell me. Will you speak?

Sgan. [*Nodding his head like the statue*] The statue . . .

D. Ju. Well, what do you mean, villain?

Sgan. I say that the statue . . .

D. Ju. Well! what of the statue? Speak, or I will break every bone in your body.

Sgan. The statue made a sign to me.

D. Ju. Plague take the rascal!

Sgan. I tell you it made a sign to me; there is nothing more true. Go and speak to him yourself, and then you will see. Perhaps . . .

D. Ju. Come, rogue, come. I will convict you clearly of cowardice. Observe. Will his Excellency the Commander come to take supper with me? [*The statue nods his head again.*]

Sgan. I would not take ten pistoles to see it again. Well, sir?

D. Ju. Come, let us begone.

Sgan. [*Alone*] These are your free-thinkers who believe in nothing.[24]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Don Juan's Palace.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, RAGOTIN.

D. Ju. [*To Sganarelle*] Be it as it will; let us drop it. It is but a trifle, and we may have been deceived by a false light, or surprised by some giddiness which disturbed our sight.

Sgan. Ah! sir, do not try to deny what we saw with our own eyes. Nothing can be more certain than that nod; I make no doubt that Heaven, offended by your way of living, has wrought this miracle to convince you, and to reclaim you from . . .

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[24] See Appendix, Note D.

D. Ju. Harkee. If you bother me any more with your foolish morality; if you say another word on that subject, I shall call one of the servants, send for a strong switch, have you held down by three or four men, and give you a thousand lashes. Do you understand me?[25]

Sgan. Very well, sir, perfectly well. You explain yourself clearly; that is one good thing in you that you never affect a roundabout way; you express yourself with wonderful plainness.[26]

D. Ju. Come, let me have supper as soon as possible. A chair here, boy.

SCENE II.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN.

La V. Sir, here is one of your tradesmen, M. Dimanche, who wishes to speak to you.

Sgan. That is all right; we only wanted to be bothered by a creditor! What put it into his head to come to ask us for money? why did you not tell him that your master was not at home?

La V. I have been telling him so these three-quarters of an hour, but he would not believe me, and sat down within to wait.

Sgan. Let him wait as long as he likes.

D. Ju. No, on the contrary, bid him come in. It is very bad policy to hide from your creditors. It is good to pay them something; and I possess the secret of sending them away satisfied without giving them a farthing.

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[25] This is the first time that Don Juan threatens Sganarelle in a positive and serious way,—a proof that he is disturbed by what he has seen. Hence the slightest contradiction kindles his fury.

[26] This is an imitation of the *Andria* of Terence, Act i., Scene 2.

SCENE III.

DON JUAN, M. DIMANCHE, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN.[27]

D. Ju. Ha! M. Dimanche, come this way. How delighted I am to see you! And how angry I am that my people did not show you in immediately! I had given orders that I would not see any one; but this order was not meant for you, and you have a right never to have the door shut against you in my house.

M. Dim. Sir, I am very much obliged to you.

D. Ju. [*To La Violette and Ragotin.*] Zounds! rascals, I shall teach you to leave M. Dimanche in the antechamber, and I shall let you know who is who.

M. Dim. Sir, it is not of the slightest consequence.

D. Ju. [*To M. Dimanche.*] What! to say I was not within, to M. Dimanche, my very best friend!

M. Dim. Sir, I am your servant; I came . . .

D. Ju. Here, quick, a seat for M. Dimanche.

M. Dim. Sir, I am very well as I am.

D. Ju. No, no; I will have you sit down by me.

M. Dim. It is not necessary.

D. Ju. Take away that stool, and bring an arm-chair.

M. Dim. Sir, you are jesting, and . . .

D. Ju. No, no; I know what I owe you; and I will not allow them to make any difference between us two.

M. Dim. Sir . . .

D. Ju. Come, sit down.

M. Dim. There is no need for it, sir. I have only one word to say to you. I was . . .

D. Ju. Sit you down there, I say.

M. Dim. No, sir, I am very well. I come to . . .

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[27] See Appendix, Note E.

D. Ju. No, I will not hear you if you do not sit down.

M. Dim. Sir, I do as you wish. I . . .

D. Ju. Upon my word, M. Dimanche, you look very well.

M. Dim. Yes, sir, at your service. I came to . . .

D. Ju. You have an admirable constitution, rosy lips, a ruddy complexion, and sparkling eyes.

M. Dim. I should be glad . . .

D. Ju. How is Mrs Dimanche, your good lady?

M. Dim. Very well, sir, thank Heaven.

D. Ju. She is a good woman.

M. Dim. She is your humble servant, sir. I came . . .

D. Ju. And how is your little daughter, Claudine?

M. Dim. As well as possible.

D. Ju. What a pretty little girl she is! I love her with all my heart.

M. Dim. You do her too much honour, sir. I . . .

D. Ju. And does little Colin make as much noise as ever with his drum?

M. Dim. Always the same, sir. I . . .

D. Ju. And your little dog, Brusquet, does he still bark as loudly, and as lustily bite the legs of the people who visit you?

M. Dim. More than ever, sir; and we cannot break him off it.

D. Ju. Do not be surprised if I ask after your whole family; for I take a very great interest in them all.

M. Dim. We are infinitely obliged to you, sir. I . . .

D. Ju. [*Holding out his hand*] Shake hands, then, M. Dimanche. Are you really a friend of mine?

M. Dim. Sir, I am your servant.

D. Ju. I' gad, I am yours with all my heart.

M. Dim. You do me too much honour. I . . .

D. Ju. There is nothing I would not do for you.

M. Dim. Sir, you are too kind.

D. Ju. And that without any motive, believe me.

M. Dim. I have certainly not deserved this favour. But, sir . . .

D. Ju. Nonsense! Come, Mr Dimanche, will you take supper with me without any ceremony?

M. Dim. No, sir; I must return home immediately. I . . .

D. Ju. [*Rising*] Here, quick, a candle to light Mr Dimanche, and let four or five of my fellows take their blunderbusses to escort him.

M. Dim. [*Rising also*] Sir, this is not necessary; I can very well go alone. But . . . [*Sganarelle quickly removes the chairs.*]

D. Ju. What? They shall escort you; I take too great an interest in you. I am your humble servant, and your debtor to boot.

M. Dim. Ah! sir . . .

D. Ju. I do not conceal it, and I tell it to everyone.

M. Dim. If . . .

D. Ju. Do you wish me to see you home?

M. Dim. Oh, sir! you jest. Sir . . .

D. Ju. Embrace me then, pray. Once more I desire you to be convinced that I am entirely yours, and that there is nothing in the world which I would not do to serve you.

SCENE IV.

M. DIMANCHE, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. I must needs own that my master is a man who loves you much.

M. Dim. It is true; he is so polite to me, and pays me so many compliments, that I can never ask him for money.

Sgan. I assure you that his whole household would lay down their lives for you; and I wish something would happen to you, that somebody would take it into his head to cudgel you, then you should see how . . .

M. Dim. I believe it; but, Sganarelle, pray speak a word to him about my money.

Sgan. Oh! do not you trouble yourself about that, he will pay you as well as anyone.

M. Dim. But you, Sganarelle, you owe me something on your own account.

Sgan. Fie! do not speak of that.

M. Dim. What? I . . .

Sgan. Do I not know what I owe you?

M. Dim. Yes. But . . .

Sgan. Come, Mr Dimanche, I am going to light you to the door.

M. Dim. But my money . . .

Sgan. [*Taking M. Dimanche by the arm*] You are only jesting?

M. Dim. I wish to . . .

Sgan. [*Pulling him*] Come.

M. Dim. I intend to . . .

Sgan. [*Pushing him towards the door*] Fiddlesticks!

M. Dim. But . . .

Sgan. [*Pushing him again*] Fie!

M. Dim. I . . .

Sgan. [*Pushing him quite off the stage*] Fie, I say.[28]

SCENE V.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE.

La V. [*To Don Juan*] Sir, here is your father.

D. Ju. Oh! This completes the business! It wanted only this to drive me mad!

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[28] Sganarelle has not much more money to give than his master; but as he has not the same means of awing or of flattering M. Dimanche, he uses but few words, and trusts to the strength of his arm to silence his creditor, and to turn him out of the house. The servant, as well as the master, are true to their natures.

SCENE VI.

DON LOUIS, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Louis. I see plainly that I disturb you, and that you could very easily have dispensed with my visit. It is true we are a thorn in one another's path, and if you are tired of seeing me, I am also very tired of your unruly behaviour. Alas! how little do we know what we do, when we do not allow Heaven to judge what we need, when we wish to be wiser than it, and importune it by our blind wishes and inconsiderate demands! I most anxiously wished for a son; I incessantly prayed with incredible fervour for one; and this son, whom I obtained by wearying Heaven with my prayers, is the plague and punishment of that very life, of which I thought he would be the joy and consolation! With what eye, do you think, can I behold the many unworthy actions, whose wickedness can hardly be palliated before the world, that continuance of disgraceful affairs which daily compels us to weary the goodness of our sovereign, and which has exhausted, in his opinion, the merit of my services, and the influence of my friends? Ah! what a mean spirit you have! Do you not blush because you so little deserve your lofty birth! Tell me, pray, what right have you to be proud of it? and what have you done in this world that gives you a claim to be considered a nobleman? Do you think it is sufficient to bear the title and arms of one, and that it is any glory to be descended of noble blood, if one lives in infamy? No, no! Rank is nothing without virtue.[29] We have therefore no share in the glory of our ancestors, unless we strive to be like them; and the lustre which their actions reflect upon us, demands

[29] Burns also says "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

that we should do them like honour, follow in their footsteps, and not degenerate from their virtues, if we would be deemed their true descendants. Hence, in vain are you born of lofty progenitors; they disown you as one of their race, and all the illustrious deeds that they have achieved confer no advantage upon you: on the contrary, their renown only redounds to your discredit; and their glory is a shining light which renders clear to the eyes of all the infamy of your actions. Know, finally, that a nobleman who leads a wicked life is a monster in nature; that virtue is the prime badge of nobility; that I regard much less the name which a man bears than the actions which he commits, and that I should value more highly a porter's son who was an honest man, than a monarch's son who led such a life as yours.[30]

D. Ju. Sir, if you were to take a seat, you would speak more at your ease.

D. Louis. No, insolent wretch; I will neither take a seat nor speak any more, and I plainly perceive that all my words have no effect upon you; but learn, unworthy son, that by your actions you have worn out a father's love; that, sooner than you think, I shall put a stop to your irregularities, forestall the vengeance of Heaven, and, by your punishment, blot out the shame of being your father.

SCENE VII.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. [*Still addressing his father, although he has left*] Why! die as soon as you can, it is the best thing you can possibly do. Every one must have his turn; it drives me mad to see fathers live as long as their children. [*He throws himself down in his arm chair.*]

[30] Nearly the whole of Don Louis' speech, beginning from, "Oh! what a mean spirit you have," is, in the original, in blank verse.

Sgan. Ah ! sir, you are in the wrong.

D. Ju. [*Rising*] I in the wrong ?

Sgan. [*Trembling*] Sir . . .

D. Ju. I in the wrong ?[31]

Sgan. Yes, sir, you were wrong in having listened to what he said to you, and you ought to have turned him out by the shoulders. Did any one ever see anything more impertinent ? A father to come and remonstrate with his son, and tell him to reform his ways, not to forget his lofty birth, to live the life of a respectable man, and a hundred other silly things of the same kind ! Can a man like you, who knows how to live, stand such a thing as that ? I wonder at your patience. Had I been in your place, I should have sent him about his business. [*Aside*] O cursed complaisance, what do you bring me to !

D. Ju. Will supper be ready soon ?

SCENE VIII.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, RAGOTIN.

Rag. Sir, a lady, with her face veiled, wishes to speak to you.

D. Ju. Who can that be ?

Sgan. You must see.

SCENE IX.

DONNA ELVIRA, *veiled,* DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.[32]

D. Elv. Do not be surprised, Don Juan, to see me at this hour, and in this dress. An urgent motive obliges me to make you this visit ; what I have to say will admit of no

[31] Don Juan twice says to Sganarelle, "I in the wrong?" The reproaches of his servant would not sting him so much if he did not feel he deserved them.

[32] See Appendix, Note F.

delay. I do not come here possessed by that wrath I showed a little while ago; I am changed from what I was this morning. I am no longer that Donna Elvira who uttered imprecations against you; whose angry soul vented nothing but threats, and breathed only revenge. Heaven has banished from my heart all that unworthy passion which I entertained for you, all those tumultuous upheavings of a criminal attachment, all those shameful outbursts of an earthly and gross love; and it has left in my heart a flame which burns for you without any sensual affection, a tenderness entirely holy, a love detached from everything, which is not actuated by selfishness, and cares only for your good.

D. Ju. [*Whispering to Sganarelle*] I think you weep?

Sgan. Excuse me.

D. Elv. It is this perfect and pure love which brings me hither for your sake, to impart to you a warning from Heaven, and endeavour to turn you away from that precipice whither you are hastening. Yes, Don Juan, I know all the irregularities of your life; and that same Heaven which has touched my heart, and made me see the errors of my own conduct, has inspired me to come to you, and to tell you in its name that your crimes have tired out its mercy, that its dreadful wrath is ready to fall upon you, that you can avoid this by a speedy repentance, and that perhaps not another day is left to save yourself from the greatest of all miseries. As for me, no earthly ties bind me any longer to you. Thanks be to Heaven, I have abandoned all foolish thoughts. I am resolved to retire into a nunnery; I only hope to live long enough to expiate the crime I have committed, and, by an austere penance, to deserve pardon for the blindness into which I have been plunged by the violence of a guilty passion. But, when I am retired from the world, it would greatly pain me if a person, whom I once tenderly loved, should

be made an ominous example of the justice of Heaven; it will be an unspeakable delight to me if I can prevail upon you to ward off the dreadful blow that threatens you. I beseech you, Don Juan, grant me as a last favour this soothing consolation; refuse me not your own salvation, which I beg of you with tears; if you are not moved for your own sake, let at least my entreaties prevail, and spare me the terrible grief of seeing you condemned to eternal punishments.

Sgan. [*Aside*] Poor lady!

D. Elv. I once loved you very tenderly; nothing in this world was so dear to me as you; I forgot my duty for your sake; I have done everything for you; all the reward I desire is that you should amend your life, and ward off your destruction. Save yourself, I beseech you, either for your own sake or mine. Once more, Don Juan, I beg it of you with tears; and if the tears of a person you once loved have no influence with you, I conjure you by everything that is most capable of moving you.

Sgan. [*Aside, looking to Don Juan*] You have the feelings of a tiger.

D. Elv. I leave you now; that is all I had to say to you.

D. Ju. Madam, it is late, stay here. We shall give you as good a room as we can.

D. Elv. No, Don Juan, do not detain me longer.

D. Ju. Madam, you will oblige me by remaining, I assure you.

D. Elv. No, I tell you, let us not waste time in needless words. Let me go immediately; do not insist upon accompanying me, and think only of profiting by my advice.

SCENE X.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. Do you know that I felt something stirring in my heart for her, that I was rather pleased with this strange unexpected adventure, and that her careless dress, her languishing air, and her tears, rekindled within me some small embers of an extinguished flame?

Sgan. That is as much as to say her words did not make any impression on you.

D. Ju. Supper, quickly.

Sgan. Very well.

SCENE XI.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN.[33]

D. Ju. [*Sitting down at table*] Sganarelle, we must really think of amending our lives.

Sgan. Ay, that we must!

D. Ju. Yes, upon my word, we must reform. Twenty or thirty years more of this life, and then we shall consider about it.

Sgan. Oh!

D. Ju. What do you say to that?

Sgan. Nothing. Here comes supper. [*He takes a bit from one of the dishes that was brought in, and puts it into his mouth.*]

D. Ju. Methinks you have a swollen cheek: what is the matter with it? Speak. What have you in your mouth?

Sgan. Nothing.

D. Ju. Show it me. Zounds! he has got a swelling in his cheek. Quick! a lancet to open it. The poor fellow

[33] See Appendix, Note G.

cannot stand this any longer, and this abscess may choke him. Wait! see it is quite ripe. Ha! you rascal!

Sgan. Upon my word, Sir, I wished to see whether your cook had not put in too much pepper or salt.

D. Ju. Come, sit down there, and eat. I have some business for you as soon as I have finished supper. I perceive you are hungry.

Sgan. [*Sitting down at the table*] I should think so, Sir, I have not eaten anything since this morning. Taste that, it is very good. [*Ragotin takes Sganarelle's plate away as soon as he has got anything upon it to eat*] My plate, my plate! Gently, if you please. Ods boddikins! my mannikin, how nimble you are in giving clean plates! I say, little la Violette, you are not very handy in giving a man something to drink! [*Whilst la Violette gives Sganarelle something to drink Ragotin again takes away his plate*].

D. Ju. Who can it be that knocks in such a manner?

Sgan. Who the deuce comes to disturb us at our meal?

D. Ju. I wish to take my supper at least in peace; let no one, therefore, come in.

Sgan. Let me alone, I shall go to the door myself.

D. Ju. [*Seeing Sganarelle return frightened*] What ails you? What is the matter?

Sgan. [*Nodding his head as the statue did*] The . . . is there.

D. Ju. Let us go and see, and let us show that nothing can move me.

Sgan. Ah! poor Sganarelle, where will you hide yourself?

SCENE XII.

DON JUAN, THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN.

D. Ju. [*To his servants*] A chair and a plate here. Quick! [*Don Juan and the Statue sit down at the table*] [*To Sganarelle*] Come, sit down.

Sgan. Sir, I have lost my appetite.

D. Ju. Sit down here, I say. Give me something to drink. The Commander's health, Sganarelle. Give him some wine.

Sgan. Sir, I am not thirsty.

D. Ju. Drink, and sing a song to entertain the Commander.

Sgan. I have got a cold, Sir.

D. Ju. No matter. Begin. [*To his servants*] You, there, come and sing along with him.

Stat. It is enough, Don Juan. I invite you to come and take supper with me to-morrow. Will you be so bold?

D. Ju. Yes. Sganarelle alone shall accompany me.

Sgan. I thank you, to-morrow is fast-day with me.

D. Ju. [*To Sganarelle*] Take a light.

Stat. No need of light for those whom Heaven guides.[34]

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[34] See Appendix, Note H.

ACT V. SCENE I.

(*The theatre represents a landscape.*)

DON LOUIS, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Lo. What! my son, is it possible that the mercy of Heaven has granted my prayers? Is what you tell me really true? Do you not deceive me with a false expectation? and can I indeed believe the astonishing tidings of your conversion?

D. Ju. [*Playing the hypocrite*][35] Yes, I have seen the error of my ways; I am no longer the same I was last night; and Heaven has suddenly wrought a change in me, which will surprise every one. It has touched my heart and opened my eyes; I look back with horror upon my long blindness, and the crimes and disorders of the life I have led. In my own mind I consider all my former abominations; I am astonished that Heaven could bear with me so long, and that it has not twenty times discharged upon my head the thunderbolts of its terrible justice. I see how kind and merciful it has been to me in not punishing my crimes; I intend to profit by it as I ought, to show openly to the world a sudden change in my life, to repair, by those means, the scandal of my past actions, and endeavour to obtain from Heaven a full remission of my sins. I am now going to strive for this; I beg of you, Sir, to aid

[35] Don Juan until now was swayed only by his passions, and a slave to pleasure and debauchery. When he finds himself everywhere detested, when he sees the anger of powerful families raised against him, when his friends leave him isolated, and his creditors become importunate, when even his own father has cursed and disinherited him, and when he imagines that the shadow of a man he has killed pursues him, the only way that is left open to him, is falsehood and hypocrisy. He does not change his character, it is true, but his conversation and behaviour.

me in this design, and to assist me in making choice of a person, who may serve me as a guide, and under whose conduct I may walk safely in the way upon which I am entering.

D. Lo. Ah! my son! how easily does the love of a father return, and how quickly do the offences of a son fade from the memory at the least mention of repentance! I have already forgotten all the sorrows you have caused me; everything is effaced by the words you have just spoken. I confess I am beside myself; I shed tears of joy; all my prayers are answered, and henceforth I have nothing to ask from Heaven. Embrace me, my son, and persist, I conjure you, in this praiseworthy resolution. As for me, I shall go immediately to carry these happy tidings to your mother, unite with her in expressing our delight, and return thanks to Heaven for the holy thoughts with which it has vouchsafed to inspire you.

SCENE II.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. Ah, Sir, how glad I am to see you converted! I have long been waiting for this; and now, thanks to Heaven, all my wishes are accomplished.

D. Ju. Hang the booby!

Sgan. How, booby?

D. Ju. What, do you think I was serious in what I said just now, and do you imagine that my mouth uttered what my heart believed?

Sgan. What! it is not . . . You do not . . . Your . . . [*Aside*] Oh! what a man! what a man! what a man!

D. Ju. No, no, I am not altered, and my feelings are always the same.

Sgan. What, do you not yield to the surprising miracle of a moving and speaking statue?

D. Ju. There is really something in that which I do not understand; but, whatever it may be, it is not capable either of convincing my judgment, or of shaking my nerves, and if I said I wished to reform my conduct, and was going to lead an exemplary life, it is a plan which I have formed out of pure policy, a useful stratagem, a necessary disguise which I am willing to adopt, in order to spare the feelings of a father, whose assistance I want, and to screen myself, with respect to mankind, from the consequences of a hundred disagreeable adventures. Sganarelle, I make you my confidant in this case, and I am very glad to have a witness of the feelings of my inmost soul, and of the real motives which instigate me to act as I do.[36]

Sgan. What! you believe in nothing, and you pretend at the same time to set up as a virtuous man?

D. Ju. And why not? There are many others besides myself, who carry on this trade, and who make use of the same mask to deceive the world.

Sgan. [*Aside*] Oh! what a man! what a man!

D. Ju. There is no longer any shame in acting thus: hypocrisy is a fashionable vice, and all fashionable vices pass for virtues. The character of a virtuous man is the best part which one can play. Now-a-days, the profession of hypocrite possesses marvellous advantages. It is an art, the quackery of which is always respected; and although it

[36] The maxims which Don Juan promulgates farther on in defence of hypocrisy, are not so much for Sganarelle as for the audience who listen to the piece; hence the statement that he is "very glad to have a witness . . . of the (his) real motives," which he then unfolds. Don Juan is above all afraid that, for one single moment, he could be thought sincerely repentant, and is glad to have some confidant who can testify to his hypocrisy. I doubt, however, if the real hypocrite ever unbosoms himself, even to his most intimate companion. Tartuffe has no confidant.

be seen through, no one dares to say anything against it. All other vices of mankind are liable to censure, and every-one is at liberty to attack them openly: but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which, with its own hand, closes the mouth of all the world, and peacefully enjoys a sovereign impunity. By mere force of humbug, a compact body is formed by the whole set. He who offends one, brings them all upon him; and those, whom every one knows to act in all good faith, and to be perfectly sincere,—even those, I say, are generally the dupes of the others; they simply fall into the traps of the humbugs, and blindly support those who ape their own conduct. How many, think you, do I know who, by this stratagem, have adroitly patched up the errors of their youth; who put on a cloak of religion, and beneath this venerated habit obtain leave to be the most wicked fellows on earth? It signifies nothing that their intrigues, and they themselves, are known for what they are, they have none the less influence in society; a demurely bent head, a canting sigh, and a pair of up-turned eyes, justify with the world all that they can do. It is under this favourable shelter that I intend to take refuge, and arrange matters comfortably. I shall not abandon my darling habits, but I shall take care to conceal them, and amuse myself quietly. If I should be discovered, I shall, without stirring a finger, find my interests espoused by the whole crew,[37] and be defended by them through thick and thin against every one. In short, this is the true way of doing with impunity all that I please. I shall set myself up as a censor of the actions of others, judge ill of every one, and think well only of myself. Whoever has offended me, however slightly, I shall never forgive;

[37] The original has a "*cabale*," which was formerly said only of the clique of *The Précieuses*; but, when Don Juan was performed (1665), it had come to mean "a set of organised devotees."

but preserve, without much ado, an irreconcilable hatred. I shall announce myself as the advocate of the interests of Heaven; and, under this convenient pretext, I shall persecute my enemies, accuse them of impiety, let loose against them those rash zealots who, without knowing why or wherefore, will raise an outcry against them, overwhelm them with abuse, and openly condemn them to perdition on their own private authority. It is thus that we must profit by men's weaknesses, and that a man who is no fool adapts himself to the vices of his age.[38]

Sgan. O Heavens! what do I hear? You only wanted to be a hypocrite to make you perfect; and now you have reached the height of your abominations. Sir, your last stroke is more than I can bear, and I cannot help speaking. Do what you please with me; beat me, break every bone in my body, kill me if you like; I must discharge my conscience, and, like a faithful servant, tell you what I ought. Know, sir, that the pitcher goes so often to the well, that it comes home broken at last, and as that author, whose name I have forgotten, very well says, man is, in this world, like a bird on a bough; the bough is fixed to the tree; he who clings to the tree follows good precepts; good precepts are better than fair words; fair words are found at court; at court are courtiers; the courtiers follow the fashion; fashion proceeds from fancy; fancy is a faculty of the soul; the soul gives us life; life ends in death; death causes us to think of Heaven; Heaven is above the earth; the earth is not the sea; the sea is subject to storms; storms toss vessels; vessels have need of a good pilot; a good pilot is prudent; young people are not prudent; young people ought to obey old people; old people love riches; riches make

[38] These words contain a vigorous protest against those who had attacked *Tartuffe*,—which had already been played tentatively—and through whose machinations it had been forbidden to be brought out.

men rich; the rich are not poor; the poor have necessities; necessity has no law; he who knows no law lives like a brute beast, and consequently you shall be condemned to the bottomless pit.[39]

D. Ju. What fine arguments!

Sgan. If you do not give in, after this, so much the worse for you.

SCENE III.

DON CARLOS, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Car. Don Juan, I meet you just in time; and I am glad to address you here rather than at your own house, to ask you what you are resolved to do. You know that it concerns me, and that, in your presence, I took upon me to watch over this affair. As for me, I do not conceal it, I sincerely wish that things may be arranged in an amicable way; there is nothing which I would not do to induce you to take that course, and to see you publicly recognise my sister as your wife.

D. Ju. [*In a hypocritical tone*] Alas! I should indeed like to give you, with all my heart, the satisfaction you desire; but Heaven is directly opposed to it; it has inspired me with the design of amending my life; and I now entertain no other thoughts than entirely to abandon all that binds me to this world, to strip myself as soon as possible of all sorts of pomps and vanities, and henceforth to correct, by an austere behaviour, all those criminal irregularities into which a blind and youthful ardour led me.

D. Car. This design, Don Juan, does not clash with

[39] Some of the early editions have Sganarelle's speech only as far as "in death." At last, Sganarelle's indignation is roused by Don Juan's hypocrisy; he flies in a passion, and attacks his master violently, but flounders in the midst of his reasonings, talks nonsense, and ends rather abruptly.

what I propose, and the company of a lawful wife is not in opposition to the praiseworthy designs with which Heaven has inspired you.

D. Ju. Alas! that is by no means the case. Your sister herself has formed this same plan; she has resolved to withdraw into a nunnery; and we have been both touched by grace at the same time.

D. Car. Her going into a nunnery cannot give us satisfaction, since it may be attributed to the contempt which you show to her and our family; our honour demands that she should be married to you.

D. Ju. I assure you that that cannot be. I was very much inclined towards that union; and this very day I asked counsel from Heaven about it; but, when I did so, I heard a voice which told me that I ought not to think of your sister, and that most certainly I could not be saved with her.

D. Car. Do you think, Don Juan, that you can blind us with such fine excuses?

D. Ju. I obey the voice of Heaven.

D. Car. What? would you have me be satisfied with such a speech?

D. Ju. Heaven will have it so.

D. Car. Have you taken my sister out of a nunnery, to abandon her at last?

D. Ju. Heaven ordains it so.

D. Car. Shall we suffer such a blot upon our family?

D. Ju. Seek your redress from Heaven.

D. Car. Pooh! why always Heaven?

D. Ju. Heaven wishes it should be so.

D. Car. It is enough, Don Juan; I understand you. This spot is not favourable for what I have to say about it; but I shall find you before long.

D. Ju. You may do as you please. You know I am not

wanting in courage, and can use my sword, if need be. I am going directly through that little lonely street which leads to the great convent; but I declare to you, solemnly, I do not wish to fight; Heaven forbid the thought; and if you attack me, we shall see what will come of it.[40]

D. Car. Truly, we shall see, we shall see.

SCENE IV.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. Sir, what a devil of a style have you adopted? This is worse than all the rest, and I liked you much better as you were before. I always hoped you might be saved; but now I despair of it; I believe that Heaven, which has endured you hitherto, can never bear this last abomination.

D. Ju. Pooh! Pooh! Heaven is not so particular as you think; and if men were every time to . . .

SCENE V.

DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, A GHOST *in the form of a veiled woman.*[41]

Sgan. [*Seeing the Ghost*] Ah! Sir, Heaven speaks to you; it is a warning it gives you.

D. Ju. If Heaven gives me a warning, it must speak more plainly, if it wishes me to understand it.

Ghost. Don Juan has but a moment to take advantage of the mercy of Heaven; and if he does not repent now, his perdition is certain.

Sgan. Do you hear, sir?

D. Ju. Who dares to utter such words? I think I know that voice.

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[40] In the former scene, Don Juan has laid down the theory of hypocrisy; in this scene, he brings it into practice.

[41] See Appendix, Note I.

Sgan. Oh, sir, it is a Ghost, I know it by its step.

D. Ju. Ghost, phantom, or devil, I shall see what it is. [*The Ghost changes its shape, and represents time with a scythe in its hand*].

Sgan. Oh Heavens! do you see this change of shape, sir?

D. Ju. No, no, nothing can frighten me; and I shall try with my sword whether it is a body or a spirit. [*The Ghost vanishes the instant Don Juan offers to strike it*].

Sgan. Ah, sir, yield to so many proofs, and repent immediately.

D. Ju. No, no, come what will, it shall never be said that I was capable of repentance. Come, follow me.

SCENE VI.

THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

Stat. Stay, Don Juan. You gave me your word yesterday that you would come and sup with me.

D. Ju. Yes. Where shall we go?

Stat. Give me your hand.

D. Ju. Here it is.

Stat. Don Juan, a terrible death is the consequence of persistency in sin; and when the mercy of Heaven is refused, its thunder appears.

D. Ju. Oh Heavens! what do I feel? an inward flame devours me, I can bear it no longer, and my whole body is on fire. Oh! [*Loud claps of thunder are heard; great flashes of lightning fall upon Don Juan. The earth opens and swallows him up; flames burst out on the very spot where he went down*].[42]

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[42] See Appendix, Note J.

SCENE VII.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

Alas! my wages! my wages! Every one is satisfied by his death. Offended Heaven, violated laws, maids seduced, families dishonoured, parents outraged, wives ruined, husbands driven to despair, all are satisfied. I alone am unhappy. My wages, my wages, my wages![43]

[43] This exclamation of Sganarelle about his wages gave great offence. People considered that a man who could remain cool and collected in the presence of such a miracle, was nothing better than an infidel, and that instead of shouting for his wages, he would have done better to remain dumb, as struck by a religious terror. Molière had to leave out the exclamation, "my wages." But, a few years later, it was allowed to pass without any remarks when put into the mouth of Arlequin, in a stupid farce by a certain actor, Rosimond.

APPENDIX.

A, page 104.

This second Scene, Act i., of Molière's *Don Juan*, is partly imitated and exaggerated by Th. Shadwell, in *Don John; or, the Libertine Destroyed* (Act ii., Scene 1). Sganarelle is called Jacomo.

Don John. How now, Sir, what wise Thoughts have you in your Noddle?

Jacomo. Why, Sir, I was considering how well I could endure to be hang'd.

D. J. And why so, Buffle?

Jac. Why, you will force me to wait upon you in all your Fortunes, and you are making what haste you can to the Gallows——

D. J. Again at your Reproofs? You insipid Rascal, I shall cut your Ears off, Dog——

Jac. Good Sir, I have done; yet I cannot but admire, since you are resolved to go to the Devil, that you cannot be content with the common way of Travelling, but must ride Post to him.

D. J. Leave off your idle Tales, found out by Priests to keep the Rabble in awe.

Jac. O horrid Wickedness! If I may be bold to ask, what noble Exploits did your Chivalry perform last Night . . . O Horror!

D. J. Do you start, you Villain, Hah?

Jac. I, Sir! who I, Sir? Not I, Sir.

D. J. D'hear, Rascal, let me not see a Frown upon your Face; if I do, I will cut your Throat, you Rogue.

Jac. No, Sir, no, Sir, I warrant you; I am in a very good Humour, I assure you;——Heaven deliver me!

D. J. Now listen and learn. I kill'd a Lady's Lover, and supply'd his Place . . . : In came her foolish Brother and surprized me, but perished by my hand; and I doubt not but I maul'd three or four of his Servants. [*Jacomo starts.*

Jac. O horrid Fact! [*Aside.*

D. J. Again, Villain, are you frowning?

Jac. No, Sir, no, Sir; don't think so ill of me, Sir. Heaven send me from this wicked Wretch—What will become of us, Sir? We shall be apprehended.

D. J. Can you fear your rascally Carcase, when I venture mine? I observe always, those that have the most despicable Persons, are most careful to preserve 'em.

Jac. Sir, I beg your Pardon; but I have an odd Humour, makes me something unfit for your Worship's Service.

D. J. What's that, Sirrah?

Jac. 'Tis a very odd one, I'm almost asham'd to tell it to you.

D. J. Out with it, Fool——

Jac. Why, Sir, I cannot tell what is the Reason, but I have such an unconquerable Antipathy to Hemp, I could never endure a Bell-rope; Hanging is a kind of Death I cannot abide; I am not able to endure it.

B, Page 110.

Thomas Shadwell, in *Don John, or the Libertine Destroyed* (Act i. Scene 1), has imitated the third Scene of the first Act of Molière's *Don Juan;* Sganarelle is called Jacomo, Donna Elvira, Leonora, and Don Juan, Don John.

Jacomo. Here comes Leonora, one of that Multitude of Ladies he has sworn to, ly'd to and betray'd.

Leonora. Jacomo, where's Don John? I could not live to endure a longer Absence from him. I have sigh'd and wept myself away: I move, but have no Life left in me. His Coldness and his Absence have given me fearful and killing Apprehensions. Where is my Dear?

Jac. Your Dear, Madam! He's yours no more.

Leo. Heav'n! What do I hear? Speak, is he dead?

Jac. To you he is.

Leo. Ah me! has he forgot his Vows and Oaths? Has he no Conscience, Faith, or Honour left?

Jac. Left, Madam! he ne'er had any.

Leo. It is impossible; you speak this out of Malice, sure.

Jac. There 's no Man knows him better than I do. I have a greater Respect for you, than for any he has betray'd, and will undeceive you: He is the most perfidious Wretch alive.

Leo. Has he forgot the Sacred Contract, which was made privately betwixt us, and confirm'd before the Altar, during the Time of Holy Mass?

Jac. All Times and Places are alike to him.

Leo. Oh how assiduous was he in his Passion! How many thousand Vows and Sighs he breath'd. What Tears he wept, seeming to suffer all the cruel Pangs which Lovers e'er endur'd! How eloquent were all his Words and Actions!

Jac. His Person and his Parts are excellent, but his base Vices are beyond all Measure: Why would you believe him.

Leo. My own Love brib'd me to believe him: I saw the Man I lov'd more than the World, oft on his Knees with his Eyes lift up to

Heav'n, kissing my Hand with such an amorous Heat, and with such Ardor, breathing fervent Vows of loyal Love, and venting sad Complaints of extreme Sufferings; I, poor easy Soul, flattering myself to think he meant as I did, lost all my Sex's Faculty, Dissembling; and in a Month must I be thus betray'd?

Jac. Poor Lady! I cannot but have Bowels for you: Your sad Narration makes me weep in sadness: But you are better us'd than others. I ne'er knew him constant a Fortnight before.

Leo. Then he promis'd he would marry me.

Jac. If we were to live here one month longer, he would marry half the Town, ugly and handsome, old and young: Nothing that 's Female comes amiss to him——

Leo. Does he not fear a Thunderbolt from Heaven?

Jac. No, nor a Devil from Hell. He owns no Deity but his voluptuous Appetite, whose satisfaction he will compass by Murders, Rapes, Treasons, or aught else. But pray let me ask you one civil question: Did you not give him Earnest of your Body, Madam?

Leo. Mock not my Misery. Oh! that confounds me. Ah! I thought him true, and lov'd him so, I could deny him nothing.

Jac. Why, there ' tis; I fear you have, or else he wou'd have married you: He has married six within this month, and promis'd fifteen more, whom he has enjoy'd, and left, and is this night gone on some new Adventure, some Rape, or Murder, some such petty Thing.

Leo. Oh Monster of Impiety? O false Don John! Wonder of Cruelty. [*She swoons.*

C, Page 143.

Thomas Shadwell, in his *Don John* (Act iv., end) has partly imitated the sixth Scene of the third Act of Molière's *Don Juan;* but in the English author the scene takes place in a church. Don John has, in Shadwell's play, also two friends with him, Don Lopez and Don Antonio.

The Scene changes to a Church, with the Statue of Don Pedro on Horseback in it.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, *and* Jacomo.

Don John. Let 's in, and see this church.

Jacomo. Is this a time to see churches? But, let me see, whose statue 's this? O Heaven! this is Don *Pedro*, whom you murder'd at *Sevil.*

D. J. Say you so? Read the inscription.

Jac. Here lies Don Pedro, Governor of Sevil, barbarously murder'd by that impious villain Don John, 'gainst whom his innocent blood cries still for vengeance.

D. J. Let it cry on. Art thou there, i' faith? Yes, I kill'd thee; and would do 't again upon the same occasion. Jacomo—invite him to supper.

Jac. What, a Statue! invite a Statue to supper! Ha, ha—can marble eat?

D. J. I say, Rascal, tell him I would have him sup with me.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha! Who the Devil put this whimsy into your head? Ha, ha, ha, invite a Statue to Supper.

D. J. I shall spoil your mirth, Sirrah; I will have it done.

Jac. Why, 't is impossible; would you have me such a Coxcomb? invite Marble to eat! ha, ha, ha. [*He goes several Times towards the Statue, and returns Laughing.*] Good Mr Statue, if it shall please your Worship, my Master desires you to make Collation with him presently. [*The Statue nods his Head. Jacomo falls down and roars.*] Oh I am dead! Oh, ch, oh!

D. J. The Statue nods its Head; 't is odd——

D. A. 'T is wonderful!

D. L. I am amaz'd!

Jac. Oh! I cannot stir! Help! help!

D. J. Well, Governour, come, take part of a Collation with me; 't is by this time ready; make haste, 't is I invite you. [*Statue nods again.*] Say you so? Come on, let's set all things in order quickly.

Jac. Oh! fly, fly.

D. A. This is prodigious!

[*Exeunt Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.*

D, Page 145.

Sir Arthur Cockain's *Ovid* (Act iv., Scene 4), has some similarity with the sixth Scene of the third Act of Molière's *Don Juan*, but Hannibal (Don Juan) and his servant Cacala (Sganarelle), espy a man hanging on a gibbet, and the first invites the dead man to supper, whilst in Molière Don Juan sees the statue of the man he has killed in a duel, and tells his servant Sganarelle to invite him to supper.

Hannibal. It is grown something late, and time to think
Of our return unto our lodgings. Look!
What's that? [*Espies a man hanging on a gibbet.*
Cacala. Sir, I see nothing.
Han. Cast thy eyes
That way. How now? what is 't hangs there?
Cac. Alas! 't is a poor fellow that was executed
Two or three days ago.
Han. He had ill fortune.
Had he not better have follow'd Mars, and fall'n
In glorious battle, and his soul expir'd
Through many wounds, than ignominiously
Thus sneak to death in noose of paltry halter?

Cac. My Captain Hannibal talks evermore
Of mighty battles . . .
Han. What mutter you, sirrah?
Cac. I, by your valour's leave was saying, Captain,
Yon man hangs in a pitiful cold corner;
The north wind shakes his legs as he were dancing.
Of wine and women, and of all good meats,
He hath for ever took his leave.
Han. I'm sorry for's hard fate. Some lying people
Report some of the dead have walk'd. If thou
Canst such a piece of fine activity show,
Come sup with me to-night; thou shalt be welcome.
[*Speaks to the hanged man.*
Cac. He bows his head.
Han. Hang his head!
Cac. He need not put himself to such unnecessary trouble;
He that small favour hath received already
From some of 's smaller friends.
Han. If th' art a good dead fellow, come, I say!
And sup with me to-night.
Spec. I'll come!
Cac. I think I heard him answer he would come.
Han. Thou art so timorous, the echo of
My voice deludes thee.
Follow me, thou fearful puppy!
Cac. A dog
His captainship makes of me. Sir, I shall
Even tread upon your heels: I dare not stay
Behind an inch.
Han. Come, then, for I fear nothing.
Cac. By your leave,
I dread the gallows mightily; and a thief
That can talk after he 's dead is a terrible bugbear. [*Exeunt.*

E, Page 147.

Congreve has imitated Molière's *Don Juan* (Açt iv., Scene 3), in *Love for Love* (Act i., Scene 1). Don Juan is called Valentine, M. Dimanche, Trapland, and Sganarelle, Jeremy; Scandal, Valentine's friend, is not in the original *Don Juan*.

Valentine. Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.
[*Jeremy goes out, and brings in Trapland.*
Val. O, Mr Trapland! my old friend! welcome,—Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast—fly—a chair first.

Trapland. A good morning to you, Mr Valentine; and to you, Mr Scandal.

Scandal. The morning 's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down; you know his way.

Trap. [*Sits*] There is a debt, Mr Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing——

Val. I cannot talk of business with a thirsty palate.—Sirrah! the sack.

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment.

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you, fill, fill, to honest Mr Trapland—fuller!

Trap. Hold! sweetheart—this is not to our business—My service to you, Mr Scandal [*Drinks*] I have forborn as long——

Val. T' other glass, and then we'll talk—Fill, Jeremy.

Trap. No more, in truth,—I have forborn, I say——

Val. Sirrah! fill! when I bid you,—And how does your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her [*Drinks*].

Trap. I thank you—I have been out of this money——

Val. Drink first. Scandal, why do you not drink? [*They drink.*

Trap. And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much obliged to you for your supply: it did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good. Scandal, drink to me, my friend Trapland's health. An honester man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress, though I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass. . . .

Scan. I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry. Eight hundred pounds a year jointure, and twenty thousand pounds in money Ahah! old Trap!

Val. Say you so, i' faith? Come, we 'll remember the widow. I know whereabouts you are; come, to the widow.

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What! the widow's health? Give it him—off with it [*They drink*] A lovely girl, i' faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting lips! Better sealing there, then a bond for a million, ha!

Trap. No, no, there 's no such thing; we 'd better mind our business —You 're a wag!

Val. No, faith, we 'll mind the widow's business: fill again. . . . . a Barbary shape, . . . would stir an Anchorite; and the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats—ha! Mr Trapland?

Trap. Verily, give me a glass—you 're a wag, and here 's to the widow. [*Drinks.*]

Scan. He begins to chuckle—ply him close, or he 'll relapse into a dun.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. By your leave, gentlemen. Mr Trapland, if we must do our

office, tell us. We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall Mall and Covent Garden, and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate houses; and then our labour 's lost.

Trap. Odso, that 's true. Mr Valentine, I love mirth; but business must be done; are you ready to——

Jer. Sir, your father's steward says, he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in. Mr Trapland, send away your officer; you shall have an answer presently.

Trap. Mr Snap, stay within call. [*Exit Officer.*

Enter STEWARD, *who whispers* VALENTINE.

Scan. Here 's a dog now, a traitor in his wine! Sirrah, refund the sack; Jeremy, fetch him some warm water; or I 'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trap. Mr Scandal, you are uncivil. I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it.

Val. You need say no more. I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing: I agree to them. Take Mr Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing. Mr Trapland, you know this man; he shall satisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing; but my necessity——

Val. No apology, good Mr Scrivener; you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me; my business requires——

[*Exeunt Trapland, Steward, and Jeremy.*

F, Page 153.

Shadwell, in his *Don John* (Act ii., Scene 1), has partly imitated the third Scene of the first Act and the ninth Scene of the fourth Act of Molière's *Don Juan*, but has made the hero of his piece boast of his vices, whilst in the French author he plays the hypocrite.

Enter LEONORA.

Leonora. I can hold no longer!

Don John. 'Sdeath, you Dog, how came she here?

Jacomo. I don't know, Sir, she stole in ——

Leon. What Witchcraft do I suffer under, that when I abhor his Vices, I still love his person! Ah, Don John! have I deserv'd that you should fly me! Are all your oaths and vows forgotten by you?

D. J. No, no; in these cases I always remember my oaths, and never forget to break them.

Leon. Oh Impiety! Did I, for this, yield up my Honour to you? After you had sigh'd and languished many months, and shew'd all signs

of a sincere affection, I trusted your truth and constancy, without the bond of marriage, ... believed your solemn contract, when you invok'd all the powers above to testify your vows.

D. J. They think much of us! Why don't they witness 'em for you? Pish, its nothing but a way of speaking, which young amorous Fellows have gotten.

Leon. Did you not love me, then? What injury had I e'er done you, that you should feign Affection, to betray me?

D. J. Yes, faith, I did love you, and shew'd you as frequent and as hearty signs of it as I could; and egad y' are an ungrateful Woman, if you say the contrary.

Leon. O Heaven! did you, and do not now? What crime have I committed, that could make you break your vows and oaths, and banish all your Passion? Ah! with what Tenderness have I received your feign'd Affection, and ne'er thought I liv'd but in your Presence! my Love was too fervent to be counterfeit——

D. J. That I know not, for since your Sex are such Dissemblers, that they can hold out against, and seem to hate the Men they love; why may they not seem to love the Men they hate?

Leon. O cruel Man! could I dissemble? Had I a thousand Lives, I ventur'd all each time I saw your Face; nay, were I now discover'd, I should instantly be sacrificed to my raging Brother's Fury; and can I dissemble?

D. J. I do not know whether you do or no; you see I don't, I am something free with you.

Leon. And do you not love me then?

D. J. Faith, Madam, I lov'd you as long as I could for the Heart and Blood of me, and there 's an end of it; what a Devil would you have more?

Leon. O cruel Man! How miserable have you made me!

D. J. Miserable! use Variety, as I do, and you 'll not be miserable. Ah! there 's nothing so sweet to frail human Flesh as Variety.

Leon. Inhuman Creature! What have I been guilty of, that thou should'st thus remove thy Affections from me?

D. J. Guilty! no, but I have had enough of you, and I have done what I can for you, and there 's no more to be said.

Leon. Tigers would have more Pity than thou hast.

D. J. Unreasonable Woman! Would you have a man love after enjoyment? I think the Devil 's in you——

Leon. Do not upbraid me with the rash Effects of Love, which you caus'd in me? And do you hate me for what you ought to love me for? Were you not many months with Vows and Oaths betraying me to that Weakness? Ungrateful Monster!

D. J. Why the Devil did you not yield before? You Women always rook in Love. You 'll never play upon the Square with us.

Leon. False Man! I yielded but too soon. Unfortunate Woman!

D. J. Your dissembling Arts and jilting Tricks, taught you by your Mothers, and the phlegmatick Coldness of your Constitutions, make you so long in yielding, that we love out almost all our Love before you begin; and yet you would have our Love last as long as yours. I got the Start of you a long Way, and have Reason to reach the Goal before you.

Leon. Did you not swear you would for ever love me?

D. J. Why there 't is; why did you put me to the Trouble to swear it? If you Women would be honest, and follow the Dictates of Sense and Nature, we should agree about the Business presently, and never be forsworn for the Matter.

Leon. Are Oaths so slighted by you, perfidious Man?

D. J. Oaths! Snares to catch conceited Women with; I wou'd have sworn all the Oaths under the Sun; why I wou'd have committed Treason for you, and yet I knew I should be weary of you——

Leon. I thought such Love as mine might have deserv'd your constancy, false and ungrateful Man!

D. J. Thus your own Vanity, not we, betrays you. Each Woman thinks, though Men are false to Others, that she is so fine a Person, none can be so to her. You should not take our words of course in earnest.

Leon. Thus Devils do in Hell, who cruelly upbraid whom they have tempted thither.

D. J. In short, my Constitution will not let me love you longer. And whatever some Hypocrites pretend, all Mankind obey their Constitutions, and cannot do otherwise.

Leon. Heav'n, sure, will punish this vile Treachery.

D. J. Do you then leave it to Heav'n, and trouble yourself no further about it.

Leon. Ye Sacred Powers, who take care of injur'd Innocence, assist me.

G, Page 156.

Thomas Shadwell has, in *Don John* (Act iv., end), partly followed Molière's *Don Juan* (Act iv., Scenes 11 and 12), as follows:

The Scene in a dining-Room, a Table spread, Servants setting on meat and wine.

Don John. Come, our meat is ready; let 's sit. . . . this foolish statue! it puzzles me to know the Reason on 't—Sirrah, I 'll give you leave to sit.

Don Antonio. Let 's eat; ne'er think on't.

Jacomo. Ay, come, let 's eat; I am too hungry now to think on the right—— [*Jacomo eats greedily.*

D. J. This is excellent meat: How the Rogue eats! You 'll choak yourself——

Jac. I warrant you, look to yourself.
D. A. Why, Jacomo, is the Devil in you?
Jac. No, no; if he be, 'tis a hungry Devil.
D. L. Will you not drink?
Jac. I'll lay a good foundation first.
D. J. The Rascal eats like a Canibal.
Jac. Ay, 'tis no matter for that.
D. J. Some wine, Sirrah.
Jac. There, Sir, take it; I am in haste.
D. A. 'Sdeath! the Fool will be strangled.
Jac. The Fool knows what he does.
D. J. Here's to Don Pedro's Ghost; he should have been welcome.
Jac. O name him not.
D. L. The Rascal is afraid of him after Death.
Jac. Oh! oh! Some wine, give me some wine. [*Almost chok'd*
D. A. Take it.
Jac. So; now 'tis down.
D. A. Are you not satisfied yet?
Jac. Peace, peace: I have but just begun. [*One knocks hard at the Door*] Who 's there? Come in; I am very busy.
D. J. Rise, and do your Duty.
Jac. But one Morsel more, I come. [*Knocks again*] What a fix! Are you mad? [*Opens the door.*

Enter GHOST.

Oh! the Devil, the Devil!
D. J. Ha! it is the Ghost! let's rise and receive him.
D. A. I am amaz'd.
D. L. Not frightened, are you?
D. A. I scorn the thoughts of fear. [*They salute the Ghost.*
D. J. Come, Governour, you are welcome: sit there; if we had thought you would have come, we wou'd have stay'd for you. But come on, Sirrah, give me some wine. [*The Ghost sits.*
Jac. Oh! I am dead; what, shall I do? I dare not come near you.
D. J. Come, Rascal, or I'll cut your Throat.
[*Fills wine, his hand trembles.*
Jac. I come, I come, I come. Oh! oh!
D. J. Why do you tremble, Rascal! Hold it steadily——
Jac. Oh! I cannot.
[*Jacomo snatches meat from the Table and runs aside.*
D. J. Here, Governour, your health. Friends, put it about. Here's excellent meat; taste of this Ragoust. If you had had a body of flesh, I wou'd have given you *cher entire*—but the women care not for marble. Come, I'll help you: Come, eat, and let old Quarrels be forgotten.
Ghost. I come not here to take repast with you;
Heaven has permitted me to animate

This Marble Body, and I come to warn
You of that Vengeance is in store for you,
If you amend not your pernicious Lives.

Jac. Oh! Heaven!

D. A. What, are you come to preach to us?

D. L. Keep your Harangues for Fools, that will believe 'em.

D. J. We are too much confirm'd. . . . Give me some wine. Come, here's to your Mistress; you had one when you were living: Not forgetting your sweet sister. Sirrah, more wine.

Jac. Ay, Sir——Good Sir, do not provoke the *Ghost;* his Marble Fists may fly about your Ears, and knock your Brains out.

D. J. Peace, Fool!

Gho. Tremble, you impious Wretches, and Repent; Behold! the Pow'rs of Hell wait for you. [*Devils arise.*

Jac. Oh! I will steal from hence. O, the Devil!

D. J. Sirrah, stir not; by Heaven I'll use thee worse than Devils can do. Come near, Coward.

Jac. Oh! I dare not stir; what will become of me?

D. J. Come, Sirrah, Eat.

Jac. O Sir, my Appetite is satisfied.

D. J. Drink, Dog, the Ghost's Health: Rogue, do't, or I'll run my sword down thy Throat.

Jac. Oh! oh! Here, Mr Statue, your Health.

D. J. Now, Rascal, Sing to entertain him.

Jac. Sing, quoth he! Oh! I have lost my voice, I cannot be merry in such company. Sing——

D. A. Who are these with ugly shapes?

D. L. Their manner of appearing is something strange.

Gho. They're Devils, that wait for such impious men; they're Heaven's Instruments of Eternal Vengeance.

D. J. Are they some of your Retinue? Devils, say you? I am sorry I have no burnt Brandy to treat 'em with; that's drink fit for Devils —Ha! they vanish. [*They sink.*

Gho. Cannot the fear of Hell's Eternal Tortures
Change the horrid course of your abandon'd Lives?
Think on those Fires, those Everlasting Fires,
That shall without consuming burn you ever.

D. J. Dreams, dreams, too slight to lose my Pleasure for.
In spite of all you say, I will go on,
Till I have surfeited on all Delights.
Youth is a Fruit that can but once be gather'd,
And I'll enjoy it to the full.

D. A. Let's push it on; Nature chalks out the way that we should follow.

D. L. 'Tis her fault, if we do that we shou'd not. Let's on: here's a Brimmer to our Leader's health.

Jac. What hellish Friends are these?

D. J. Let me tell you, 'tis something ill-bred to rail at your Host that treats you civilly. You have not yet forgot your Quarrel to me.

Gho. 'Tis for your good; by me Heaven warns you of its Wrath, and gives you a longer Time for your Repentance. I invite you this night to a Repast of mine.

D. J. Where?

Gho. At my Tomb.

D. A. What time?

Gho. At dead of night.

D. J. We 'll come.

Gho. Fail not.

D. L. I warrant you.

Gho. Farewell, and think upon your lost Condition.

D. J. Farewell, Governour; I'll see what treat you'll give us.

D. A. } And I.
D. L. }

Jac. That will not I. . . . I have had enough of his company: I shall not recover it this week. If I eat with such an Host, I'll be hang'd.

D. J. If you do not, by Heaven, you shall be hang'd.

Jac. Whither will your Lewdness carry me? I do not care for having a Ghost for a Landlord. Will not these Miracles do good upon you?

D. J. There's nothing happens but by natural causes,
Which in unusual things Fools cannot find,
And then they style 'em miracles. But no Accident
Can alter me from what I am by nature.
Were there Legions of Ghosts and Devils in my way,
One moment in my course of pleasure I'd not stay.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

H, Page 158.

This twelfth Scene of the fourth Act of Molière's *Don Juan* can be compared with Sir Aston Cokain's *Ovid* (Act iv., Scene 6). Don Juan is called Hannibal, and Sganarelle Cacala.

Han. Hark! somebody knocks! Rise, and inform me who
Is at the door. How, now? What! art thou deaf,
And hearest me not? or dumb, because thou speak'st not?
An apoplexy, sure, hath seized upon thee!
Sit down again and drink a glass of wine,
It will recover thee. Well done! Now eat thy meat.
Again there knocks somebody at the door:
Rise once more, sirrah, and conduct them in!

Begone, or I shall kick you to your duty!
[*He opens the door, turns back, and fall down as in a swoon.*
This idle rascal, sure, the falling sickness
Hath got of late! I must be at the charge,
I fear, to send for a physician to him.
I wonder who it is, for somebody knocks
Again. It needs must be a stranger, else
He such long compliment would not have show'd.
Still he knocks on! I will go bring him in!

Enter SPECTRE.

Your name, sir, and your pleasure?
Spec. My name Helvidius is.
Han. You are a stranger
Unknown to me; I pray what is your business?
Spec. I come to sup with you.
Han. Though clad so meanly,
You shall be welcome!
Spec. I am not so rude
To press upon you uninvited, Captain!
Han. Who should invite you?
Spec. Sir, yourself!
Han. 'Tis strange
I should forget it, then!
Spec. I come unlook'd for, noble Hannibal,
But you did bid me to supper to-night.
Han. My memory hath fail'd me. Where, Helvidius?
Spec. At the gibbet, by the city walls,
Where I did hang in chains.
Han. This is a courtesy deserves a welcome.
You are most welcome, sir, and so believe it!
Spec. You are my generous patron, and I thank you!
Han. Sit down, I pray; sit down. So, 'tis well done!
Cacala! Where's Cacala? Give me a glass of wine.
What! on the floor still? Rise, man!
Cac. I dare not stir nor breathe, sir.
Han. He will not hurt you!
Spec. I shall not be so rude, where I find welcome,
To do a mischief.
Han. Fill wine, sir! Much good do you, and here's to you,—
To your fair mistress' health, whether alive,
Or your companion i' th' Elysian groves!
Spec. You much endear me.
Han. Could I have thought you would have supp'd with me,
You should have been much better treated.
Sit down and eat thou silly Cacala!

Cac. I am very timorous.
Han. His promise and my valour do protect thee!
Cac. This napkin, thus dispos'd under my hat,
Shall keep my eyes off him. I'll eat like a lion,
Because I sit in fear; and after will
Chew the cud, as some beasts do, to digest it.
Spec. Good fellow, I salute thee with this bowl.
Cac. I have no mind to drink yet; my master
Is the better pledger of such fancies.
Han. You shall not refuse him. Off with it, Cacala!
I'll conclude it!
Spec. It has gone round.
Captain, your kindness hath so far oblig'd me,
That I presume to crave a favour of you.
Han. You shall command!
Spec. I pray you, dine with me to-morrow.
Han. You jest!
Spec. I am in earnest! You shall be most welcome!
Han. Where?
Spec. At the gibbet.
Han. I'll come.
Cac. Now my belly's full, I cannot forbear
To cast a sheep's eye at him.
Oh! oh!—[*Cries aloud, falls backward, and, with his legs under the table, overthrows it and all the meat.*
Spec. I thank you, generous Captain, and good night!
Han. Farewell, sir, and expect me as I promised!
[*Exit Spectre.*

I, Page 166.

Th. Shadwell has, in *Don John*, partly imitated and amplified the three last scenes of the fifth Act of Molière's *Don Juan*, but Don Antonio and Don Lopez are not in the French play, neither is the Chorus of Devils; the ranting of Don John is also not to be found in Molière.

D. A. The clock strikes twelve.
D. J. 'Slife! our Time's come, we must to the Tomb. I would not break my Word with the Ghost for a thousand Doubloons——
Jac. Nor I keep it, for ten times the Money.
D. J. But you shall keep your Word, Sir.
Jac. Sir, I am resolved to fast to-Night: 'Tis a Vigil. Besides, I care not for eating in such base company.
Within. Follow, follow, follow——
D. L. D'ye hear that Noise? The remaining Rogues have rais'd the Mobile, and are coming upon us.

Jac. Oh! let's fly . . . fly . . . What will become of me?

D. A. Let's to the Church, and give the Rogues the Go-by.

D. J. Come on; since 'tis my time, and I have promised the Governour, I'll go . . . You had best stay, Sirrah, and be taken.

Jac. No: Now I must go the Church, whether I will or no. Away, away, fly!

Enter SHEPHERDS, *with a great* RABBLE.

Shep. Here they went; follow, follow . . . [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE—*the Church, the Statue of Don Pedro on Horseback; on each side of the Church, Don John's Father's Ghost, Maria's, Don Francisco's, Leonora's, Flora's, Maria's Brother's, and others, with Torches in their Hands.*

Enter DON JOHN, DON ANTONIO, DON LOPEZ, *and* JACOMO.

Jac. Good sir, let's go no further; look what horrid Attendants are here! This wicked Ghost has no good meaning in him.

D. J. He resolves to treat us in State; I think he has robb'd all the Graves hereabouts of their dead, to wait upon us.

D. A. I see no Entertainment prepar'd.

D. L. He has had the Manners to light off his Horse, and entertain us.

D. J. He would not sure be so ill-bred, to make us wait on him on Foot.

Jac. . . . I shall die with Fear. I had as good have been taken and hang'd. What Horror seizes me!

D. J. Well, Governour, you see we are as good as our Words.

D. A. Where's your Collation?

D. L. Bid some of your Attendants give us some wine. [*Ghost descends.*

Stat. Have you not yet thought on your lost Condition?
Here are the Ghosts of some whom you have murder'd,
That cry for Vengeance on you ——

Father's Ghost. Repent, repent of all your horrid Crimes.
Monsters, repent; or Hell will swallow you.

D. J. That's my old Man's Voice. D'ye hear, old Gentleman? you talk idly.

Jac. I do repent, O spare me! I do repent of all my Sins, but especially of following this wicked Wretch. [*Kneels.*

D. A. Away, Fool. [*Antonio kicks him.*

D. F.'s Ghost. My Blood cries out upon thee, barbarous Wretch.

D. J. That's my Host Francisco; 'faith, thou wert an honest Blockhead: that's the Truth on't——

Flora's Ghost. Thou shalt not escape Vengeance for all thy Crimes.

D. J. What Fool's that? I am not acquainted with her.

L.'s Ghost. In time lay hold on Mercy, and repent.

D. J. That was Leonora, a good-natur'd, silly Wench, something too loving, that was all her fault.

Maria. Villain, this is the last Moment of thy Life,
And thou in Flames eternally shalt howl.

D. J. Thou ly'st; this is the young hot-heated Fool we killed at Francisco's. . . . He disappointed me in my Design upon the Daughters. 'Would that thou wert alive again, that I might kill thee once more.

D. L. No more of this old foolish stuff; give us some wine to begin with.

D. A. Ay, give us some Wine, Governour.

D. J. What, do you think to treat us thus? I offer'd you a better Entertainment. Pr'ythee trouble us no more, but bid some of your Attendants give us some wine; I'll drink to you and all the good Company.

Stat. Give 'em the Liquor they have most delighted in.

[*Two of the Ghosts go out, and bring four Glasses full of Blood, then give 'em to Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez.*

D. L. This is something.

D. J. This is civil.

D. A. I hope a good Desert will follow.

[*Ghost offers a Glass to Jacomo, who runs round Don John Don Antonio, Don Lopez, roaring.*

Jac. Are you distracted? Will you drink of that liquor? Oh! oh, what do you mean? Good sweet Ghost, forbear your Civility: Oh: I am not dry, I thank you——

D. J. Give it me. Here, take it, Sirrah.

Jac. By no means, Sir; I never drink between Meals: O Sir——

D. J. Take it, Rascal.

Sac. O Heav'ns!

D. J. Now, Governour, your Health; 'tis the reddest Drink I ever saw.

D. L. Ha! pah! 'tis Blood.

D. A. Pah! it is——

Jac. Oh! I'll have none of it. [*They throw the Glasses down.*

D. J. 'Sdeath, do you mean to affront us?

Stat. 'Tis fit for such blood-thirsty Wretches.

D. J. Do you upbraid me with my killing of you? I did it, and would do it again; I'd fight with all your Family one by one, and cut off Root and Branch, to enjoy your Sister. But will you treat us no otherwise?

Stat. Yes, I will, ye impious Wretches. [*A Flourish.*

D. L. What's here? Musick to treat us with?

D. A. There is some Pleasure in this.

SONG *of Devils.*

1*st Dev.* Prepare, prepare; new Guests draw near,
And on the brink of Hell appear.

2d Dev. Kindle fresh flames of Sulphur there,
Assemble all ye Fiends;
Wait for the dreadful Ends
Of impious men, who far excell
All the Inhabitants of Hell.
——Let 'em come, let 'em come
Chorus of Devils. To an Eternal Dreadful Doom;
Let 'em come, let 'em come.
3d Dev. In mischief they have all the damn'd out-done;
Here they shall weep, and shall unpity'd groan,
Here they shall howl, and make Eternal Moan.
1st Dev. By Blood and Lust they have deserv'd so well,
That they shall feel the hottest flames in Hell.
2d Dev. In vain they shall here their past Mischiefs bewail,
In exquisite Torments, that shall never fail.
3d Dev. Eternal Darkness they shall find,
And them Eternal chains shall bind
To infinite Pain of Sense and Mind.
Chorus of Devils. ——Let 'em come, let 'em come
To an Eternal dreadful Doom;
Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Stat. Will you relent and feel Remorse?

D. J. Coud'st thou bestow another Heart on me, I might; but with this Heart I have, I cannot.

D. L. These Things are Prodigious!

D. A. I have a kind of grudging to relent, but something holds me back.

D. L. If we could, 'tis now too late; I will not.

D. A. We defy thee.

Stat. Perish, ye impious wretches; go and find
The Punishments laid up in store for you:
[*It thunders,* Don Lopez, *and* Don Antonio *are swallowed up.*
Behold their fates, and know that thy last moment's come.

D. J. Think not to fright me, foolish Ghost; I'll break your marble Body in Pieces, and pull down your Horse.

Jac. If Fear has left me any strength, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

D. J. These Things I see with Wonder, but no Fear.
Were all the Elements to be confounded,
And shuffled up into their former chaos;
Were Seas of Sulphur flaming round about me,
And all Mankind roaring within those Fires,
I could not fear, nor feel the least Remorse;
To the last Instant I would dare thy Power.
Here I stand firm, and all thy Threats contemn;
Thy murderer stands here, now do thy worst.
[*It Thunders and Lightens. Devils descend and sink with Don John, who is cover'd with a cloud of Fire as he sinks.*

Stat. Thus perish all
Those men, who by their Words and Actions dare
Against the Will and Pow'r of Heav'n declare. [*Scene shuts.*

J, Page 167.

Sir Aston Cokain's *Ovid* (Act v., Scene 3) may be compared with the three last scenes of the last act of Molière's *Don Juan*, as follows:—

Enter HANNIBAL *and* CACALA.

Cac. Sir, I entreat you, my too valiant Captain,
To give me leave to return home; I have
No mind to such a formidable dinner.
Han. What should'st thou fear? My keen victorious sword
Carries spells strong enough to conjure down
All the unruly fiends of Pluto's court;
Therefore, for shame. take courage! Thou hadst wont
To have a good stomach to thy meat: and sure
This gallant ghost will treat us very nobly.
Cac. I have an horror to such company,
And had a thousand times much rather be
With Mistress Floretta, and converse with her.
Han. Thou talk'st so often of her, that I think
Thou art in love with her.
Cac. I must confess
I have some smackering that way; but the awe
I stand in of your indignation
Deters me from professing my respects. . . .
Han. Walk on! we're almost there.
Cac. I'm monstrously afraid!
Han. Fear nothing in my company. . . .

Enter SPECTRE.

Spec. Welcome, thou noblest son of Mars!
Give me thy hand, thou servant to great Hannibal!
Cac. I wish you would excuse me the compliment.
Spec. You need not fear me.
Han. Cacala, be courageous, and dread nothing!
My friend Helvidius will no hurt do to thee.
Should Cerberus bark but at thee, with my sword
I at one blow would cut off all his heads.
[*A table set forth, covered with a black linen cloth; all the napkins of the same colour; the meat and dishes, bottles, wine, and all things also.*
Spec. You see your entertainment, and are both
Most heartily welcome. Let us sit and eat!
[*They all sit down and eat.*

Cac. I do not like the colour of this linen;
The meat and wine and everything is black.
Spec. 'Tis the sole colour us'd in Pluto's court.
Cac. The meat tastes well, though. Though I had rather be
At a piece of bread and cheese at Madam Cypassis',
I cannot choose but eat; I think my fear
Hath added to my hunger.
Spec. Gallant Hannibal,
I dedicate this bowl to thy Floretta.
Han. Off with it, then, thou only worthy of
The other world! Here, Cacala, thou shalt pledge me!
Cac. I'll do my weak endeavour.
Han. I thank you, sir, and in requital drink
To him or her you most affect.
Spec. Y'are noble.
Friend Cacala, here's to you! and you conclude it.
Cac. I dare not do otherwise.
Han. Would you excuse my curiosity, sir?
I would inquire why you were executed?
Spec. I'll satisfy you. The lords and gentry of
This city Tomos gave order to a statuary
To make the image of the poet Ovid
In beaten massy gold, for the honour he
Had done them by writing an excellent poem
I' the Getick language in Tiberius' praise.
When it was ready to have been presented,
I got into the house and stole it thence,
Melted it privately, and put it off
By little parcels—spent it on wanton wenches
And among boon companions. In my cups,
Bragg'd on't to two false brothers, who betrayed me.
Han. I would they had been born both dumb and fools! . . .
Some business calls me home. I give you thanks
For this brave entertainment; so, farewell!
Spec. I pray you stay awhile! you shall look on
A little masque I have provided for you.
Han. You much oblige me, and are over liberal
Of your high favours to me.

Enter, after very solemn loud music, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, *and* Minos, *the Judges of Hell;* Alecto, Tisyphone, *and* Megæra, *the Furies; and dance altogether to low music.*

Spec. Æacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, the three
Judges in hell! Tisyphone, Megæra, and Alecto,
The Furies there, of equal number to them,
Lead in a dance.

Cac. Can devils be so merry?
But I had ever thought there had been rather
Three thousand judges there than three; I wonder
Their number is so few. So of the Furies,
For oft on earth one woman hath more in her.
[*The dance ended, this song follows.*

Most happy is the libertine,
And of mankind the most ingenious,
Who from grave precepts doth decline,
And doth indulge his jovial genius!
Oh, the joys, the joys,
They have that follow vice,
Without any fear of the gods!
Who freely waste their treasures
To purchase them their pleasures,
And are with the virtuous at odds!

The atheist is the greatest fool,
Who only aims to please his senses,
Thinking in heaven no gods bear rule,
And tipples, murders, swears, and wenches.
Oh, the woes, the woes,
That follow all those
Who wear out their lives in vice!
That swear, . . . kill, and drink,
And never them bethink,
Till they fall into hell in a trice!
[*After the song is ended, they all seize on him, and carry him away.*

Han. Must I be then betrayed thus? False Helvidius!
And foolish Hannibal to trust to spectres! [*Exeunt with him.*
Spec. Away with him! Down to the infernal shades
Of griefly Pluto's kingdom let him sink!
A fouler soul was never seen in hell,
Where's witchcrafts, rapes, murders, and vicious life
Will find a suitable endless punishment! [*The Spectre vanishes.*
Cac. This was a terrible sight indeed! Heaven keep me
But in my wits till I can see Floretta,
And I shall tell her such a tale as will
Make her turn virtuous, if she hath not lost
All love to th' powers divine, and fears no vengeance. [*Exit.*

L'AMOUR MÉDECIN

COMÉDIE.

LOVE IS THE BEST DOCTOR:

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1665.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

On the 15th of September 1665, was represented at Versailles an impromptu comedy, "interspersed with tunes, symphonies, singing, and dancing," called *Love is the best Doctor*, in which Molière most strenuously attacked the faculty of medicine. He had already begun this criticism in *Don Juan*; but, as it was put into the mouth of a complete sceptic in everything, it was not considered as very serious. In *Love is the best Doctor*, however, he ridiculed the most fashionable physicians, and the patients who consulted and trusted them. Four doctors are called in to a consultation, in which, instead of comparing notes about the state of the patient, they converse about things in general and nothing in particular; at the end, the distracted father finds himself more bewildered than before, and rushes out of the house to buy a quack medicine, which the quack declares "cures by its excellence rare more complaints than are counted up in a whole year," and the great virtues of which could ne'er be "repaid by the gold of all climes which by the ocean are bound," but for which the anxious but avaricious parent only pays "thirty sous," "which," he says, addressing the quack, "you will take, if you please." The professional discussions of the learned brethren, and the shrewd interested advice of Dr Filerin, who rebukes them, and tells them not to quarrel before the public, and thus to lessen their influence, but to maintain a sedate and deeply anxious look, are admirable, and suitable, not for one but for all ages. As long as credulous and physic-swallowing people exist, and as long as external appearances will be taken as an indication of true knowledge and worth, so long will Molière's comedy retain its sting. In nice contrast to the contentious practitioners, is the sharp common-sense of the maid Lisette, and the stubbornness and miserly feelings of the father Sganarelle, who asks advice, but does not follow it, refuses to give his daughter in marriage because "he means to keep his wealth," and is finally tricked out of his daughter and a dowry as well.

Although I do not deny the courage, I cannot admire the taste, of Molière, in bringing four famous court physicians bodily on the stage, in exposing the physical defects of two of them,—the one a stammerer, the other a very rapid talker,—and in even barely disguising their names under Greek denominations, and which, tradition affirms, are due to Boileau. It is always right to attack and ridicule a vice on the stage, when by so doing, an author conscientiously believes that he is

improving his fellow-men at the same time that he is amusing them, and is holding "a mirror up to nature;" but it can never be defensible to imitate living persons, to mimic their defects, to ape their attitudes—nay, to wear their very dress. The representative of a vice or virtue should, I imagine, be an embodiment of many persons, possessed of such good or evil qualities, but not the faithful portrait of one man or woman. To say that such an imitation is Aristophanesk, is simply to disguise a very ugly, and not even a very artistical, thing, under a not over-nicely sounding adjective.

According to some annotators, Molière meant by Desfonandrès, compounded of two Greek words, *phonos*, murder, and *andrès*, men, a certain Dr Elie Béda, who, at the time when *Love is the best Doctor* was first represented, must have been about seventy years old. He had adopted the name of Des Fougerais, and was the favourite physician of the high nobility and magistracy. Born a Protestant, he became a Roman Catholic in 1648, is said to have been a regular medical Vicar of Bray, and never to have changed his religious or medical opinions, except to benefit himself and his family. M. A. Jal, in his *Dictionnaire critique*, pretends that Guénault is caricatured in Desfonandrès, because he killed so many patients by antimony, and because Desfonandrès boasts, in the third scene of the second act, that he has "an astonishing horse, an indefatigable animal." Now, it was well known in Molière's time, that Guénault was the only doctor who always rode on horseback, whilst his colleagues went about in carriages, sedan chairs, or on foot.

Bahis (barker), seems to have been intended for Dr Esprit, whose real name was André, and who spoke very fast. He had been one of the physicians of Cardinal Richelieu, afterwards of Cardinal Mazarin, and finally of Monsieur, brother of the King, and was a declared partizan of emetics. According to Raynaud, *les Médecins au temps de Molière*, 1863, the physician Brayer is meant by Bahis, chiefly because Bahis is in French "brailleur," shouter, and therefore there is a similarity in name, and also because he was one of the four physicians who held a famous consultation at Vincennes, when Cardinal Mazarin was dying.

By Macroton (stammerer), it is generally believed that Dr Francois Guénault is meant, because he spoke very slowly. This gentleman was one of the best known and most celebrated medical men of the time, and had been physician to the Prince de Condé, and then to the Queen. He had often professionally attended on the King, and scarcely a man of rank fell ill who did not consult him. It is said that he was very fond of money, and a declared champion of antimony (see page 132, note 20); and, through his influence amongst the great, a decided lord amongst doctors.

Tomès (the bleeder), was intended for Vallot, first physician to the King, with the rank of grand Chamberlain, as well as with the hereditary title of Count; and who exercised supreme jurisdiction over all the doctors and apothecaries in the kingdom. He

kept a *Journal de la Santé du Roy* (Louis XIV.), published in 1862, which contains all the recipes "with which Heaven inspired" him, to keep the monarch in health. Bleeding and purgatives appear to have been the doctor's two favourite remedies. He was a strenuous defender of emetics, Peruvian bark and laudanum, and obtained a great triumph when he cured, in 1650, Louis XIV., with antimonial wine (see note 20, page 132); but became anew the butt of many satires and epigrams, on the death of Henrietta of France, Queen of England, whom his opponents accused him of having killed by his prescriptions.

In the character of Dr Filerin (a friend of death), it is said that Molière wished to have a hit at the whole medical faculty. Mons. E. Soulié, in the *Recherches sur Molière*, states that in Molière's time, there lived a certain well-known fencing-master, André Fillerin, and that therefore, the joke must have been enjoyed by the audience, on hearing that name given to a physician who killed his man.

Love is the best Doctor was, according to the preface, "sketched, written off, learned, and acted in five days." It was three times represented at Versailles, and played, for the first time, in Paris, on the 22d of September 1665, when it was acted twenty-six times consecutively.

Several English dramatists have borrowed or imitated Molière's comedy.

The first imitator of Molière's *Love is the best Doctor* is John Lacy, who was greatly admired by Pepys[1] and by Charles II., and was an excellent low-comedy actor. During the civil wars, he served as lieutenant in the King's army, and returned to the stage at the Restoration. It has been rumoured that Lacy was a great favourite of Nell Gwyn, and taught her, amongst other things, the art of acting. He lived to an advanced age, and died on the 17th of September 1681. He wrote several plays, one of which was *The Dumb Lady, or the Farrier made a Physician*, a farce in five acts, performed about 1672, of which the main plot is taken from Molière's *Mock Doctor*, and the catastrophe is borrowed from his *Love is the best Doctor*. Lacy, who himself most probably played the part of Drench, the farmer, dedicates his play to the high-born and most hopeful Prince Charles, Lord Limerick, and Earl of Southampton, the eldest of the three natural sons of Charles II., by Barbara Villiers, wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemain, better known as Duchess of Cleveland.[2] This dedication is couched in such high-flown and fawning language, that I give it here as a specimen of what flattery was in the days of Charles II.:

[1] See Pepys' Diary, 21st and 22d of May 1662; 10th and 12th of June 1663; 15th of April, 1st of May, and 13th of August 1667; and 28th of April 1668.

[2] This dignity was conferred upon her, according to *Collins' Peerage*, on account of the high opinion Charles II. entertained of her "personal virtues." For a similar high opinion entertained by Louis XIV., the latter made a duchess of Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—See Introductory Notice to the *Princess of Elis*, note 68, page 23.

"GREAT SIR,—When I began to write this dedication my hand shook, a fear possessed me, and I trembled; my pen fell from me, and my whole frame grew disordered, as if blasted with some sudden upstart comet. Such awe and reverence waits on dignity, that I now find it fit for me to wish I had been refused the honour of my dedication, rather than undertake a task so much too great for me. How shall I excuse this bold and saucy fault? How shall my mean, unworthy pen render you your attributes? Now I find presumption is a sin indeed. I have given myself a wound beyond the cure of common men: heal me, then, great sir; for where princes touch, the cure is infallible. And now, since you so graciously have received my Farrier, who dares say he is no Physician? When you vouchsafe to call him Doctor, he has commenced, and from your mouth he has taken his degree; for what you say is, and ought to be. Such a power is due to you from the greatness of your blood. I and my abject muse had perished but for you; and in such distress whither should we flee for shelter but to him that has power to spread his wings and cover us. And you have done it generously. Yet am I not to wonder at this virtue in you, since your high birth can do no less for you than to make you good; and you are so. And may that goodness and humility which so early appears in you increase to a full perfection! May your virtues prove as beautiful as your person! May they still endeavour to out-vie each other, yet neither obtain, but still walk hand in hand till your virtues in you be reverenced by all mankind, and your lovely person honoured by all women; and so may you continue to a long and happy life. But I need not wish this, nor the world doubt it, for already you're possessed of all those virtues that men hereafter may reasonably expect from you; for, being supported with majesty of one side, and with so admired and beautiful a mother on the other, besides her great and honourable birth, on such sure foundations you cannot fail our hopes; and that you never may, shall be for ever the prayers of your most faithful and most obedient servant,

JOHN LACY."

Mrs Aphra Behn (See Introductory Notice to *Pretentious Young Ladies*, Vol. I., page 216) has, in *Sir Patient Fancy*—an imitation, partly of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire*, and of *M. de Pourceaugnac*, and acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1678—borrowed and amplified all the scenes of *Love is the best Doctor*, in which the physicians consult. But the patient to be cured is a hypochondriac, and not a young girl; Sir Patience himself is present at the consultation, and the doctor's names are also altered to Turboon, Amsterdam, Leyden, Brunswick, and Sir Credulous.

As a second imitation of *Love is the best Doctor* I have to mention "*The Quacks, or Love's the Physician*, as it was acted (after being twice forbid) at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane (March 18th, 1705), by Mr Swiney. Quod libet, licet. London, Printed for Benj. Bragg, at the Blew Ball in Avemary Lane, 1705." In the Preface, Swiney states that "this Play was to be stifled because the other House were to Act one upon the same Subject," and that "the hints of this Play were taken from a petit piece of Molière call'd L'Amour Médecin," but "I can't stile it a translation, the Doctor's part being intirely new, much of the other characters alter'd, and the Contrivance somewhat Chang'd." He ends by saying that "the Noise of these Scenes Alarm'd the Licencer, who generally destroys with as much Distinction as the old Woman in

Don Quixot's Library." Swiney harps on the same string in the Prologue, by saying:

> "Let every Quack be Comforted to-Night,
> Care has been taken he shall not Bite."

The play is, for the most part, a bad translation of Moliere's play, with a few alterations and additions which do not improve it. The scene of Sganarelle and his advisers is left out; while a nurse and two servant-men, Harry and Edward, are needlessly introduced. The doctor's names are changed into Medley, Caudle, Tickle Pulse, Novice, Refugee, and their conversation is slightly altered. In the end, Clitandre and Lucinda, who have been really married by a priest disguised as a footman, acknowledge their deceit, and are forgiven.

James Miller (See Introductory Notice to *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Vol. I., page 215) wrote a comedy, *Art and Nature*, acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1738; and, according to Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, the principal scenes in this play are founded on the *Arlequin Sauvage* of M. De l'Isle and *Le Flatteur* of Rousseau. But it met with no success, because the Templars had taken an unreasonable prejudice against Miller, on account of his farce of *The Coffee House*, in which they thought themselves attacked, and seem to have been determined to condemn any piece known to be his. Miller has imitated the first, second, fifth, and sixth scenes of the first act of *Love is the best Doctor*. In his Preface to the Right Honourable the Lady .... Miller states, "that he never knew a Play destroy'd with so much Art. .... But in Paris there is an Academy founded for the Encouragement of Wit and Learning, so in London, it is said, there is a Society established for the Demolition of them." He also says in the Prologue, that he hopes there is none in the theatre, "who'd aim, Thro' Wantonness of Heart, to blast his Fame."

Another translation of Molière's play, under the title of *Love is the Doctor*, was performed as a comedy in one act, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, on April 4, 1734, for the benefit of the author, but has never been printed.

Bickerstaffe (See Introductory Notice to *The School for Wives*, Vol. II., page 144), in *Dr Last in his Chariot*—an imitation of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire*, acted at the Haymarket, 1769—acknowledges his obligation to Mr Foote for a whole scene in the first act, the consultation of the physicians. This acknowledgment is certainly a proof of Bickerstaffe's gratitude, but none of his reading; otherwise he might have discovered that Foote had simply taken it from Molière's *Love is the best Doctor*, and considerably enlarged it; the doctors are called Coffin, Skeleton, Bulruddery, and of course Doctor Last.

We have given in the Appendix all the imitations from Molière.

TO THE READER.

THIS is only a slight impromptu, a simple pencil sketch, which it has pleased the King to have made into an entertainment. It is the most hastily composed of all those written by order of his Majesty; and when I say that it was sketched, written, learned, and acted in five days, I shall only be speaking the truth. There is no need to tell you that many things depend entirely on the manner of the performance. Every one knows well enough that comedies are written only to be acted; and I advise no one to read this, unless he have the faculty, while doing so, of catching the meaning of the business of the stage. I shall say only one thing more, that it is to be wished that these sorts of works could always be shown with the same accessories, with which they are accompanied when played before the King. One would then see them under much more agreeable conditions; and the airs and symphonies of the incomparable M. Lulli, added to the sweet voices and agility of the dancers, invest them, undoubtedly, with certain graces, with which they could with difficulty dispense.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE PROLOGUE.

COMEDY. | MUSIC. | THE BALLET (*Dancing*).

IN THE COMEDY.

SGANARELLE, *father to Lucinde.*[3]
CLITANDRE, *in love with Lucinde.*
M. GUILLAUME, *dealer in hangings.*
M. JOSSE, *goldsmith.*
M. TOMÈS, *physician.*
M. DESFONANDRÈS, „
M. MACROTON, „
M. BAHIS, *physician.*
M. FILERIN, „
A NOTARY.
CHAMPAGNE, *Sganarelle's servant.*
LUCINDE, *daughter of Sganarelle.*
AMINTA, *Sganarelle's neighbour.*
LUCRETIA, *Sganarelle's niece.*
LISETTE, *maid to Lucinde.*

IN THE BALLET.

First Entry.

CHAMPAGNE, *Sganarelle's servant, dancing.*
FOUR PHYSICIANS, *dancing.*

Second Entry.

A QUACK, *singing.*
TRIVELINS and SCARAMOUCHES,[4] *dancing in the suite of the quack.*

Third Entry.

COMEDY. | MUSIC. | THE BALLET.
SPORTS, LAUGHTER, and PLEASURES, *dancing.*

Scene—PARIS, IN ONE OF THE ROOMS OF SGANARELLE'S HOUSE.

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[3] It is more than probable that Molière played this part. In the inventory taken after his death, and given by M. E. Soulié, we find "a box with clothes for the representation of the *Médecins*,—for this was the name often given to *Love is the best Doctor* by Molière's contemporaries,—consisting in a doublet of common satin, cut out on golden *roc* (*sic*), cloak and breeches of velvet, with a gold ground, adorned with a loop and buttons."

[4] Tiberio Fiorilli, an Italian actor, was born near Naples in 1608, and died at Paris on the 8th of December 1694. He was much liked by Louis XIV., and acted the character of Scaramouch, a braggart, a poltroon, and a fool, always dressed in black, with a large white collar. In Italian, a skirmish is called *scaramuccia*; hence perhaps the name. Isaac Disraeli in his excellent chapter "The Pantomimical Characters" in the *Curiosities of Literature*, says: "When Charles V. entered Italy, a Spanish captain was introduced; a dreadful man he was too, if we are to be frightened by names: *Sangre e Fuego!* and *Matamoro!* His business was to deal in Spanish rhodomontades, to kick out the native Italian *Capitan*, in compliment to the Spaniards, and then to take a quiet caning from Harlequin, in compliment to themselves. When the Spaniards lost their influence in Italy, the Spanish Captain was turned into Scaramouch, who still wore the Spanish dress, and was perpetually in a panic. The Italians could only avenge themselves on the Spaniards in pantomime."

LOVE IS THE BEST DOCTOR.

(*L'AMOUR MÉDECIN.*)

PROLOGUE.

COMEDY, MUSIC, THE BALLET.

Comedy. Let us our fruitless quarrels banish,
Each other's talents not by turns dispute:
But greater glory to attain
This day of all let be our aim.
Let us all three unite with matchless zeal
The greatest King on earth with pleasure to provide.

The three together. Let us all three unite with matchless zeal
The greatest King on earth with pleasure to provide.

Comedy. From toils more irksome than can be imagined,
Amongst us, now and then, he comes to unbend,
'Can greater glory, greater pleasure 'be our share?

The three together. Let us all three unite with matchless zeal
The greatest King on earth with pleasure to provide.[5]

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[5] The Prologue is in the original in verse.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SGANARELLE, AMINTA, LUCRETIA, M. GUILLAUME, M. JOSSE.[6]

Sgan. What a strange thing is life! and well may I say with a great ancient philosopher, that he who has much land has also strife,[7] and misfortune seldom comes alone. I had but one wife, and she is dead.

M. Gu. And, pray, how many would you have?

Sgan. She is dead, friend Guillaume. I take this loss very much to heart, and I cannot think of it without tears. I was not altogether satisfied with her behaviour, and we often quarrelled; but, after all, death settles everything. She is dead; I bewail her. If she were alive, we would very likely quarrel. Of all the children God sent me, He has left me but one daughter, and it is she who is the cause of all my trouble; for I see her plunged in the most dismal melancholy, the greatest sadness, of which there is no way of getting rid, and the cause of which I cannot even learn. I declare I am at my wit's end, and am very much in want of good advice about it. [*To Lucretia*] You are my niece; [*To Aminta*] you my neighbour; [*To M. Guillaume and M. Josse*] you my companions and friends: tell me, I pray, what I am to do.

M. Jo. As for me, I think that finery and dress are the things which please young girls most; and if I were you, I should buy her, this very day, a handsome set of diamonds, or rubies, or emeralds.

M. Gu. And I, if I were in your place, I would buy her a beautiful set of hangings, with a landscape, or some

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[6] See Appendix, Note A.

[7] It was not an ancient philosopher who said this. It is simply a wise saw of the Middle Ages, common to the French and the Italians, *qui terre a guerre a* and *chi compra terra compra guerra*.

figures in them, and I should have them hung up in her room to cheer her spirits and to please her eyes.

Amin. As for me, I would not take so much trouble; I would marry her well, and as quickly as I could, to that young man who asked her hand some time ago, as I have been told.

Luc. And I, I think your daughter is not at all fit to be married. She has too delicate and unhealthy a constitution, and it is almost sending her wilfully and speedily to the next world, to expose her to bear children in the state she is in. The busy world does not suit her at all, and I would advise you to put her in a convent, where she will find some amusements more to her taste.

Sgan. All this advice is certainly admirable, but I think it rather interested, and I find that you are giving it very much for your own benefit. You are a goldsmith, M. Josse; and your advice savours of a man who wants to get rid of his wares. You sell hangings, M. Guillaume, and you look to me as if you had some which you would fain part with. The young man whom you are in love with, fair neighbour, is, I have been told, the very one who is somewhat favourably disposed towards my daughter; and you would not be sorry to see her the wife of another. And as for you, my dear niece, it is not my intention, as is well known, to allow my daughter to get married at all, for reasons best known to myself; but your advice to make a nun of her is that of a woman who might charitably wish to become my sole heiress. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, although your counsels be the best in the world, with your permission, I shall not follow a single one of them. [*Alone*] So much for those fashionable advisers.

SCENE II.

LUCINDE, SGANARELLE.[8]

Sgan. Ah, here is my daughter come to take a breath of air. She does not see me. She is sighing; she looks up to the sky. [*To Lucinde*] May Heaven protect you! Good morning, my darling. Well, what is the matter? How do you feel? What! always so sad and so melancholy, and you will not tell me what ails you? Come, open your little heart to me. There, my poor pet, come and tell your little thoughts to your little fond papa. Keep your spirits up. Let me give you a kiss. Come. [*Aside*] It makes me wild to see her in that humour. [*To Lucinde*] But tell me, do you wish to kill me with displeasure; and am I not to know the reason of this great listlessness? Tell me the cause, and I promise that I shall do everything for you. Yes, if you will only tell me why you are so sad, I assure you and swear on this very spot, that I shall leave nothing undone to please you; I cannot say more. Are you jealous because one of your companions is better dressed than yourself, and is it some new-fashioned stuff of which you want a dress? No. Is your room not furnished nicely enough, and do you wish for one of those cabinets from St Laurent's Fair?[9] It is not that. Do you feel inclined to take lessons in something, and shall I get you a master to teach you how to play upon the harpsichord? No, not that either. Are you in love with some one, and do you wish to be married? [*Lucinde gives an affirmative sign.*]

[8] See Appendix, Note B.

[9] In *Le Tracas de Paris*, the Hubbub of Paris, described in burlesque verses by F. Colletet, written in 1665, and re-edited by the bibliophile Jacob in 1859, I find a long and not very poetical description of this fair, which seems to have been frequented, if not by bad, at at least by very mixed company. Formerly this fair lasted only eight days, then three weeks, and finally three months; it was probably held in Molière's time where the church St Laurent is now (1875), Boulevard de Strasbourg.

SCENE III.

SGANARELLE, LUCINDE, LISETTE.

Lis. Well! sir, you have just been talking to your daughter. Have you found out the cause of her melancholy?

Sgan. No. She is a hussy who enrages me.

Lis. Let me manage it, sir; I shall pump her a little.

Sgan. There is no occasion; and since she prefers to be in this mood, I am inclined to let her remain in it.

Lis. Let me manage it, I tell you. Perhaps she will open her heart more freely to me than to you. How now! Madam,[10] you will not tell us what ails you, and you wish to grieve everyone around you? You ought not to behave so; you do, and if you have any objection to explain yourself to a father, you ought to have none to open your heart to me. Tell me, do you wish anything from him? He has told us more than once that he will spare nothing to satisfy you. Does he not allow you all the freedom you could wish for? And do pleasure parties and feasts not tempt you? Say! has anyone displeased you? Say! have you not some secret liking for some one to whom you would wish your father to marry you? Ah! I begin to understand you; that is it? Why the deuce so many compliments? Sir, the secret is found out, and . .

Sgan. [*Interrupting her*] Go, ungrateful girl; I do not wish to speak to you any more, and I leave you in your obstinacy.

Luc. Dear father, since you wished me to tell you . . .

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[10] Lisette addresses Lucinde as "Madam" in the presence of her father. This seems to me to be ironical, as Madam was used only in speaking to ladies of high nobility (see *Prefatory Memoir*, Vol. I., page xxx., note 15.) When later, in Clitandre, the lover calls her by that same name, it appears to me to be done as a piece of flattery.

Sgan. Yes, I am losing all my regard for you.

Lis. Her sadness, sir . . .

Sgan. She is a hussy who wishes to drive me to my grave.

Luc. But, father, I am willing . . .

Sgan. That is not a fit reward for having brought you up as I have done.

Lis. But, Sir. . . .

Sgan. No, I am in a terrible rage with her.

Luc. But, father. . . .

Sgan. I do not love you any longer.

Lis. But. . . .

Sgan. She is a slut.

Luc. But. . . .

Sgan. An ungrateful girl.

Lis. But. . . .

Sgan. A hussy who will not tell me what is the matter with her.

Lis It is a husband she wants.

Sgan. [*Pretending not to hear*] I have done with her.

Lis A husband.

Sgan. I hate her.

Lis. A husband.

Sgan. And disown her as my daughter.

Lis. A husband.

Sgan. Do not speak to me any more about her.

Lis. A husband.

Sgan. Speak no more to me about her.

Lis. A husband.

Sgan. Speak no more to me about her.

Lis. A husband, a husband, a husband.

SCENE IV.

LUCINDE, LISETTE.

Lis. True enough, none so deaf as those who will not hear.

Luc. Well, Lisette, I was wrong to hide my grief! I had but to speak to get all I wished from my father! You see now.

Lis. Upon my word, he is a disagreeable man; and I confess that it would give me the greatest pleasure to play him some trick. But how is it, Madam, that, till now, you have kept your grief from me?

Luc. Alas! what would have been the use of telling you before? and would it not have been quite as well if I had kept it to myself all my life? Do you think that I have not foreseen all which you see now, that I did not thoroughly know the sentiments of my father, and that when he refused my hand to my lover's friend, who came to ask for it in his name, he had not crushed every hope in my heart?

Lis. What! this stranger, who asked for your hand, is the one whom you. . . .

Luc. Perhaps it is not altogether modest in a girl to explain herself so freely; but, in short, I tell you candidly, that, were I allowed to wish for any one, it is he whom I should choose. We have never had any conversation together, and his lips have never avowed the love he has for me; but, in every spot where he had a chance of seeing me, his looks and his actions have always spoken so tenderly, and his asking me in marriage seems to me so very honourable, that my heart has not been able to remain insensible to his passion; and yet, you see to what the harshness of my father is likely to bring all this tenderness.

Lis. Let me manage it. Whatever reason I have to blame you for the secret you kept from me, I shall not fail

to serve your love; and, provided you have sufficient resolution. . . . .

Luc. But what am I to do against a father's authority? And if he will not relent. . . .

Lis. Come, come, you must not allow yourself to be led like a goose, and provided it be done honourably, we can free ourselves from a father's tyranny. What does he wish you to do? Are you not of an age to be married, and does he think you are made of marble? Once more, bear up, I shall take in hand your love-affair, and from this very moment do all I can to favour it, and you shall see that I know some stratagems. . . . But I see your father. Let us go in, and leave me to act.

SCENE V.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

It is good sometimes to pretend not to hear things, which one hears only too well; and I have done wisely to ward off the declaration of a wish which I have no intention of satisfying. Was there ever a greater piece of tyranny than this custom to which they wish to subject all fathers; anything more preposterous and ridiculous than to amass great wealth by hard work, and to bring up a girl with the utmost tenderness and care, in order to strip one's self of the one and of the other, for the benefit of a man who is nothing to us? No, no, I laugh at that custom, and I mean to keep my wealth and my daughter to myself.

SCENE VI.

SGANARELLE, LISETTE.[11]

Lis. [*Running on to the stage, and pretending not to see Sganarelle*] Oh! what a misfortune! Oh! what a calamity! Poor Mr Sganarelle! where can I find him?

[11] See Appendix, Note C.

Sgan. [*Aside*] What does she say?

Lis. [*Still running about*] Oh! wretched father! what will you do when you hear this news?

Sgan. [*Aside*] What can it be?

Lis. My poor mistress!

Sgan. I am undone!

Lis. Ah!

Sgan. [*Running after Lisette*] Lisette!

Lis. What a misfortune!

Sgan. Lisette!

Lis. What an accident!

Sgan. Lisette!

Lis. What a calamity!

Sgan. Lisette!

Lis. Oh, Sir!

Sgan. What is the matter?

Lis. Sir!

Sgan. What has happened?

Lis. Your daughter . . . [12]

Sgan. Oh! Oh!

Lis. Do not cry in such a way, sir. You will make me laugh.

Sgan. Tell me quickly.

Lis. Your daughter, overcome by your words, and seeing how dreadfully angry you were with her, went quietly up to her room, and, driven by despair, opened the window that looks out upon the river.

Sgan. Well!

Lis. Then, casting her looks up to Heaven: No, said she, it is impossible for me to live under my father's anger, and as he disowns me for his child, I shall die.

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[12] Molière has also employed the beginning of this scene in *The Rogueries of Scapin*. (See Vol. VI.)

Sgan. She has thrown herself out of the window?

Lis. No, sir. She gently closed it, and lay down upon her bed. There she began to cry bitterly; all at once she turned pale, her eyes rolled about, her strength failed her, and she became stiff in my arms.

Sgan. Oh, my child! She is dead?

Lis. No, sir. I pinched her till she came to herself again; but she relapses every moment, and I believe she will not live out the day.[13]

Sgan. Champagne! Champagne! Champagne!

SCENE VII.

SGANARELLE, CHAMPAGNE, LISETTE.

Sgan. Quick, go and fetch me some doctors, and bring a lot of them.[14] One cannot have too many in a crisis like this. Oh my daughter! my poor child!

FIRST ENTRY.[15]

Champagne, servant to Sganarelle, knocks, dancing, at the doors of four Physicians.

The four Physicians dance, and ceremoniously enter into Sganarelle's house.

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[13] See Appendix, Note D.

[14] Compare Shakspeare's Second Part of *King Henry IV.* (Act ii. Scene 1), when Fang, being kept off by Falstaff and Bardolph, shouts "A rescue! a rescue!" and Hostess quickly exclaims, "Good people, bring a rescue or two!"

[15] The original has *entre-acte*, which might perhaps have been translated by "interlude."

ACT II. SCENE I.

SGANARELLE, LISETTE.[16]

Lis. What do you want with four physicians, sir? Is one not enough to kill one person?

Sgan. Hold your tongue. Four heads are better than one.

Lis. Cannot your daughter die well enough without the assistance of those gentlemen?

Sgan. Do you think people die through having physicians?

Lis. Undoubtedly; and I knew a man who maintained —and proved it, too, by excellent reasons—that we should never say, Such a one has died of a fever, or from inflammation of the lungs, but, Such a one has died of four physicians and two apothecaries.

Sgan. Hush! do not offend those gentlemen.

Lis. Upon my word, sir, our cat had a narrow escape from a leap he took, a little while ago, from the top of the house into the street; he was three days without eating, and unable to wag head or foot; but it is very lucky that there are no cat doctors, else it would have been all over with him, for they would have physicked and bled him.

Sgan. Will you hold your tongue when I bid you? What next! Here they are.

Lis. Look out; you are going to be finely edified. They will tell you in Latin that your daughter is ill.

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[16] See Appendix, Note E.

SCENE II.

MM. TOMÈS, DESFONANDRÈS, MACROTON, BAHIS, SGANARELLE, LISETTE.[17]

Sgan. Well, gentlemen ?

M. To. We have examined the patient sufficiently, and undoubtedly there is a great deal of impurity in her.

Sgan. Is my daughter impure ?

M. To. I mean to say that there is a great deal of impurity in her system, and much corrupt matter.

Sgan. Ah ! I understand you now.

M. To. But . . . We are going to consult together.

Sgan. Come, hand some chairs.

Lis. [*To M. Tomès*] Ah ! sir, are you with them !

Sgan. [*To Lisette*] How do you know this gentleman ?

Lis. From having seen him the other day at a dear friend's of your niece.

M. To. How is her coachman ?

Lis. Very well indeed. He is dead.

M. To. Dead ?

Lis. Yes.

M. To. That cannot be.

Lis. I do not know whether it can be or not; but I know well enough that it is.

M. To. He cannot be dead, I tell you.

Lis. And I tell you, that he is dead and buried.

M. To. You are mistaken.

Lis. I have seen him.

M. To. It is impossible. Hippocrates says that these sorts of diseases end only on the fourteenth or twenty-first day; and he has been ill only six.

Lis. Hippocrates may say what he likes; but the coachman is dead.

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[17] See Appendix, Note F.

Sgan. Peace! chatterbox. Come, let us leave this room. Gentlemen, I pray you to consult carefully. Although it is not the custom to pay beforehand, yet, for fear I should forget it, and to have done with it, here is . . .

[*He hands them some money, and each one, on receiving it, makes a different gesture.*]

SCENE III.

MM. DESFONANDRÈS, TOMÈS, MACROTON, BAHIS [*They all sit down and begin to cough*].

M. Des. Paris is marvellously large, and one has to take long journeys when business is a little brisk.

M. To. I am glad to say that I have got a wonderful mule for that; and that one would hardly believe what a deal of ground he takes me over daily.

M. Des. I have got an astonishing horse, and it is an indefatigable animal.

M. To. Do you know the ground my mule has been over to-day? I have been, first, close by the Arsenal; from the Arsenal, to the end of the faubourg Saint-Germain; from the faubourg Saint-Germain, to the lower part of the Marais; from the lower part of the Marais, to the Porte Saint-Honoré; from the Porte Saint-Honoré, to the faubourg Saint-Jacques; from the faubourg Saint-Jacques, to the Porte de Richelieu; from the Porte de Richelieu, here; and from here, I have yet to go to the Place Royale.[18]

M. Des. My horse has done all that to-day; and, besides, I have been to see a patient at Ruel.[19]

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[18] M. Tomès states, in detail, that he has been from one end of Paris to the other.

[19] Ruel, a village on the road to Saint Germain, was at that time (1665) a very fashionable residence; the Cardinal de Richelieu had a country seat there, under Louis XIII.

M. To. But, by the bye, which side do you take in the quarrel between the two physicians Theophrastus and Artemius? for it is a matter that divides our profession.

M. Des. I? I am for Artemius.

M. To. So am I. It is true that his advice killed the patient, as we have experienced, and that Theophrastus's was certainly much better; but the latter is wrong in the circumstances, and ought not to have been of a different opinion from his senior. What do you say?

M. Des. Certainly. We ought at all times to preserve the professional etiquette, whatever may happen.

M. To. For my part, I am excessively strict on that subject, except among friends. The other day three of us were called in to consult with an outsider;[20] but I stopped the whole affair, and would hold no consultation unless things were conducted according to etiquette. The people of the house did what they could and the case grew worse; but I would not give way, and the patient bravely died during the contention.

M. Des. It is highly proper to teach people how to behave, and to show them their inexperience.[21]

M. To. A dead man is but a dead man, and of very little consequence; but professional etiquette neglected does great harm to the whole body of physicians.[22]

SCENE IV.

SGANARELLE, MM. TOMÈS, DESFONANDRÈS, MACROTON, BAHIS.[23]

Sgan. Gentlemen, my daughter is growing worse; I beg you to tell me quickly what you have decided on.

[20] A physician, who had not taken his degree in Paris, was called "an outsider," *un médecin de dehors.*

[21] The original has *leur montrer leur bec jaune.* See page 127, note 15.

[22] See Appendix, Note G.

[23] See Appendix, Note H.

M. To. [*To M. Desfonandrès*] The word is with you, Sir.

M. Des. No, Sir; it is for you to speak if you please.

M. To. You are jesting.

M. Des. I shall not speak first.

M. To. Sir.

M. Des. Sir.

Sgan. For mercy's sake, gentlemen, drop these ceremonies, and consider that matters are urgent.

[*They all four speak at the same time.*]

M. To. Your daughter's complaint . . .

M. Des. The opinion of all those gentlemen . . .

M. Mac. After hav-ing care-fully consi-dered. . . .

M. Ba. In order to deduce . . .

Sgan. Ah! gentlemen, one at a time, pray . . .

M. To. Sir, we have duly argued upon your daughter's complaint, and my own opinion is, that it proceeds from the overheating of the blood, consequently, I would have her bled as soon as possible.

M. Des. And I say that her illness arises from a putrefaction of humours, caused by a too great repletion; consequently I would have her given an emetic.

M. To. I maintain that an emetic will kill her.

M. Des. And I, that bleeding will be the death of her.

M. To. It is like you to set up for a clever man!

M. Des. Yes, it is like me; and I can, at any rate, cope with you in all kinds of knowledge.

M. To. Do you recollect the man you killed a few days ago?

M. Des. Do you recollect the lady you sent to the other world three days ago?

M. To. [*To Sganarelle*] I have given you my opinion.

M. Des. [*To Sganarelle*] I have told you what I think.

M. To. If you do not have your daughter bled directly, she is a dead woman. [*Exit.*

M. Des. If you have her bled, she will not be alive a quarter of an hour afterwards. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

SGANARELLE, MM. MACROTON, BAHIS.[24]

Sgan. Which of the two am I to believe? and who can decide amidst such conflicting opinions? Gentlemen, I beseech you to guide me, and to tell me, dispassionately, the best means of relieving my daughter.

M. Mac. [*Drawling out his words*] Sir, in these kind-of-ca-ses, one must pro-ceed ve-ry care-fully, and do no-thing in-con-si-der-ate-ly, as the say-ing is; the more so, as the mis-takes one may make, ac-cord-ing to our mas-ter Hip-po-cra-tes, have the most fat-al con-se-quen-ces.

M. Ba. [*Jerking out his words hastily*] That is true enough, one must take great care what one does; for this is not child's play; and, when a mistake has been made, it is not easy to rectify it, nor make good what one has spoilt: *experimentum periculosum.* It is, therefore, as well to argue beforehand, to weigh things duly, to consider the constitution of people, to examine the causes of the complaint, and to decide upon the remedies to be adopted.

Sgan. [*Aside*] One moves like a tortoise, while the other gallops like a post-horse.

M. Mac. Yes, sir, to come to the fact, I find that your daugh-ter has a chro-nic dis-ease, to which she will succumb if re-lief be not giv-en to her, the more as the symptoms give in-di-ca-tions of e-mit-ting fu-li-gi-nous and mordi-cant ex-ha-la-tions which ir-ri-tate the ce-re-bral membranes. And these va-pours, which in Greek we call

[24] See Appendix, Note I.

At-mos. are caus-ed by pu-trid, te-na-ci-ous, and con-glu-ti-nous hu-mours, which have ag-glo-mer-at-ed in the ab-do-men.[25]

M. Ba. And as these humours were engendered there by a long succession of time, they have become hardened, and have assumed those malignant fumes that rise towards the region of the brain.

M. Mac. Con-se-quent-ly, in or-der to with-draw, to de-tach, to loos-en, to ex-pel, to e-va-cu-ate these said hu-mours, a ve-ry strong pur-ga-tive is ne-ces-sa-ry. But first of all, I think it as well, and it will not cause any in-con-ve-ni-ence, to em-ploy some lit-tle a-no-dyne me-di-ci-nes, that is to say, small e-mol-li-ent and de-ter-sive in-jec-ti-ons, re-fresh-ing ju-leps and sy-rups, which may be mix-ed with her bar-ley wa-ter.

M. Ba. After that, we will come to the purgatives, and to the bleeding, which we shall repeat, if necessary.

M. Mac. We do not say that your daugh-ter may not die for all this; but you will at least have the sa-tis-fac-tion of hav-ing done some-thing, and the con-so-la-tion of know-ing that she died ac-cord-ing to rule.

M. Ba. It is better to die according to rule than to recover in violation of it.

M. Mac. We have sin-ce-re-ly told you our o-pi-ni-ons.

M. Ba. And we have spoken to you as to our own brother.

Sgan. [*To M. Macroton, drawling out his words*] I am hum-bly o-bli-ged to you. [*To M. Bahis, sputtering*] And I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

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25. This is the theory of "the humours" then in vogue amongst physicians. According to them, every disease arose from a superabundance of humours, which were either in too great quantity or of too bad a quality; the first was called plethora, and was supposed to be cured by copious bleedings; against the second, cacochymia, a frequent use of purgatives was recommended.

SCENE VI.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

Here I am, a little more in the dark than I was before.[26] Zounds. I have got an idea! I will buy some Orvietan,[27] and I will make her take it. Orvietan is a kind of remedy that has done a great deal of good to many. Soho!

SCENE VII.

SGANARELLE, A QUACK.

Sgan. Will you, Sir, kindly give me a box of your Orvietan, for which I shall pay you.

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[26] The result of the consultation of the physicians is the same for Sganarelle as, in the *Phormio* (ii., 4) of Terence, the result of the consultation of the three lawyers Cratinus, Hegio, Crito. Demiphon, after hearing it, cries out, "*Incertior sum multo quam dudum.* . . . . . I am much more uncertain than before."

[27] Towards the year 1639, a quack began to sell, on the Pont-Neuf in Paris, specifics against all maladies, and especially an antidote, the Orvietan, so called because it was prepared by a certain doctor Lupi, at Orvieto, a town in Italy. His real name was Jacques Ovyn, and he had a brother, a clergyman, who, as well as himself, was called *de l'Orviétan*; hence Jal, in his *Dictionnaire critique*, supposes that their father must already have sold this electuary. His probable successor was Christoforo Contugi, who called himself "*Antidotaire du Roi*," and who, according to Guy-Patin, bribed twelve Paris physicians, who had afterwards to ask their pardon from the Faculty of Paris, to give him a certificate. According to a note of M. Pauly, in the edition of Molière, published by M. Lemerre, Paris, Vol. IV., Orvietan was an antidote, of which the secret was communicated, in 1560, by Cardinal Deodati to his apothecary, Martin Guerche. It was then called *antitan*, which means antidote of the time. It was named Orvietan by Hieronimo Feranti, a native of Orvieto, whose successor, Giovanni Vitrario, transmitted the recipe for it to his son-in-law, Christoforo Contugi, who sold it at Paris, in virtue of a royal privilege, dated 9th April 1647. In the thirteenth chapter of *Kenilworth*, Sir Walter Scott describes how Wayland successfully endeavoured to collect materials for making the Orvietan, or Venice treacle, as it was sometimes called,—understood to be a sovereign remedy against poison.

Quack. [*Sings*] The gold of all climes which by the ocean are bound
Can e'er it repay this important secret ?
My remedy cures, by its excellence rare,
More complaints than are counted up in a whole year :
The itch, the mange, the scurf, the fever, the plague,
The gout, the small-pox, ruptures, the measles,
Great power possesses my Orvietan.

Sgan. Sir, I am willing to believe that all the gold in the world could not pay for your remedy ! but here is a piece of thirty sous, which you will take, if you please.

Quack. [*Sings*] Admire how good I am. For a few paltry pence,
I dispense freely such marvellous treasure.
With this you may brave, quite devoid of all fear,
All the ills to which mortals are subject down here :
The itch, the mange, the scurf, the fever, the plague,
The gout, the small-pox, ruptures, the measles,
Great power possesses my Orvietan.

SECOND ENTRY.

Several Trivelins[28] *and Scaramouches, servants of the quack, come in dancing.*

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[28] Domenico Lucatelli, was an Italian comedian, who died in 1671, and acted at Paris the part of Trivelin, a kind of harlequin. See also Vol. I., p. 213, note 3.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MM. FILERIN, TOMÈS, DESFONANDRÈS.

M. Fil. Are you not ashamed, gentlemen, for men of your age to show so little discrimination, and to quarrel like young madcaps? Do you not plainly see the harm which these kinds of disputes do us with the world? and is it not sufficient that the learned perceive the dissensions and differences between our contemporaries and the old masters of our craft, without revealing to the public, by our quarrels and bickerings, the boasting of our art? As for me, I do not at all understand the mischievous policy of some of our brethren; and it must be admitted that all these controversies have somewhat strangely disparaged us, and that, if we are not careful, we shall ruin ourselves. I do not say so for my own interest, for, Heaven be praised, my little affairs are already settled. Whether it blows, rains, or hails, those who are dead are dead, and I have sufficient to be independent of the living; yet all these disputes do physic no good. Since Heaven has done us the favour, that, for so many centuries, people remain infatuated with us, let us not open their eyes by our extravagant cabals, and let us take advantage of their folly as quietly as possible. We are not the only ones, as you know full well, who try to make the best of human foibles. The whole study of the greatest part of mankind tends towards that; and every one endeavours to speculate on man's weaknesses, in order to derive some benefit from them. Flatterers, for example, seek to profit by men's love for praise, by giving them the vain incense they crave; it is an art by which, as we may see, large fortunes are made. Alchemists seek to profit by the passion for wealth, by promising mountains of gold to those who listen to them; the drawers of horoscopes, by their deceitful prophecies, profit by the vanity and ambition of

credulous minds. But the greatest failing in men is their love of life; by our pompous speeches we benefit by it, and know how to take advantage of the veneration for our profession with which the fear of death inspires them. Let us, therefore, maintain ourselves in that esteem in which their foibles have placed us, and let us agree before our patients, so as to claim for ourselves the credit of the happy issue of the complaint, and to throw on Nature all the blunders of our art. Let us not, I say, foolishly destroy the happy accident of an error, which gives bread to so many people, and which allows us to raise everywhere such beautiful estates with the money of those whom we have sent to the grave.[29]

M. To. You are right in all that you say; but sometimes one cannot control one's temper.

M. Fil. Come, gentlemen, lay aside all animosity, and make up your quarrel on the spot.

M. Des. I consent. Let him allow me to have my way with the emetic for the patient in question; and I will let him have his with the first patient he shall be concerned with.

M. Fil. Nothing could be better said, and that is reasonable.

M. Des. Very well, that is settled.

M. Fil. Shake hands then. Farewell. Another time, show more tact.

SCENE II.

M. TOMÈS, M. DESFONANDRÈS, LISETTE.

Lis. What! gentlemen, you are here, and you do not think of repairing the wrong done to the medical profession?

[29] A great part of Dr Filerin's speech sets forth some of Montaigne's ideas, contained in the *Essays*, Book II., chapter xxxvii. Molière repeats some of these same ideas, clothed in dog-Latin, and puts them into the opening speech of the president of the learned assembly of persons connected with the medical profession, in the third Interlude of *the Hypochondriac* (See Vol. VI.)

M. To. What now! What is the matter?

Lis. Some insolent fellow has had the impudence to encroach upon your trade, and, without your prescription, has killed a man by running a sword clean through his body.

M. To. Look you here, you may laugh at us now; but you shall fall into our hands one of these days.

Lis. If ever I have recourse to you, I give you leave to kill me.

SCENE III.

CLITANDRE, *disguised as a physician*, LISETTE.

Clit. Well Lisette, what do you think of my disguise? Do you believe that I can trick the good man in these clothes? Do I look all right thus.

Lis. It could not be better; and I have been waiting impatiently for you. Heaven has given me the most humane disposition in the world, and I cannot bear to see two lovers sigh for one another, without entertaining a charitable tenderness towards them, and an ardent wish to relieve the ills which they are suffering. I mean, no matter at what cost, to free Lucinde from the tyranny to which she is subjected, and to confide her to your care. I liked you at first sight: I am a good judge of people, and she could not have made a better choice. Love risks extraordinary things, and we have concocted a little scheme, which may perhaps be successful. All our measures are already taken: the man we have to deal with is not one of the sharpest; and if this trick fail, we shall find a thousand other ways to encompass our end. Just wait here a little, I shall come back to fetch you. [*Clitandre retires to the far end of the stage.*

SCENE IV.

SGANARELLE, LISETTE.

Lis. Hurrah! hurrah! Sir.

Sgan. What is the matter?

Lis. Rejoice.

Sgan. At what?

Lis. Rejoice, I say.

Sgan. Tell me what it is about, and then I shall rejoice, perhaps.

Lis. No. I wish you to rejoice first, I wish you to sing, to dance.

Sgan. On what grounds?

Lis. On my bare word.

Sgan. Be it so. [*He sings and dances*] La, lera, la, la, la, lera, la. What the deuce!

Lis. Your daughter is cured, Sir.

Sgan. My daughter is cured?

Lis. Yes. I have brought you a doctor, but a doctor of importance, who works wonderful cures, and who laughs at the other physicians.

Sgan. Where is he?

Lis. I shall bring him in.

Sgan. [*Alone*] It remains to be seen if he will do more than the others.

SCENE V.

CLITANDRE *disguised as a physician*, SGANARELLE, LISETTE.

Lis. [*Leading Clitandre*] Here he is.

Sgan. That doctor has not much beard, as yet.

Lis. Knowledge is not measured by the beard, and his skill does not lie in his chin.

Sgan. Sir, they tell me that you have some capital recipes for relieving the bowels.

Clit. My remedies, Sir, are different from those of other physicians. They use emetics, bleeding, drugs, and injections; but I cure by words, sounds, letters, talismans, and rings.

Lis. Did I not tell you so?

Sgan. A great man this!

Lis. Sir, as your daughter is yonder, ready dressed, in her chair, I shall bring her here.

Sgan. Yes, do.

Clit. [*Feeling Sganarelle's pulse*] Your daughter is very ill, Sir.

Sgan. You can tell that here?

Clit. Yes, by the sympathy which exists between father and daughter.

SCENE VI.

SGANARELLE, LUCINDE, CLITANDRE, LISETTE.[30]

Lis. [*To Clitandre*] Sir, here is a chair near her [*to Sganarelle*] Come, let us leave them to themselves.

Sgan. Why so? I wish to remain here.

Lis. Are you jesting? We must leave them. A doctor has a hundred things to ask, which it is not decent for a man to hear. [*Sganarelle and Lisette retire.*

Clit. [*Softly to Lucinde*] Ah! lady, how great is my delight! and how little do I know how to begin my discourse! As long as I spoke to you only with my eyes, it seemed to me that I had a hundred things to say; and now that I have the opportunity of speaking to you, as I wished, I remain silent, and my great joy prevents my utterance.

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[30] See Appendix, Note J.

Luc. I may say the same; and I feel, like you, thrills of joy which prevent me from speaking.

Clit. Ah! madam, how happy should I be, if it were true that you feel all I do, and that I were allowed to judge of your heart by mine. But, may I at least believe, dear lady, that I owe to you the idea of this happy scheme which enables me to enjoy your presence.

Luc. If you do not altogether owe the thought to me, you are, at any rate, my debtor for having gladly approved of the proposal.

Sgan. [*To Lisette*] It seems to me that he talks very close to her.

Lis. He is studying her physiognomy, and all the features of her face.

Clit. [*To Lucinde*] Will you be constant, dear lady, in these favours which you are bestowing upon me?

Luc. But you, will you be firm in the resolutions which you have taken?

Clit. Ah! madam, till death. I desire nothing so much as to be yours; and I shall prove it to you.

Sgan. [*To Clitandre*] Well! how does our patient? She seems a little more cheerful.

Clit. That is because I have already tried upon her one of the remedies which my art teaches me. As the mind has a great influence on the body, and as it is from the first that diseases most generally arise, my custom is to cure the mind before dealing with the body. I have therefore studied this young lady's looks, her features, and the lines of both her hands; and by the knowledge which Heaven has bestowed upon me, I have discovered that she is ill in mind, and that the whole of her complaint arises only from a disordered imagination, from an inordinate desire of being married. As for myself, I think nothing more extravagant and ridiculous than this hankering after marriage.

Sgan. [*Aside*] A clever fellow this!

Clit. And I have, and always shall have, a frightful dislike to it.

Sgan. [*Aside*] A great doctor this!

Clit. But as we must humour the imagination of patients, and as I have perceived in her a wandering of the mind, and even that there was great danger in not giving her prompt relief, I have taken her at her foible, and told her that I came here to solicit her hand from you. Suddenly her countenance changed, her complexion cleared, her eyes became animated; and if you will leave her for a few days in this error, you will see that we shall cure her.

Sgan. Indeed, I do not mind.

Clit. After that, we shall apply other means to cure her of this fancy.

Sgan. Yes, that will do very well. Listen! my girl, this gentleman wishes to marry you, and I have told him that I give my consent.

Luc. Alas! can it be possible?

Sgan. Of course.

Luc. But really, in earnest?

Sgan. Certainly.

Luc. [*To Clitandre*] What! You wish to be my husband?

Clit. Yes, madam.

Luc. And my father consents to it?

Sgan. Yes, my child.

Luc. Ah how happy I am! if that is true.

Clit. Doubt it not, madam. My love for you, and my ardent wish to be your husband, do not date from to-day, I came only for this; and, if you wish me to tell you the plain truth, this dress is nothing but a mere disguise; I acted the physician only to get near to you, and the more easily to obtain what I desire.

Luc. These are signs of a very tender love, and I am fully sensible of them.

Sgan. [*Aside*] Oh, poor silly girl! silly girl! silly girl!

Luc. You do consent then, father, to give me this gentleman for a husband?

Sgan. Yes, certainly. Come, give me your hand. Give me yours also, Sir, for a moment.

Clit. But, Sir . . .

Sgan. [*With suppressed laughter*] No, no, it is . . . to satisfy her mind. Take it. That is over.

Clit. Accept, as a pledge of my faith, this ring which I give you [*Softly to Sganarelle*] It is a constellated ring, which cures aberrations of the mind.[31]

Luc. Let us draw up the contract, so that nothing may be wanting.

Clit. I have no objections, Madam. [*Softly to Sganarelle*] I will bring the fellow who writes my prescriptions, and will make her believe that he is a notary.

Sgan. Just so.

Clit. Hulloo! send up the notary I have brought with me.

Luc. What! you brought a notary with you?

Clit. Yes, Madam.

Luc. I am glad of that.

Sgan. Oh the poor silly girl! the silly girl![32]

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[31] These rings, sometimes called also "planetary rings" had certain stars or planets engraved upon them, and were supposed to soothe the mind; a reminiscence of the feeling that stars influenced human destiny. The metals from which these rings were made appear also to be thought to have some mysterious power, for the seven metals—gold, silver, mercury, copper, iron, tin, and lead,—were under the influence of the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. If the rings were composed of several metals, then, of course, different influences were at work; if made of all the metals—the *electron* of Paracelsus—they possessed the highest power. I imagine that the metals used in the manufacture of such rings must also have had some connection with the horoscope of the person for whom it was made.

[32] See Appendix, Note K.

SCENE VII.

THE NOTARY, CLITANDRE, SGANARELLE, LUCINDE, LISETTE.

[*Clitandre speaks softly to the Notary.*]

Sgan. [*To the Notary*] Yes, Sir, you are to draw up a contract for these two people. Write. [*To Lucinde*] We are making the contract. [*To the Notary*] I give her twenty thousand crowns as a portion. Write that down.

Luc. I am very much obliged to you, dear father.

Not. That is done. You have only to sign it.

Sgan. That is a quickly drawn contract.

Clit. [*To Sganarelle*] But at least, Sir . . .

Sgan. No, no, I tell you. Do we not all know . . . [*To the Notary*] Come, hand him the pen to sign. [*To Lucinde*] Come you, sign now, sign, sign. Well, I shall sign presently.

Luc. No, no, I will have the contract in my own hands.

Sgan. Well! there then. [*After having signed*] Are you satisfied?

Luc. Better than you can imagine.

Sgan. That is all right, then, that is all right.

Clit. I have not only had the precaution to bring a notary; I have also brought singers, musicians, and dancers to celebrate the feast, and for our enjoyment. Let them come in. They are people I always have with me, and whom I daily make use of to calm, by their harmony and dancing, the troubles of the mind.

SCENE VIII.

COMEDY, THE BALLET, MUSIC.[33]

Together. Without our aid, all humankind
Would soon become unhealthy.
We are indeed the best of all physicians.

[33] Here the words "*third entry*" ought to come, or perhaps above the words "while the sports," etc., but nothing is given in the original copies I have compared.

Comedy. Would you dispel by easy means
Splenetic fumes that man is heir to.
Avoid Hippocrates, and come to us.
Together. Without our aid, all humankind
Would soon become unhealthy.
We are indeed the best of all physicians.

[*While the Sports, Laughter, and Pleasures are dancing together, Clitandre leads Lucinde away.*]

SCENE IX.

SGANARELLE, LISETTE, COMEDY, MUSIC, THE BALLET, SPORTS, LAUGHTER, PLEASURES.

Sgan. A pleasant way of curing people this! But where are my daughter and the doctor?

Lis. They are gone to finish the remaining part of the marriage.

Sgan. What do you mean by the marriage?

Lis. The fact is, Sir, you have been cleverly done;[34] and the joke you thought to play remains a truth.

Sgan. The devil it does! [*He wishes to rush after Clitandre and Lucinde, the dancers restrain him.*] Let me go, let me go, I tell you. [*The dancers still keep hold of him.*] Again? [*They wish to make him dance by force.*] Plague take you all!

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[34] The original has *la bécasse est bridée*, the woodcock is caught, an allusion to the snare in which those birds catch themselves.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 202.

Swiney, in *The Quacks; or, Love's the Physician* (Act i., Scene 1), has imitated, nearly literally, Molière's first scene of the first act of *Love is the best Doctor*. Sganarelle is called Sir Patient Carefull; Lucretia, Lysette; and Aminta, Doris; MM. Guillaume and Josse are not in the English play.

Enter SIR PATIENT CAREFULL, LYSETTE, and DORIS.

Sir Patient. What a strange thing is life? And we may say with that great Philosopher of Antiquity, that to live is to War, and one Evil never comes without another.: I had but one Wife, who is dead.

Lysette. Why, how many wou'd you have?

Sir P. She is dead, cousin! And I can't think of her without weeping—hoe—I had indeed some jealousie of her conduct, and we quarrell'd perpetually; if she was alive again, we shou'd quarrel, but Death has ended all disputes, and the house is grown so silent I shall die with Melancholly.

Doris. Comfort yourself, she's in a better place.

Sir P. I know it, and wherever she is, she will have her way. Of all the children the poor woman Bore me, I have but one Daughter left, and she is the only trouble of my Life! I don't know who she takes after; she do's not speak a word whole days together! It must be a strange Disease that works such effects on a Woman's Constitution.

Lys. That strange Disease is Confinement. Uncle, if you'd let her have the use of her Leggs a little, she'd find the use of her Tongue.

Sir P. How now, Mrs Flippant! You don't want the use of yours, I perceive.

Lys. Ha, ha, no, no! I was bred under a Mother, I thank my stars! But a Woman must needs come to her speaking very soon that hangs by a Bookish old Man, as a Bird most certainly will that hangs under a cuckoo.

Sir P. How?

Lys. Hark'e, Uncle; let her but loose to the Park, the Play, the Drawing-room, or my Lady Tattle's Visiting-night, and, my Tongue for hers, she speaks in a week.

Sir P. Your Tongue for hers! A change indeed! From one that

never speaks to one that never lyes still—hark'e, cosin, do you think she might not come to her speech if she hung under you?

Lys. Ha! ha! ha! If I teach her, Uncle, I'll proceed like my singing master, and make her open her mouth very wide; for a Stick, you know, that grows bent, must be turn'd as much t'other way, to make it strait.

Sir P. I don't doubt your method; 'tis admirable; you have the best Receipt against silence I ever heard.

Lys. I do wonders; I have talked Fifty young women out of the green Sickness and Fifty old men into the Spleen; here's my hand, Uncle, let her Live a little with me, and if ever you complain of her being Dumb, I'm no Doctor.

Sir. P. But will you Ensure me that I shant complain of my being deaf when you have done with her?

Lys. The way to provide against that wou'd be to marry her, for then she'd have one of her own to exercise upon.

Dor. Now I think Madam Lucinda is too tender, and too delicate for the rough conversation of a Husband, and that she has not a constitution to undergo the Fatigue of being Fruitful—to marry her wou'd certainly kill her.

Lys. Hush! Not a word of that, for fear she shou'd steal a wedding; for in these cases, let the danger be ever so great, a Woman's Resolution will struggle up to't.

Sir P. How innocently the maids of this Age amuse themselves!

Dor. Mrs Lysette talks very mildly, Sir; but the properest way to cure Madam Lucinda's Melancholly wou'd be to send her to a Nunnery.

Lys. Next to a dark Room, there's nothing like it, and a young woman must needs preferr the wonderful Charms of Pennances and Water-gruel to the Roughness of a Man's Passion and the Fatigue of being Fruitful.

Sir. P. Very well! You who have a head full of Fiddles and Intrigues, prescribe Dancing and a Husband; and you, Nurse, who have out-lived these things, advise me to a Nunnery. Both your councils are certainly very good, and I shall follow neither of 'em—but here comes one can Council me indeed.

B, Page 204.

The first and second scenes of the first act of Molière's *Love is the best Doctor* are imitated by Miller in his *Art and Nature* (Act i. Scene 1); with this difference, that the English dramatist has not brought Aminta, Lucrèce, M. Guillaume, and M. Josse on the stage, while Sir Simon Dupe (Sganarelle) relates his adventures to the servant-maid Violetta, the prototype of Lisette, the maid:

Sir Simon D. What a deplorable thing is Life! and how well may I say, with the great philosopher of Antiquity, that he who has Wealth hath Woe. Violetta, come hither.

Violetta. I am here, sir; your Commands.

Sir S. I had but one Wife, and she is dead.

Vio. Hadn't you indeed, sir? Pray how many would you have had?

Sir S. She is dead, Violetta; this Loss is very grievous to me, and I can't think of it without weeping. I was not mighty well satisfied with her Conduct, and we had very often Disputes together, but, in short, Death settles all things. She is dead—I lament her; if she was alive we should quarrel.

Vio. That I firmly believe, or you'd be strangely alter'd.

Sir S. Misfortunes never comes single, of all the Children that Heaven gave me, it has only left me one Daughter, and this Daughter is all my trouble, for she is in the deepest Melancholy of the World; out of which there is no way of getting her, and the Cause of which I can't learn.

Vio. [*Aside*] That's false; you know it well enough, but don't care to do it.

Sir S. For my part, I'm half distracted about it, and have need of good Council in the Matter; I have been indeed consulting with some of my Acquaintances about it, whose Advices were certainly admirable, but I found a little too much of Self-Interest in 'em, and perceiv'd that they advised mighty well for themselves: One was a Toyman; and his Advice smelt of a Man who had a mind to get rid of some of his Trinkets, for he would persuade me to purchase a Cart-load of his Lumber to have diverted her with—Snuff-Boxes, Tweezer-Cases, Equipages, Pearls, Rubies, Emeralds, and China-Jars, as old as the Flood, for which I must have given my gold belike.

Vio. Foolish, foolish, very foolish.

Sir S. Another was a Bookseller, and he would have clear'd his Shop of Plays and Romances, and that kind of Trumpery, for nothing would divert the young Lady like reading, it seem'd.

Vio. Ridiculous!

Sir. S. Another sold Tapestry, and he seem'd to have some Hangings that lay upon his Hands; for he talk'd of sending me in some curious Tapestry adorn'd with Histories and Landskips, and the Murrain knows what, to adorn her Chamber forsooth, and please her that way.

Vio. O monstrous! worst of all.

Sir S. What can you think of, Violetta?

Vio. An effectual Remedy at once, sir; marry her to *Truemore*, who is just arriv'd here from the *West Indies*, and to whom you engaged her long ago.

Sir S. Ay, these Counsellors are all of a Piece. Now this Slut wants her married, that she may have more of her cast Clothes; and therefore tho' your Advices be the best in the World, be pleas'd to excuse me from following e'er a one of 'em. These are your modish Counsellors truly. [*Enter Flaminia*] Oh! here comes my Daughter. Good-morrow, my

Dear; well, what's the Matter? how d'ye do? What, always thus sad and melancholy, and won't you tell what ails you? Come, discover thy little Heart to me; come, my poor Dear, tell, tell, tell thy little Thoughts to thy dear little Papa; take Courage, shall I kiss thee? Come, I'm distracted to see thee in this Humour: Art thou jealous of any of thy Companions, that thou seest finer than thyself? No. Dost not think thy Apartment well enough furnish'd? and dost thou long for any little Trifle of that Kind—No.

Vio. Hold, hold, sir; let me alone, I'll sound her a little.

Sir S. No, no; no matter, no matter; what must you be meddling for, Mistress?

Vio. Let me alone, I tell you, perhaps she'll discover herself more freely to me than to you. What, Madam, won't you tell us what ails you? Do you want anything of your Father? He has often declar'd that he'll spare nothing to make you easy; is it because he does not give you all the Liberty you could wish? Um—Would you have a finer Equipage, or be more frequent at Plays, Operas, Auctions, Balls, Assemblies, and the other Diversions which People of your Youth and Fashion indulge in? Um—Have you no secret Inclination for any one whom you'd have your Father marry you to? Ahah! I understand you; there's the thing; why, sir, the Mystery is discover'd, and—

Sir S. [*Interrupting her*] Go, ungrateful Girl, I'll talk to thee no more, but leave thee in thy Obstinacy.

Flam. Since you will have me discover my Heart, Sir—

Sir S. I'll throw off all the Affection I had for thee.

Vio. Her Melancholy, sir, proceeds from the want of a Husband.

Sir S. [*Pretending not to hear*] I abandon her.

Vio. A Husband.

Sir S. Don't speak to me of her, don't speak to me of her; I'll stop my Ears, and not hear another Syllable about her. [*Stops his ears and runs off.*]

Vio. A Husband, a Husband, a Husband.

Flam. Well, Violetta, what say you now?

Vio. Why, that none are so deaf as those that won't hear— But come, come, Madam, you must not suffer yourself to be led like a Fool thus; are you not of Age to be marry'd, and does he think you are Marble! Not but that I am glad he opposes it too.

Flam. Glad of it, Violetta!

Vio. Yes, or else I should have lost the Pleasure of contradicting him; Take Courage, then, Madam, since I give my Consent fear nothing; I'll make him glad to give his before I've done with him; but come in now, and leave it to me.

C, Page 208.

The fifth and sixth scenes of the first act of Molière's *Love is the best Doctor*, are thus rendered in Miller's *Art and Nature* (Act i., Scene 1).

Sir Simon Dupe. Is there any thing more tyrannical, any thing more impertinent and ridiculous than to heap up Riches with great Labour, and bring up a Daughter with much Care and Tenderness in order to strip one's self of both, and give 'em into the Hands of a Man one has not the least Obligation to? No, no, that Practice is a Jest to me, and I'll sooner keep my Money and marry my Daughter my self.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Violetta. Oh! Sir, Sir.

Sir S. What's the matter?

Vio. Your Daughter, Sir.

Sir S. Well, what of her, tell me quickly what's the matter?

Vio. Your Daughter, quite struck with the terrible Passion you was in with her, went up immediately to her Chamber, and full of Despair open'd the Window which looks upon the River.

Sir S. Hey, and what then?

Vio. No, said she, 't is impossible for me to live under my Father's Displeasure; and since he disowns me for his Daughter, I must die.

Sir S. So threw herself out, hey?

Vio. No, Sir, she gently shut the Window again, and laid her down on the Bed; there she fell a weeping in such a lamentable manner, it would have pierc'd a Heart of Adamant to have heard her, (*Crying*) when all at once her Face grew pale, her Eyes roll'd, her Heart ceas'd to beat, and cold and speechless she sunk into my Arms.

Sir S. Oh! my Daughter, she's dead then! I'll go and die by her side. [*Weeps.*

Vio. No, Sir, by pinching her I brought her to herself again; but this takes her every Moment, and I believe she'll not live out to-day.

Sir S. Ah, poor girl, poor girl, where is she? Let me go to her this very moment. I'll pinch her, if pinching will do.

D, Page 210.

Lacy has imitated, in *The Dumb Lady*, the seventh scene of the first act of Molière's *Love is the best Doctor*; Lisette becomes Nibby and Sganarelle Gerente.

Enter NIBBY.

Nibby. Oh, woe is me, and woe unto us all! O this uncle! this wicked uncle!

Gerente. Alack! what's the matter?

Nib. O cruel destiny! O fatal fortune!

Ger. Why, Niece Nibby, what's the matter?

Nib. That ever I should live to see this day!

Nur. Oh, my dear Mrs Nibby, what's the misfortune?

Nib. Oh, where should I find this cursed uncle of mine?

Ger. Here I am, Nibby! what's the danger?

Nib. You are undone and ruined!

Ger. How! undone and ruined? Do not delay me!

Nib. Oh, your daughter, your daughter, you wicked wretch! I am not able to say more for grief.

All. Ah—ah—ah—ah. [*All weep.*

Ger. Tell me quickly what's the matter!

Nib. Why, your daughter's grown desperate mad at your unkindness, ran to the window that stands over the river, and there opening the great casement——

Ger. Oh, what did she then?

Nib. Why, lifting up her hands and eyes to that good place where you will never come, uncle, she loudly cried, Since my father has abandoned me, 'tis time for me to quit this life of mine.

Ger. And so threw herself into the river?

Nib. No; it seems she did not like that kind of death.

Ger. Why, what then?

Nib. Why, then she ran like lightning to the table, where your pocket pistol lay.

Ger. And so shot herself with that?

Nib. No; it seems there was no powder i' th' pan. But, bitterly sighing and weeping, at last she ran and desperately threw herself upon her bed, and then growing paler and paler by degrees fell into a deadly sound.

Ger. And so died?

Nib. Stay, stay, you're too quick for your daughter; but with much rubbing, tumbling, and tossing her, I brought her to life again. So, leaving her at death's door, I came to tell you the news.

Ger. Where are my servants? Run, bid 'em run! I'll have a consultation of doctors. And run for Doctor Drench, for he shall join in counsel with 'em. [*Exeunt Manet Nurse.*

Nur. I'll to the Doctor and tell him this. I doubt he will not like a consultation with physicians.

If he stand this brush, he's made for ever;
Luck, if 't be thy will, just now or never.

E, Page 211.

Swiney, in *The Quacks* (Act ii., Scene 2), imitates Molière's first and second scenes of the second act of *Love is the best Doctor.*

Enter SIR PATIENT *and* LYSETTE.

Lysette. What will you do with all these Physicians! Is not one enough to kill one Person?

Sir Patient. Hold your peace. 'T is safer to have many Counsellors.

Lys. And cannot your Daughter die without the help of these Gentlemen?

Sir P. Is their Business to kill, then?

Lys. Without question! and if you wou'd speak properly you shou'd not say any body Dyes of a Feaver, or the Small-Pox, but of four Doctors and two Apothecaries.

Sir P. Why, Mistress, wou'd you have me trust my Daughter with a senseless nurse, or a good woman in the Neighbourhood, that cures People with a Receipt she has had in the Family ever since *Cromwel's* Time, no, I'll be Informed by Learned Men.

Lys. You'll be strangely Edify'd, Uncle, they'll tell you in Latin that your Daughter's Sick.

Sir P. Hush, here are the Doctors.

Enter DOCTOR CAUDLE, REFUGEE, *and* TICKLEPULSE.

Well, Gentlemen, how do you find my Daughter?

Ticklepulse. Very bad, very bad.

Refugee. Your child be very Sick.

Caudle. Sick indeed, but let us consult.

Lys. Doctor *Ticklepulse*, your Servant.

Tick. Madam, I am yours; Pray, how do's your Ladyship's Coachman.

Lys. Very well, Doctor, he's Dead.

Tick. How, Madam! Dead! impossible.

Lys. We were so ignorant as to believe so, Doctor, and have Bury'd him.

Sir P. Peace, Impertinence——and pray, Gentlemen, to your Debates out of hand, and tho' it be not the Custome to Fee you first, yet to make everything easy [*gives Fees*]. And now, Gentlemen, we'll leave you.

Lys. Tho' I shan't understand their Latin, and their hard words, I've a mind to over-hear these wise men. [*Exit Sir Patient.*

Tick. Come, Gentlemen, shall we sit?

Cau. Pray, Doctor.

Tick. No ceremony, but the matter in hand. [*Sit.*

Enter DOCTOR MEDLEY, *in a heat.*

Medley. A rogue, a villain—was ever man served thus?

Om. Doctor yours, what's the matter?

Med. The matter, Gentlemen, never was Physician us'd so by a Rascally Apothecary—I had a Patient in my hands three quarters of a year, and this slave has cur'd him in two days.

Tick. An impudent Rascal!

Med. Gentlemen, will you credit me—to serve this ungrateful fellow I have made Bills more like a Taylors, than a Doctors—prescrib'd the Bark to every Body, because he had bought a quantity of it, and made

my Patients Dye with the Physick in their mouths—nay, have Prescrib'd after I knew they were dead—and to meet with this return at last!

Lys. This is an excellent fellow. [*Aside.*

Cau. These Apothecaries will ruin us.

Med. But not to Interrupt you, Gentlemen.

Enter SIR PATIENT.

Sir P. Doctor Medley, I heard you were come—have you seen my daughter?

Med. Yes, yes, I look'd in.

Sir P. Then, here Doctor. [*Gives money.*

Med. Sir, you oppress me——.

Sir P. And Gentlemen, to your consultation, I'll disturb you no more. [*Exit.*

[*They sit, after some ceremony of coughing.*]

Lys. Now for the grave consultation. [*Aside.*

Med. You wou'd not think, Gentlemen, what a wonderful creature a horse is.

Lys. How's that. [*Aside.*

Med. I laid upon the Scotch Gelding this meeting, he Ran a four mill course in eight minutes.

Tick. Wonderful.

Cau. There's certainly in all creatures, the same difference as amongst men.

Med. As your Nobles, and Commoners and slaves, I make account now, the Brutes that drag me, are on a level with tradesmen.

Tick. And my Pad Nag with an Esquire.

Lys. This indeed is Physic—I have enough. [*Aside, exit.*

Ref. Morbleau! We consulta just so in France. [*Aside.*

Cau. My favourite Horse Codshead has Languish'd a great while with a strain in his Back.

Med. Ay, nothing will recover that Beast but the Cortex or a Steel course, I cur'd my *Lord Washy t'* other day of the same Distemper.

Tick. Why really if it were not for destroying so useful an animal, we might make fine experiments and improve as much as we do upon human Bodies.

Ref. Me be against dat, for if de Physician turn de Farryer, *morbleau* de Farryer will turn de Physician.

Cau. But to the purpose—what is your opinion Gentlemen of *Doctor Worthy's* way of Practice? he always prescribes and never will consult as we do.

Om. Wrong Sir, wrong Sir.

Ref. The formality, be the chief Business.

Med. Certainly—and to break thro' that will destroy all Physick—I never yield to it—I was sent for t' other day with four other Doctors to my *Lady Swallowdrugs*, who was at the last Extremity, and her

Friends wou'd have had us order'd something immediately, but Sacred to our Rule, I wou'd do nothing before we consulted, and the Patient Dy'd bravely in the midst of our Debate.

Cau. Which will serve for the Instruction of the Living, to send for Physicians in time.

Tick. Right, right, a Dead Man is but a Dead man, but a Formality neglected is a Prejudice to the whole Body of Physicians.

F, Page 212.

Mrs Behn in *Sir Patient Fancy* (Act v., Scene 1), has imitated the consultation from Molière's *Love is the best Doctor* (Act ii., Scene 2), but has modified and amplified it; besides this the physicians consult about, and in the presence of a hypochondriack, Sir Patient Fancy, and not about a young girl, who pretends to be ill, as in the French play.

Enter LODWICK, MONSIEUR TURBOON, FAT DOCTOR, AMSTERDAM, LEYDEN, SIR CREDULOUS.

Sir Patient. Doctor Turboon, Your servant, I expected you not this two hours.

Turboon. Nor had ee com Sir, bot for dese wordy Gentelmen, whos affairs wode not permit dem to come at your hour.

Sir P. Are they *English*, pray?

Tur. Dis is, Sir [*pointing to Lodwick*] an admirable Physician, and a rare Astrologer.—Dis speaks good *English*, bot a *Colender* born.

[*Points to Sir Credulous.*

Sir Credulous. Does the fellow call me a Cullender?

Lodwick. He means a *High dutch-man* of the town of *Collen*, Sir.

Sir P. Sir, I have heard of your Fame—Doctor, pray entertain these Gentlemen till my return, I'll be with you presently.

Lod. Sir, I hope you go not forth to-day. [*Gazing on his Face.*

Sir P. Not far, Sir.

Lod. There is a certain Star has rul'd this two days, Sir, of a very malignant Influence to Persons of your Complexion and Constitution. —Let me see—within this two hours and six minutes, its Malice will be spent, till then it will be fatal.

Sir P. Hum, reign'd this two days?—I profess and things have gone very cross with me this two days—a notable Man this. . . .

Lod. If it be more than Health or Life, I beg your pardon, Sir.

Sir P. Nay, no Offence, Sir, I beseech you, I'll stay, Sir.

L. Fancy. . . . Would you have my dear venture out, when a malignant Star reigns! not for the world.

Sir P. No, I'll not stir; had it been any Star but a malignant Star, I had waited on your Ladyship: but these malignant Stars are very pernicious Stars. . . .

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady has sent for you.

Lod. Sir, I'll be with you presently; *Sir Credulous*, be sure you lug him by the Ears with any sort of Stuff till my return. I'll send you a friend to keep you in countenance.

Sir P. Please you to sit, Gentlemen!

Amst. Please you, Sir, [*To Sir Cred., who bows and runs back.*

Sir C. Oh Lord, sweet Sir, I hope you do not take me——Nay, I beseech you, Noble Sir——Reverend Sir.

[*Turning from one to t'other.*

Leyd. By no means, Sir, a stranger.

Sir C. I beseech you—*Scavantissimi Doctores*,—incomparable Sir,—and you—or you.

Fat D. In troth, Sir, these compliments are needless, I am something corpulent, and love my ease. [*Sits.*

Sir C. Generous Sir, you say well; therefore *Conlicentia*, as the *Grecians* have it.

Amst. Brother——

Leyd. Nay, good Brother,—*Sir Patient*——

Sir P. Ingeniously, not before you, Mr Doctor.

Leyd. Excuse me, Sir, an Alderman, and a Knight.

Sir P. Both below the least of the learned Society.

Leyd. Since you will have it so.

[*All sit and cry hum, and look gravely.*

Sir C. Hum—hum, most worthy, and most Renowned—*Medicinae Professores, qui hic assemblati estis, &c., et vos altra Mesioris;* I am now going to make a Motion for the publick Good of us all, but will do nothing without your Doctorships Approbation.

Sir P. Judiciously concluded.

Sir C. The question then is, *Reverentissimi Doctores*, whether—for mark me, I come to the matter in hand, hating long Circumstances of words; there being no necessity, as our learned Brother *Rabelais* observes in that most notorious Treatise of his call'd *Garagantua*, there is, says he, no necessity of going over the Hedge when the Path lies fair before ye; therefore, as I said before, I now say again, coming to my Question; for as that admirable *Welch* Divine says, in that so famous Sermon of his, upon her Creat Cranfather Hadam and her Creat Cranmother Heeve concerning the Happell—and her will, warrant her, her will keep her to her Text still——so I stick close to my question, which is, *Illustrissimi Doctores*, whether it be not necessary to the affair in hand—to take—a Bottle; and if your Doctorships are of my opinion ——hold up your Thumbs. [*All hold up their Thumbs*]——Look Sir, you observe the Votes of the learned *Cabalists.*

Sir P. Which shall be put in Act forthwith—I like this man well, he does nothing without mature Deliberation.

Enter BRUNSWICK.

Brun. By your leaves, Gentlemen—*Sir Credulous*—— [*Whispers.*

Sir C. Oh—'tis *Lodwick's* friend, the Rascal's dress'd like *Vanderbergen* in the *Strand:*——*Sir Patient*—pray know this glorious Doctor, Sir.

Sir P. A Doctor, Sir?

Sir C. A Doctor, Sir! yes, and as eloquent a Doctor, Sir, as ever set Bill to Post: why, 'tis—the incomparable—*Brunswick,* High-*Dutch* Doctor.

Sir P. You're welcome, Sir,—Pray sit; ah—well, Sir, you are come to visit a very crazy sickly Person, Sir.

Brun. Pray let me feel your Pulse, Sir;——what think you, Gentlemen, is he not very far gone?—— [*Feels his Pulse, they all feel.*

Sir C. Ah, far, far.——Pray, Sir, have you not a certain wambling Pain in your stomach, Sir, as it were, Sir, a—a pain, Sir.

Sir P. Oh very great, Sir, especially in a morning fasting.

Sir C. I knew it . . . , Sir——and are you not troubled with a Pain in your Head, Sir?

Sir P. In my Head, Sir?

Sir C. I mean a—kind of a—Pain,—a kind of a—*Vertigo,* as the Latins call it; and a *Whirligigoustiphon,* as the *Greeks* have it, which signifies in *English,* Sir, a Dizzie-swimming kind—of a do ye see—a thing—that—a—you understand me.

Sir P. Oh intolerable, intolerable!—why, this is a rare man!

Fat D. Your Reason, Sir, for that? [*To Sir Cred.*

Sir C. My Reason, Sir! why, my Reason, Sir, is this, *Haly* the *Moore,* and *Rabbi Isaac,* and some thousands more of learned *Dutchmen,* observe your dull wall Eye and your whir—*Whirligigoustiphon,* to be inseparable.

Brun. A most learned Reason!

Fat D. Oh Sir, inseparable.

Sir C. And have you not a kind of a—something—do ye mark me . . . —a—do ye conceive me, I have forgot the *English* Term, Sir, but in *Latin* 'tis a *Stronggullionibus.*

Sir P. Oh, Sir, most extremely! 'tis that which makes me desperate, Sir.

Sir C. Your ugly face is an infallible sign: your *Dysurie,* as the *Arabicks* call it, and your ill-favour'd countenance, are constant Relatives.

All. Constant, constant.

Sir C. Pray how do you eat, Sir?

Sir P. Ah, Sir, there's my distraction. Alas, Sir, I have the weakest stomach—I do not make above four meals a-day, and then indeed I eat heartily—but alas, what's that to eating to live!—nothing, Sir, nothing——

Sir C. Poor Heart, I pity him.

Sir P. And between meals, good wine, sweatmeats, caudles, cordials, and mirabilises, to keep up my fainting Spirits.

Sir C. . . . An the whole bench were such notable swingers, 'twou'd famish the City sooner than a Siege.

Amst. Brothers, what do you think of this man?

Leyd. Think, Sir? I think his case is desperate.

Sir C. Shaw, Sir, we shall soon rectify the quiblets and quillities of his Blood, if he observes our Directions and Diet, which is to eat but once in four or five days.

Sir P. How, Sir, eat but once in four or five days? such a Diet, Sir, would kill me; alas, Sir, kill me.

Sir C. Oh no, Sir, no; for look ye, Sir, the case is thus, do you mind me—so that the business lying so obvious, do ye see, there is a certain Method, do ye marke me—in a——Now, Sir, when a man goes about to alter the course of Nature—the case is very plain, you may as well arrest the Chariot of the Sun, or alter the Eclipses of the Moon; for, Sir, this being of another nature, the nature of it is to be unnatural, you conceive me, Sir?—therefore we must crave your absence, Sir, for a few minutes, till we have debated this great Affair.

Sir P. With all my heart, Sir, since my case is so desperate, a few hours were not too much. [*Exit Sir Patient.*

Sir C. Now, Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Enter FANNY.

Fan. Oh, living heart! what do all these Men do in our House? sure they are a sort of new-fashioned Conventiclers. I'll hear 'em preach. [*They drink round the while.*

Amst. Sir, my service to you, and to your good Lady, Sir.

Leyd. Again to you, Sir, not forgetting your Daughters: they are fine Women, Sir, let Scandal do its worst. [*Drinks.*

Brun. Faith it goes baldly on, I had the weekly Bill, and 'twas a very thin Mortality; some of the better sort die indeed, that have good round Fees to give.

Tur. Verily, I have not kill'd above my five or six this week.

Brun. How, Sir, kill'd?

Tur. Kill'd, Sir! ever whilst you live, especially those who have the grand . . . for 'tis not for a man's Credit to let the Patient want an Eye or a Nose, or some other thing. I have kill'd ye my five or six dozen a week——but times are hard.

Brun. I grant ye, Sir, your Poor for Experiments and Improvement of Knowledge: and to say truth, there ought to be such Scavengers as we to sweep away the Rubbish of the Nation.

[*Sir Cred. and Fat Doctor seeming in Discourse.*

Sir C. Nay, and you talk of a Beast, my service to you, Sir [*Drinks*]. Ay, I lost the finest Beast of a Mare in all *Devonshire*.

Fat D. And I the finest Spaniel, Sir. [*Here they all talk together till you come to* purpose, Sir.]

Tur. Pray, what News is there stirring?

Brun. Faith, Sir, I am one of those Fools that never regards whether *Lewis* or *Philip* have the better or the worst.

Tur. Peace is a great Blessing, Sir, a very great Blessing.

Brun. You are i' th' right, Sir, and so my service to you, Sir.

Leyd. Well, Sir, *Stetin* held out nobly, tho the Gazettes are various.

Amst. There's a world of men kill'd they say; why, what a shame 'tis so many thousands should die without the help of a Physician.

Leyd. Hang 'em, they were poor Rogues, and not worth our killing; my service to you, Sir, they'll serve to fill up Trenches.

Sir C. Spaniel, Sir! no man breathing understands Dogs and Horses better than my self.

Fat D. Your pardon for that, Sir.

Sir C. For look ye, Sir, I'll tell you the Nature of Dogs and Horses.

Fat D. So can my groom and Dog-keeper; but what's this to the purpose, Sir? [*Here they leave off.*

Sir C. To th' purpose, Sir! good Mr *Hedleburgh*, do you understand what's to the purpose? you're a *Dutch* Butter-ferkin, a Kilderkin, a Double Lug.

Fat D. You're an ignorant Blockhead, Sir.

Sir C. You lye, Sir, and there I was with you again.

Amst. What, quarrelling, Men of your Gravity and Profession.

Sir C. That is to say, Fools and Knaves: pray, how long is't since you left Toping and Naping, for Quacking, good Brother Cater-tray, ——but let, that pass, for I'll have my Humour, and therefore will quarrel with no man, and so I drink. [*Goes to fill again.*

Brun. But what's all this to the Patient, Gentlemen?

Sir C. Ay,—the Wine's all out,—and Quarrels apart, Gentlemen, as you say, what do you think of our Patient? for something I conceive necessary to be said for our Fees.

Fat D. I think unless he follows our Prescriptions he's a dead man.

Sir C. Ay, Sir, a dead man.

Fat D. Please you to write, Sir, you seem the youngest Doctor. [*To Amst.*

Amst. Your Pardon, Sir, I conceive there may be younger Doctors than I at the Board.

Sir C. A fine Punctilio this, when a man lies a dying [*Aside*]. Sir, you shall excuse me, I have been a Doctor this 7 years.

[*They shove the Pen and Paper from one to the other.*

Amst. I commenc'd at *Paris* twenty years ago.

Leyd. And I at *Leyden*, almost as long since.

Fat D. And I at *Barcelona*, thirty.

Sir C. And I at *Padua*, Sir.

Fat D. You at *Padua?*

Sir C. Yes, Sir, I at *Padua;* why, what . . . do ye think I never was beyond Sea?

Brun. However, Sir, you are the youngest Doctor, and must write.

Sir C. I will not lose an inch of my Dignity.

Fat D. Nor I.

Amst. Nor I.

Leyd. Nor I. [*Put the Paper from each other.*

Brun. Death, what Rascals are these?

Sir C. Give me the Pen——here's ado about your *Paduas* and Punctillios. [*Sets himself to write.*

Amst. Every morning a Dose of my Pills . . . *quecrusticon*, or the Amicable Pill.

Sir C. Fasting?

Leyd. Every Hour sixscore drops of *Adminicula Vitæ.*

Sir C. Fasting, too? [*Sir Cred. writes still.*

Fat D. At Night twelve Cordial Pills, *Gallimofriticus.*

Tur. Let Blood once a week, a Glister once a day.

Brun. Cry Mercy, Sir, you 're a *French* man.——After his first sleep, threescore restorative Pills, call'd *Cheatus Redivivus.*

Sir C. And lastly, fifteen spoonfuls of my *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*, as often as 'tis necessary; little or no Breakfast, no Dinner, and go Supperless to Bed.

Fat D. Hum, your Aqua *Tetrachymagogon?*

Sir C. Yes, Sir, my *Tetrachymagogon;* for look ye, do you see, Sir, I cur'd the Arch-Duke of *Strumbulo* of a *Gondileero*, of which he dy'd, with this very *Aqua Tetrachymagogon.*

Enter SIR PATIENT.

Sir P. Well, Gentlemen, am I not an intruder?

Fat D. Sir, we have duly consider'd the state of your Body; and are now about the Order and Method you are to observe.

Brun. Ay, this Distemper will be the occasion of his Death.

Sir C. Hold, Brothers, I do not say the occasion of his Death; but the occasional cause of his death. [*Sir Pat. reads the Bill.*

Sir P. Why, here's no time allow'd for eating, Gentlemen.

Amst. Sir, we' ll justify this Prescription to the whole College.

Leyd. If he will not follow it, let him die.

All. Ay, let him die.

Enter LODWICK *and* LEANDER.

Lod. What have you consulted without me, Gentlemen? [*Lod. reads the Bill.*

Sir P. Yes, Sir, and find it absolutely necessary for my Health, Sir, I shou'd be starv'd: and yet you say I am not sick, Sir. [*To Lean.*

Lod. Very well, very well.

Sir P. No Breakfast, no Dinner, no Supper?

Sir C. Little or none, but none's best.

Sir P. But, Gentlemen, consider, no small thing.

All. Nothing, nothing.

Sir C. Sir, you must write for your Fee. [*To Lod.*

Lod. Now I think on't, Sir, you may eat [*Writes*] a roasted Pippin cold upon a vine-leaf, at night.

Lean. Do you see, Sir, what damn'd canting Rascals these Doctors are?

Sir P. Ay, Ay, if all doctors were such, ingeniously, I shou'd soon be weary of Physick.

Lean. Give 'em their Fees, Sir, and send them to the Devil for a company of cheats.

Sir P. Truth is, there is no faith in 'em,—well I thank you for your Care and Pains. [*Gives 'em Fees.*

Sir C. Sir, if you have any occasion for me, I live at the red-colour'd Lanthorn, with eleven candles in't, in the *Strand;* where you may come in privately, and need not be ashamed, I having no creature in my house but my self, and my whole Family. [*Exeunt.*

Ick quam van Neder Landt te spreken
End helpen van . . . end ander gebreken.

That's a top of my Bill, sweet Sir,

Fan. Lord, Sir Father, why do you give 'em money?

Lean. For talking nonsence this Hour or two upon his Distemper.

Fan. Oh, lemini, Sir, they did not talk one word of you, but of Dogs and Horses, and of Killing folks, and of their Wives and Daughters; and when the Wine was all out, they said they wou'd say something for their fees.

Sir P. Say you so?—Knaves, Rogues, Cheats, Murderers! I'll be reveng'd on 'em all,—I'll ne'er be sick again,—or if I be, I'll die honestly of my self without the assistance of such Rascals—go, get you gone.

G, Page 214.

Bickerstaffe in *Dr Last in his Chariot,* (Act i., Scenes 10, 11, 12), has imitated the Consultation Scene from Molière's *Love is the best Doctor.* Lisette is called Prudence, and the physicians come to consult upon Ailwou'd's case, instead of that of a young girl's.

Prudence. Sir, there are three doctors below, in the parlour, that were to call upon you this morning.

Ailwou'd. Ay, they are come to consult upon my case. I'm sorry I spoke to them; but it's too late now.

Pru. And there's another gentleman at the door in a chariot, with Mr Trash the bookseller, who desired me to tell you he had brought Dr Last.

Ail. I hope the gentlemen in the parlour did not see him.

Pru. No, Sir, no.

Ail. Very well, then show the physicians up. Do you, my love, go

and entertain Dr Last till I can come to you.—I will dispatch these as soon as I can; but one must keep up the forms of civility.

AILWOU'D, DR COFFIN, DR SKELETON, DR BULRUDDERY.

Coffin. Mr Ailwou'd, your servant. I have obey'd your commands you see; and am come, with my brothers Skeleton and Bulruddery, to have a consultation upon your case. How do you find yourself this morning?

Ail. Pray, gentlemen, be seated.—Why, really, doctor, I find myself but very indifferent.

Skel. How do you sleep, Sir?

Ail. Very indifferently, doctor; chiefly broken slumbers.

Bul. And pray how is your appetite?

Ail. Indifferent, very indifferent, indeed. I have made shift to get down a couple dishes of chocolate this morning in bed; about two hours after I had some tea and toast with my wife; just now I swallow'd, with much difficulty, a bason of soup; and I believe I shall hardly take any more till dinner.

Skel. But, Mr Ailwou'd, what are your chief complaints?

Ail. Really, doctor, I am afraid my disorder is a complication. Sometimes I think it is the gout, and sometimes the rheumatism, sometimes the dropsy, and sometimes, I feel myself in a high fever: however, gentlemen, Dr Coffin, here, has been long my good friend and physician, and, by the help of the intelligence he can give you about my constitution, your art and experience may perhaps enable you to find out what's the matter with me; so I leave you to your consultation. Gentlemen, your servant [*Ailwou'd feeing the doctors as he goes out, drops a guinea*] Stay, doctor, I'll take it up for you.

Skel. Sir, I thank you;—but I think there was another dropt.

Ail. No, there wasn't.

Skel. Why, I have but two.

Ail. But two!—Oh! oh! [*Gives him another.*

DR COFFIN, DR SKELETON, DR BULRUDDERY, *sitting down with great ceremony, then, after a short silence.*

Skel. Brother Coffin, shall I trouble you for a pinch of your—[*taking snuff*] Havannah? I see——

Cof. Brought me from thence by a captain who assisted in taking the place.

Skel. [*Sneezes*] Devilish strong.

Bul. I have often, Dr Skeleton, had it in my head to ask some of the faculty, what can be the reason that, when a man happens to sneeze all the company bow?

Skel. Sneezing, Dr Bulruddery, was a mortal symptom that attended a pestilential disease, which formerly depopulated the republic of Athens; ever since, when the convulsion occurs, a short ejaculation is offered up,

that the sneezing or sternuting party may not be afflicted with the same distemper.

Bul. Upon my conscience a very learned account! Ay, and a very civil institution too. I can't help thinking, doctor, but the gentlemen of our profession must thrive much better in them these foreign parts than at home: Now, because why, one hears of plagues and pestilences, and such like kind of disorders, that attack a whole nation at once. Now, here, you know, we are obliged to pick up patients one by one, just as a body can get them.

Cof. Ay, doctor; and since the great increase of this town, the sick lie so scattered that one pair of horses are scarce sufficient for a physician but in moderate practice.

Skel. True; why, there was yesterday, the first pulse I felt belonged to a lad with the measles in Dean's Yard, Westminster, from thence I set out between seven and eight, my wig fresh powdered and my horses in spirits; I turned at Charing Cross for the New Buildings; then ran through the Holborn division, crossed the Fleet-market, and penetrated into the city as far as Whitechapel; then made a short trip to the wife of a salesman, who had the gout in her stomach, at Wapping; from thence returned through Cornhill, Temple Bar, and the Strand, and finished my last prescription, between five and six, for a tradesman in Cockspur Street, who had burst a vein in hallooing at the Brentford election.

Bul. Upon my conscience, a long tour.

Skel. Long! Why, upon the most moderate calculation, I could not, before I sat down to my soup, have run up less than thirty pair of stairs; and my horses must have trotted, taking in cross-streets and turnings, at least eighteen miles and three-quarters.

Bul. Without doubt. But you was talking of Brentford?—Don't you look upon a contested election as a good thing to the faculty, doctor?

Skel. If you mean to us of the college, Dr Bulruddery, little or nothing; if, indeed, there should happen to be warm work at the hustings, the corporation of surgeons may pick up some practice; though I don't look upon any of these public transactions as of any great use to our body in general. Lord Mayor's Day, indeed, has its merit.

Cof. Yes; that turns to account.

Skel. Dr Doseum and I were making, t'other morning at Batson's, a short calculation of what value that festival might be to the whole of the physical tribe.

Bul. Is it a secret to what you made it amount?

Skel. Why, what with colds caught on the water before dinner, repletion and indigestion at dinner, inebriety after dinner (not to mention the ball in the evening), we made that day and its consequences; for, you know, there are fine foundations laid for future disorders, especially if it turns out an easterly wind——

Bul. Does that make any difference?

Skel. Infinite; for when they come out of the hall, in a fine perspiration, from the heat of the room and exercise, should the winds miss them in crossing Cateaton Street, it's sure to lay hold of them in turning the corner into Cheapside——

Cof. Without doubt.

Skel. We estimated the whole profit to physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, chemists, druggists, and nurses at eleven thousand, six hundred, seventy-three pounds, fourteen shillings, and threepence three farthings.

H, Page 214.

Swiney, in *The Quacks* (Act ii., end), has imitated this scene from Molière's *Love is the best Doctor.*

Enter SIR PATIENT.

Sir P. Gentlemen, my daughter grows very bad, and I beg you to tell me what you have Resolved on.

Cau. Come, Gentlemen.

Med. Sir, with Submission.

Ref. *Pardonnez moy*—Monsieur *Ticklepurse.*

Tick. Doctor *Pauvre Hugonot,* I always am civil to Foreigners.

Sir P. I beseech you, Gentlemen, lay aside Ceremony, and consider the occasion.

Tick. } —The Distemper.
Cau. }

Tick. Sir.

Cau. Pardon me.

Tick. Sir, we have been in earnest Consultation about your Daughter, and her Distemper is certainly the Vapours to a great degree, and if she do's not Bleed, she's a dead woman.

Sir P. Ha—her mother was troubl'd with Vapours.

Cau. Sir, her Distemper is the Stone—and I have the only Nostrum in *England* that can help her; I have remov'd Stones from Women, as big as my two Fists.

Sir P. Haw—Now I think on't, her Grandmother was troubl'd with the Gravel, and my Aunt *Martha* had a stone taken out that my Uncle wore in a Thumb Ring.

Cau. And if care ben't taken to remove it, she'll dye.

Ref. Just the contrary, Sir, her disease be de Green-sickness, and de only cure upon Earth be dis—take of Antimony.

Sir P. The Green Sickness, Doctor!

Med. Sir *Patient,* Heark'e, to deal Friendly with you, for in these cases, a man must tell his Mind; your Daughter's Distemper is [*Whispers*] and if she don't take a dozen or two of my Vomits, she's an undone woman.

Sir P. How, Doctor! I have kept her under Lock and Key all her Life.

Med. That may be; I can't say whose fault 'tis—she has it that's certain—'Tis in her Blood—think—

Sir P. Ha! Let me see, there was a Baggage about, Sixteen years ago—but sure, Doctor, it can't be.

Ref. Sir, believe me, your Daughter have de Green-sickness, and if de proper medicine be not apply, she be Lost.

Sir P. Do you think so?

Cau. I say, Sir *Patient*, 'tis the Stone—you know her Grandmother had it before her.

Sir P. Very True.

Tick. And her Mother the Vapours; consider that.

Sir P. I don't know what to say, nor what Resolution to take, divided 'twixt so jarring opinions.

I, Page 216.

Bickerstaffe, in *Dr Last in his Chariot*, (Act i., Scenes 13, 14), has partly imitated the fourth and fifth scenes of the Second Act of Molière's play as follows:

DR COFFIN, DR SKELETON, DR BULRUDDERY, and AILWOU'D.

Ailwou'd. Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this interruption; but you have been consulting upon my case, and I have some particular reasons for coming thus suddenly, to desire to know what opinion you have yet been able to form.

Coffin. [*To Skeleton*] Come, Sir.

Skeleton. No, Sir; pray do you speak.

Cof. Before my senior! Pray excuse me.

Skel. [*To Bulruddery*] Doctor——

Bulruddery. The devil burn myself if I do.

Ail. Nay; pray, gentlemen, leave these ceremonies; and, if you have been able to form any opinion, instruct me.

Cof. Why, really, sir, to tell you the truth—Brother Skeleton.

Skel. We have not yet, with all the observations we have been able to make upon your case and complaints—I say, Sir—and, after the most abstruse disquisitions, we have not as yet been able—to form any opinions at all.

Ail. Well, this is all I want to be acquainted with, because, if you have not been able to form any opinion, I have been happy enough to meet with a physician that has—Pray, Sir, do me the favour to walk in here.

DR COFFIN, DR SKELETON, DR BALRUDDERY, AILWOU'D, DR LAST.

Ail. This, gentlemen, is Dr Last, and he assures me that my disorder is a confirmed jaundice.

Doctors. A jaundice!—ha, ha, ha!

Dr Last. What do you grin at?—I says he has the jaunders, and I'll

uphold it.—I'll lay you fifty pounds he has the janders, and the gentleman shall hold the stakes himself.

Cof. Well, but Mr Ailwou'd this is altogether ridiculous. Did you ever see a man of your colour with the jaundice!

Ail. Why, that's true; [*Turning to Last*] every one tells me that I have a very florid complexion; now the jaundice gives a yellow hue: will you be so good as explain that?

Dr L. Well, so I can, but not for the doctors.—If I does it, it's all entirely to oblige you.

Skel. We shall hear how the impudent rascal will bring himself off.

Dr L. There are two sorts of jandars; the yallar and the grey.

Bul. The black, I believe you mean, honey.

Dr L. No; I don't.

Cof. But you must, Sir; there is no such thing as the grey jaundice.

Skel. Oh! gentlemen, the doctor means the iron-gray, and that's almost black, you know.

Dr L. They only does this to put me out now, because I'm no collegian.

Ail. Well, pray, doctors, go on with your explanation.

Dr L. Well, I says then; [*To Ailwou'd, who turns about for something*] I won't talk without you minds;—the yallar janders, I say, is ——the yallar jaunders is, as if so be——

Cof. Why, you were talking of the grey jaundice this moment.

Dr L. No, I wasn't; I didn't say a word of the grey janders—Did I, Mr Ailwou'd?—It's the jallar jandars.—I knows well enough what I'm about, if you'll let me alone.

Cof. Well, what of the *yallar janders?*

Dr L. Why, I won't tell you—I won't say a word more now; if you thinks to profit, you're mistaken; you shan't learn nothing from me.

Cof. You're a . . . impudent fellow.

Dr L. I does my cures no purchase no pay; and which of you can say that? [*Turning to Ailwou'd*] Many a one of them comes to ax my advice and assistance, when they don't know what to do themselves.

Cof. Come, come, friend, we know you.

Dr L. Well, and I know you.—Pray, Dr Coffin, didn't you attend one Mrs Greaves, a tallow-chandler's widow, that lodg'd at the pork-shop in Fetter Lane; and didn't she send for me after you gave her over?

Cof. Yes, and she died in two days.

Dr L. Well,—so she did;—but that was no fault of mine; she should have sent for me first. What could I do for her after you had killed the poor dear soul?

Cof. But, Mr Ailwou'd, we are come here to consult upon your case; and if you permit us, we are willing.

Ail. O! nothing I desire so much, and, to assist you, I'll leave this gentleman; he may give you further reasons for what he advances.

Skel. What, Sir, do you think we'll consult with a quack?

Bul. Ay, do you think we 'll be after consulting with a quack?

Dr L. I'm no quack—I have been regularly submitted; and I'll prosecute you for your words in Westminster Hall.

Cof. Mr Ailwou'd, we are your humble servants.

Ail. Well, but, gentlemen, your fees; you'll return them, I hope.

Cof. Return our fees, Sir!

Bul. Return our fees! Arrah, is the man mad?

Skel. Sir, it is a thing entirely out of the course of practice, we wish you a good morning.

AILWOU'D, LAST.

Ail. Why then, gentlemen, your servant, and good morning to you. Let them go; I'm glad we have got rid of them at any rate.

Dr L. Here, you Coffin——

Ail. Pray let him alone now.

J, Page 224.

Swiney, in *The Quacks* (Act v., Scene 1), has nearly imitated literally this sixth scene of the last act from Molière's *Love is the best Doctor*, but Clitander and Lucinde are married on the stage by a priest, put into livery.

Enter SIR PATIENT, CLITANDER, LYSETTE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Lys. Here's your patient Doctor, now try your skill upon her, and show a Remedy that is not in the Dispensary—come Uncle let's leave 'em together.

Sir P. No, no, I'll stay.

Lys. Indeed you shan't Uncle, why he has Questions to put to her that are not proper for you to hear—a Physician may be as free with a woman as her Midwife, and we often converse with him as a Doctor, without considering he's a man.

Sir P. That's a tickelish point, Cousin, and for the security of our Wives and Daughters, If my Advice might be taken, I'd have none Practice Physick, but those that were Qualify'd for Queristers.

Lys. Then you might keep 'em for your own use. [*Sir Patient and Lysette retire.*

Clit. How lucky has been our Stratagem! You see Madam, these moments are not to be lost, do you but favour the deceipt and I am Happy——.

Luc. Alass! what farther Happiness can you hope, but this of being near me.

Clit. To be for ever near you.

Luc. How's that Possible?

Clit. If I can Conjure up a Priest and Notary, and make your Father himself, as much as he 's against it, present you to me in marriage, what wou'd you say?

Luc. Yes! yes! yes! yes!

Clit There's Eloquence enough in that word to move a Hermit !——

Sir P. Ha ! methinks they 'r very close. [*To Lysette.*

Lys. Oh that is to observe her Phisiognomy and the Lines of her face—in some cases he must be Closer yet, before he do 's any good.

Sir P. Is 't Possible ?

Luc. The Pleasure rises with the Hope, but I'm afraid I shan 't be able to keep my Countenance, and if my Father shou 'd see thro' it, all's undone again.

Clit. Don't think of the Devil, and he won't appear.

Sir P. Ha ! she smiles, I must go to 'em. Well Doctor, I perceive your Patient is altered.

Clit. You must observe, Sir, that the Spirit has a mighty Power over the Flesh, and my way is always to cure the mind before I tamper with the Body, in order to which I examine the Lines of the Visage, and Hands, and by the art I have acquired, I find that your Daughters Disease is in her mind, and that the Disorder of it proceeds from a wild Imagination, and a deprav'd desire of being Marryed.

Sir P. A Strange Man this.

Clit. This sort of Madness is very rare, for Marriage it self sends many to *Bedlam*, and I don't wonder at it, I have had from my Childhood a constant Aversion to it.

Sir P. A great Physician !

Clit. But now Sir, the only way of cure is to Flatter the Imagination of the Patient, to strike in with the Disease, and make it accessory to its own Cure.

Lys. As you know Uncle, the surest way to make you hate a thing, is to give you a Surfeit of it.

Clit. I find Sir, that she is reduc'd to an Extremity, and there will be danger if she be not suddainly help'd——I just touched upon her Folly, and told her I came to demand her of her Father in Marriage, when of a sudden her Visage chang'd, her Cheeks bloomed ! her eyes sparkled ! and if you'd but support that Errour for a few hours, you 'll see her perfectly restor'd.

Sir P. Strange——I observ'd it !

Clit. And after that we may apply other Remedies that will confirm her mind, and quite remove that wild Imagination.

Sir P. Right, right the best thing in the world, let's apply it immediately——well Child, here is a Gentleman that wou'd Marry you, and I have given him my consent.

Luc. How Sir, is 't Possible ?

Sir P. Ay my Dear, I agree to it.

Luc. But do you indeed ?

Sir P. Yes, yes, my dear *Lucinda.*

Luc. And you Sir, are willing to be my Husband ?

Clit. Yes Madam, Proud of it.

Luc. And my dear Father consent to it ?

Sir P. I do! I do! my Dear Child.

Luc. How happy am I if this be Real!

Sir P. Ha! ha! poor Fool? [*Aside.*

Clit. Doubt it not Madam, I have been long your Adorer, and Dye with desire to become your Husband, I came hither for that end, and if you wou'd have me speak ingenuously, this Habit is but a Disguise, and I made my self a Doctor for an opportunity to approach you, and to crown my wishes——.

Sir P. He acts it rarely!

Luc. Now give me tender instances of your Esteem, and I'm as sensible as I can be of so generous a Passion.

Lys. Do you mind her!

Sir P. I do! I do! a Pleasant way of Cure! He makes a fool of her to bring her to her wits!

Lys. A common thing! we see Men fool'd out of their Estates at Play, who come to their Senses by that time they're undone, but it vexes me to see a Poor Woman deceived Uncle.

Sir P. Mum! you Rogue.

Luc. But shall he really be my Husband Father?

Sir P. Here, here [*takes her hand*] give yours Sir a little——only to make believe. [*Apart to Clitander.*

Clit. But——.

Sir P. Nay—only to sooth her madness—Here receive her—so now its done—its done! [*Stiffling a laugh.*

Clit. Take then as a Pledge of my Faith this ring.

Luc. Alas Sir, this won't do, we must have the Priest to joyn us and the Notary to draw the writings of what my Father gives with me, or all's nothing.

Sir P. What shall we do now, Doctor? All's spoil'd again.

Clit. Let me see, Sir——I find her Brain is extreamly turn'd, and that she do's not distinguish Persons, I'll possess her that one of my Servants is a Priest, and my Mery-Andrew a Notary.

Sir P. Excellent! Ha, ha, ha!—I shall Dye with the conceit and spoil the Ceremony——

Clit. I never saw this sort of Madness, in such a degree before.

Sir P. Hark'e Doctor, you must know here was a fellow that had a mind to be Nibbling at her, without my consent, one *Clitander.*

Clit. A Rogue!

Sir P. Extravagant Dog! who's Plot upon her knock'd o' the Head in the Nick of time.

Clit. You were certainly in the Right, Sir, and nobody ought to have your daughter, without advising with you about her.

Sir P. No, no, but let us dispatch—Come *Lucinda,* the Doct—— I wou'd say your Lover here has taken care to bring those two Gentlemen with him—Let's in and I'll settle the whole affair to your Satisfaction my Dear.

Luc. I'm overjoy'd, Sir.

Sir P. Poor Soul, ha! ha! I can't bear the Jest. [*To Lysette.*

Lys. This Delusion Succeeds very well upon her, but how will you do to imitate Consummation? A woman must be very mad Uncle, who is to be Deceived in that.

Sir P. Pish, you'r a Fool, a Husband's a Husband.

Lys. Yes, yes, and a Woman's a Woman, Uncle, and you must not depend upon the loss of all her Senses!

Clit. To make it as like a Marriage as possible, we won't fail in the Celebration, I have always Singers and Dancers in my Retinue, on purpose to Amuse the disorders of the mind, and they shall entertain her till she forgets that part of the ceremony.

Sir P. Nothing so Lucky—Let 'em prepare them—do you hear within ——Let the Dancers make Ready—Ha! ha! this is the Pleasantest way of Cure that ever was——along—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Entertainment of Singing and Dancing.

Re-enter SIR PATIENT *and* LYSETTE *follow'd by* CLITANDER *and* LUCINDA, *who kneel down about the middle of the stage, and while they are in that Posture, a Servant brings* CLITANDER'S *Wigg, which he puts on.*

Sir P. Now all's done. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Fool, she's satisfy'd.

Lys. What a wicked Man are you to cheat her So——but what way will you devise to amuse her at Night Uncle?

Sir P. Tell her 'tis the Fashion to have separate Beds, and then, [*Turns and sees 'em kneeling.*

Ha! Bless me, what's here? Where's the Doctor?

Clit. You'll find him in Your Son in Law.

Luc. Your pardon and your blessing, Sir. [*They rise.*

Sir P. Why, Cousin——

Lys. I told you Uncle, he'd bring her to her senses.

Sir P. Ha! and I tell you I'll reduce her to her madness again!—— for this Imaginary Marriage will signify little, that's one comfort—— thou shallow Plotting Lover! Ha! ha! ha! Wise *Clitander!* To think that an Idle Footman's Reading of the Ceremony would be sufficient to make a marriage. Ha! ha! ha! [*Turns to Lysette.*

Cli. 'Twas not Sir, to Dishonour the Church that I put a Priest into Livery, but—— [*Strips the Footman.*

Sir P. Father *Nicholas* how? Is it real then, and am I cheated?

Clit. And I hope the Gravity of the City will not be injur'd by making a Jackpudding of a Notary Public. See Sir, your substantial Friend Mr. Stockjob.

Lys. I told you, Uncle, this Doctor wou'd do wonders!

Sir P. He has made all safe! And 'tis in vain to vex——Harke Sir, since you've made the assurance to marry my Daughter——

Clit. With your consent, Sir, I wou'd not do anything without your approbation.

Sir P. Here's a Rogue!——that your Punishment may have an affinity with your crime, and any Satisfaction be exemplary, never see my face more——till you make me a——Grandfather.

Luc. My Dearest Father!——

Lys. Ha! ha! ha! Right Uncle, why, that's the finishing stroke, the only way to settle her mind, she'd a Relaps'd without it.

Clit. I shall endeavour, Sir, to Deserve your good opinion——

Sir P. Very well! and I'll answer for my Daughter as mad as she is ——and now the Adventure is over——to Fathers, Brothers, Husbands, and all that pretend to Govern Women,

This comfort from the Moral is Convey'd;
In what they like we're sure to be obey'd.

K, Page 227.

Lacy, in *The Dumb Lady* (Act v.), has imitated parts of the second and of the third acts of Molière's *Love is the best Doctor;* but he has evidently not understood the Frenchman's physicians, who certainly would, on no account, have held consultations with a farrier. With the exception of one scene, which could not be transcribed, the following extract forms the greatest part of the fifth act of *The Dumb Lady.* Olinda is the name of the young lady, her father is Gernette; Leander, her lover, an operator who appears as Hurnatio, whilst his brother, Parson Othentick, is disguised as Dr Drench's man, Stirquilitio.

Enter old GERNETTE *with three learned* DOCTORS.

Ger. Gentlemen, I have made bold to send for you again; and though you could not help my child when she was dumb, I hope you may now she is mad.

1 *Doct.* How! Is she mad? and does she speak?

Ger. Yes, sir. A famous and a learned man, of great skill and wonderful knowledge, gave her something, and in a short time she spake, and fell into raving fits of madness, and has ever since continued so; and this he told me would be the effect of what he then did.

2 *Doct.* This is strange.

3 *Doct.* Most wonderful! What was it he gave her, sir?

Ger. Nay, that I know not; but I assure you he said he could make her speak, and told me her disease would turn to madness, and accordingly it has proved so. Nevertheless, gentlemen, I desire you to join with this learned man, and consider how to perfect her cure.

1 *Doct.* Why, sir, you tell us wonders of him. Where did he study?

Ger. I know not; but he seems to be a great traveller, for he talked of Tartar Cham, and of Padua, and Greenland.

2 *Doct.* Tartar Cham and Greenland? This must be a mountebank and a cheat.

Ger. Upon my credit you will not find him so, for he has seen all universities; he is but newly come over, and his name is Doctor Drench.

1 *Doct.* Drench? Why, that's a fitter name for a farrier than a physician!

Ger. Let his name be as strange as it will, he has also strange humours too, for he'll find out men's ignorance presently.

3 *Doct.* I think we were best begone, lest he find out ours.

1 *Doct.* Why, ay, for if he be a chemist, his opinion and ours must needs differ, and consequently not agree in consultation.

2 *Doct.* I am, sir, of your opinion, for I think it *infra dignitatem* to hold consultation with mountebanks.

3 *Doct.* We know not yet, sir, what the man is.

1 *Doct.* If he be a chemist, sir, he is, *eo nomine*, a declared enemy to the Galenical way, to all truth and learning, and a denyer of principles, and therefore not to be consulted with.

2 *Doct.* Right, sir; *contra principia negantem non est disputandum.* He that replies but with submission to *sic dixit Galenus* is not to be looked on as a physician.

3 *Doct.* Pardon me, gentlemen, I have known some chemical physicians learned and rational men; and, although not strict adherers to the Galenical method, proceed with great reason and good success, which, I take it, answers all we can say or do.

2 *Doct.* I profess I think it as bad as murder to cure out of the methodical way. Oh, what satisfaction 'tis to have a patient die according to all the rules of art!

Ger. But, sure, it should satisfy your conscience better to have them live by rules.

2 *Doct.* Come life, come death, to follow rules in your satisfaction; and conscience is no ingredient within the rules of physic, sir.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, the Doctor is come!

Ger. 'Tis well! 'tis well! Gentlemen, to end this dispute, here is a double fee for each; and, pray you, consult with him his way, and be civil in't for my sake.

1 *Doct.* Sir, you and yours here hath prevailed over us.

2 *Doct.* I profess, to serve so worthy and magnificent a person, I would consult with a farrier.

3 *Doct.* A farrier? Nay, for a double fee we would consult with a gunsmith.

Ger. Here he is! pray you salute him.

3 *Doct.* We know how to be civil, sir.

Enter DOCTOR, HURNATIO, STIRQUILUTIO, *and* NURSE.

Ger. Save you, sir!

Doct. I thank you.

3 *Doct.* Save you,

Doct. One save you, sir, is sufficient for all; we learned men should hate compliment—*verba pauca sapiens sapit.*—Was that true Latin, Parson?

Stir. Brave! fear nothing! At them with some question!

Doct. I shall fall into the farrier.—Well, I find, gentlemen, you are professed doctors of physic, and are met to consult the health of a distracted lady? therefore to the point, and avoid your canting words that would stick in a wise man's throat and choke him.

2 *Doct.* But, sir, 'tis necessary we declare ourselves in proper and learned phrases when we discourse either of physic or distempers—*in arte artificialiter loquendum;* and withal, sir, 'tis fit that we of the consultation should withdraw.

Doct. No withdrawing, sir; 'tis not my way. I love persons concerned should hear and see what's done, that they may judge who are doers and who are talkers; and if you affect the vain-glory of learned phrases, my operator Hurnatio and his man Stirquilutio shall dispute you, for with great pains I have enabled them to argue in all tongues, because they know I hate the trouble on't myself.

Stir. Start a question quickly.

Doct. I shall only trouble you with one question or two myself. First, I ask you whether you know the practice of before behind, behind before?

2 *Doct.* Before behind, behind before? Why, that is something belongs to a horse! A farrier or a blacksmith must answer that question . . . .

Stir. You 'll have no need of Latin, Doctor.

Doct. Look you to that, Parson.—And I must tell you I shall spoil the benefit you get by that disease; for I 'll advise every man to plant a guaiacum tree in his orchard, and a leaf of that at any time will cure infallibly; and that 's one of the secrets I will reveal to the world, to spoil the practice of mountebanks, . . . doctors, and bill men.

2 *Doct.* But will that disease be cured with the leaf of a guaiacum tree?

Doct. Ay, sir, as I can order it.

1 *Doct.* Pray you, sir, how will you order it?

Doct. Why, first, sir, I will make you a mash.

3 *Doct.* How, sir, that 's a farrier's phrase again. What mean you by a mash, sir?

Doct. Tell 'em, tell 'em, Stirquilutio, and let not me be troubled to interpret.

Stir. Why, sir, the Doctor is so much read in the Arabian physicians that he often uses their terms. *Masha* in the Arabic is what *quinta essentia* is in the Latin.

Doct. Well helped, Parson.—You wonder at my phrases, and I at your want of Arabic. Now, sir, when any man is troubled with the staggers, we do not cut him and slash him in the forehead as you do your horses.

2 *Doct.* Staggers in a man? With your favour, sir, you have talked all this while liker a farrier than a physician; and I begin to think you are one, sir.

Doct. How shall I get off now?

Stir. Yes, sir, he is a farrier, and an able farrier too; for if you be not good farriers, and good surgeons too, you deserve not the name of doctors.

Hur. And pray you, come to the point concerning our mad patient.

3 *Doct.* 'Tis wonderful that an under-servant to a doctor should have this learning!

2 *Doct.* I doubt whether the master understands so much.

Doct. Say you so, sir? I'll be even with you.—Parson, I'll tell that Doctor he is not well, and whilst I feel his pulse, convey you this cow-itch down his neck. Come hither, sir, I pray you.

2 *Doct.* Your pleasure, sir?

Doct. You are not well, sir.

2 *Doct.* As ever I was in my life, sir.

Doct. Let me feel your pulse. You accuse me of farrier's phrases; I've another farrier phrase for you. You are not well; you are foundered in your body, and it will fall upon your shoulders. First, it will begin with a kind of itching, then into inflammations and catarrhs: therefore, look to't, be rowelled betimes.

2 *Doct.* I slight your opinion, sir.

Doct. Well, mark the end on't, sir. . . .

Olin. Nay, sir, I'll fetter you from running. Doctor, get me a parson. Does none of these grave men belong to the clergy?

2 *Doct.* No madam.

Olin. Run, run and fetch me one; they're never i' th' way when they should do good.

Doct. Stirquilutio, put on the parson's coat quickly. Madam, have patience; the parson will be here presently.

Ger. Why so? Why so, Doctor? Why so!

Doct. To bring your child to herself again. Ask these doctors else.

2 *Doct.* Nay, no doubt they are right, sir, if you obstruct them not. I must have his opinion for my disease too.

Doct. Look you! here is the parson, madam.

Olin. Oh, welcome, sir! Nay, not a word out of your book, but turn to your text of matrimony, and marry us presently; and pray you, let not that old man know we are married.

Doct. No, no, by no means. You must not know, old man, your daughter's to be married.

Ger. Nay, nay, nay, Doctor; Doctor, no jesting with marriage.

Doct. Why, are you jealous of my operator? Alas, poor wretch! Why gentlemen, the man has a wife and four children.

Ger. Has he? And art thou sure of that, Doctor?

Doct. Why, sir, before these gentlemen, if I speak false, degrade me of the dignity of a doctor.

Ger. I believe you, and am satisfied, and now I am as light and airy as a boy.

Olin. Who will be my father, and give me to Leander? I have a mind to this grave gentleman. Do you refuse me, sir?

Doct. No, no, no, madam; go and give her, sir, go. Bless us all, you see what a raging fit she had like to have fallen into.

Ger. Ay, but I do not like; I do not know—I do not like—I do not know what to say to it.

Doct. The devil's in you! Why, you have forgot the fellow's married.

Ger. I had forgot, I had forgot; in troth, I should laugh to see her thus recovered. Why, gentlemen, is not this a strange way to cure madness?

3 *Doct.* It is so, sir; but it seems they have the experience, the practical part, and truly it seems rational.

Doct. Why, sir, if we can but get her to sleep in the belief that she is married to Leander, my life for yours she wakes i' th' morning in her right senses.

2 *Doct.* And sure this back will put me into my wrong senses.

Ger. Ha, ha, ha! I laugh to think, poor girl, how she'll be cozened into her wits again.

Nur. Master, as I live, they're married in earnest! I'll be sworn, with the very same words that I and my husband was.

Ger. Let them alone; 'tis all but jest, Nurse. Why, the apothecary's married, fool, and has four children.

Hur. 'Tis true that he is married, but no four children, sir. . . .

Hur., Olin. Now, sir, we both crave your blessing.

Ger. Well said, Apothecary; thou acts it to the life, i' faith! Gentlemen Doctors, does he not do it well?

Hur. I shall do it better yet. . . .

Ger. . . . There you overact it, 'Pothecary.

Olin. Sir, he is no apothecary, but real Leander, and my lawful husband. . . .

Ger. Why, Doctor, this girl is stark mad still.

Doct. No indeed, she speaks sensibly. What would you have a young woman do . . . when she is married?

Ger. Why, Doctor, thou overacts thy part too!

Doct. In troth, sir, this is neither apothecary, operator, nor Hurnatio, but very Leander; neither is this his man Stirquilutio, but his brother, and a minister in orders, who has lawfully made 'em man and wife.

Ger Oh, this cursed farrier! this cursed villain! Then you are not mad, Lady?

Olin. No, sir; neither was I mad or dumb, but counterfeited both to cozen the Squire and you, sir.

Ger. And you, sir, were Leander when you brought me the letter from Leander?

Lea. Yes, sir.

Ger. And you told me that Leander would steal my daughter, and gave me good counsel to look to her?

Lea. I did so, sir.

Ger. 'Twas good counsel, if I could have taken it. That cursed letter feigned from Leander cozened me; that got them credit with me, spite of my jealousy. Thou art a pretty fellow, I confess, but the most impudent and audacious villain to marry my child against my will, and before my face too, Gentlemen.

Olin. Do you think I'd have been married but in my father's presence? Not for all the world.

Lea. 'Twas love forced us to make this ship, sir.

Ger. . . . That's the end on't! Did not I tell thee all along that thou wouldst cozen me!

Lea. You did so, sir, but love can take no warning.

Ger. For my revenge, I'll to bed and fall desperately sick, make my will, and die, and leave thee ne'er a groat, that thou and thy issue may starve and perish. [*Exit* GERNETTE.

Olin. Fear not, Leander! When this fit is over, he's to be reconciled, fear not!

Doct. Gentlemen Doctors, I hope 'tis no disparagement to you that a poor farrier, by a combination with Nurse, has cured a madwoman.

LE MISANTHROPE.

COMÉDIE.

THE MISANTHROPE.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE).

JUNE 4TH, 1666.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Misanthrope, Molière's masterpiece, according to Voltaire, was first acted on the 4th of June, 1666, at the theatre of the Palais Royal, and, in spite of what has generally been believed, was no complete failure; for it was represented twenty-one consecutive times.[1] It is, however, not to be expected that a comedy like *The Misanthrope* should please the general public as much as a farce. But those who admired noble thoughts, select language, accurate delineations of character, and a perfect and entertaining style, placed this comedy from the very beginning where it is now generally put, with the common consent of all students of sound literature, in the foremost rank of the good comedies of Molière.

The subject of a misanthrope has been treated at all times and in all literatures. Antiquity possessed a proverbial misanthrope, which Plutarch mentions in his *Lives of Illustrious Men* (Timon) in the following words:

"Anthony in the meantime forsook the city and the society of his friends, and retired to a small house which he had built himself near Pharos, on a mound he had cast up in the sea. In this place, sequestered from all commerce with mankind, he affected to live like Timon, because there was a resemblance in their fortunes. He had been deserted by his friends, and their ingratitude had put him out of humour with his own species.

"This Timon was a citizen of Athens, and lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war, as appears from the comedies of Aristophanes and Plato, in which he is exposed as the hater of mankind. Yet, although he hated mankind in general, he caressed the bold and impudent boy Alcibiades, and being asked the reason of this by Apemantus, who ex-

[1] M. E. Despois, in his very accurate book, *Le Théâtre francais sous Louis XIV.*, states that *The Misanthrope* was neither a great success, nor a complete failure. At its first representation, 1447 livres, 10 sous were received, which was a considerable "take" for that time; but from the third representation, the receipts went down to between 600 and 700 livres, and the tenth brought only 212 livres. It is therefore, more than probable that, if this comedy had not been Molière's, and played in his own theatre, it would have been withdrawn. The twenty-first representation took place on a Sunday, when there was generally a good deal of money taken at the door, and brought only 268 livres.

pressed some surprise at it, he answered, it was because he foresaw that he would plague the people of Athens. Apemantus was the only one he admitted to his society, and he was his friend in point of principle. At the feast of sacrifices for the dead, these two dined by themselves, and when Apemantus observed that the feast was excellent, Timon answered, 'It would be so if you were not here.' Once, in an assembly of the people, he mounted the rostrum, and the novelty of the thing occasioned a universal silence and expectation; at length he said, 'People of Athens, there is a fig-tree in my yard, on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves, and as I have determined to build upon the spot, I thought it necessary to give this public notice, that such as choose to have recourse to this tree for the aforesaid purpose may repair to it before it is cut down.'

"He was buried at Halae near the sea, and the water surrounded his tomb in such a manner that he was even then inaccessible to mankind.

"The following epitaph is inscribed on his monument:

'At last, I've bid the knaves farewell;
Ask not my name—but go—to hell.'

"It is said that he wrote this epitaph himself. That which is commonly repeated is by Callimachus.

'My name is Timon, knaves begone!
Curse me, but come not near my stone!'

"These are some of the many anecdotes we have concerning Timon."

In Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead," Dialogue XXIV., Timon is represented as finding fault with Jupiter about his half-heartedness, twitting him with his want of energy, that when they despoiled his temples and robbed him on Olympus, he dared not set the dogs after them, nor call the neighbours to his assistance, and compares his own case with that of Jove. Jupiter does not altogether like this, and wishes to know from Mercury who that dirty fellow is, standing at the foot of Hymettus, abusing him—coming to the conclusion that it must be some philosopher railing against him. Upon being informed by his son who he really is, the Thunderer expresses his surprise and sorrow at the change that has taken place in the condition of the once so wealthy man, and enquires the causes of this decline. "To speak simply," answered Mercury, "benevolence has ruined him, also philanthropy and compassion towards all in need; but to speak truly, folly and simplicity in choosing his friends, who were only so many vultures gnawing his liver, treating him with disdain afterwards, when he was no longer useful, and even pretending not to know his name." Jove now begins to remember Timon in his better days, and chides himself for his neglect in having forgotten him; alleging, however, as the cause, the noise which the perjured and the wicked make around him, not leaving him a moment's leisure to look into Attica. He commands Mercury to take Plutus with him, to seek Timon, and remain with him, even should

he endeavour to drive them from his house by repeating his former acts of benevolence. He also promises revenge upon those who have been ungrateful to Timon when his thunderbolts shall be repaired, which are out of order just then, he having hurled them at the sophist Anaxagoras, who was persuading his disciples that the gods did not exist at all. Plutus refuses to go to Timon because he insulted him, and divided him amongst flatterers and parasites; and begs Jove to send him to those who will appreciate him, and not squander him in benevolence. Jupiter informs Plutus that Timon shall not do so again, having gained experience by his misfortunes; at the same time telling him that he has often complained of different treatment by being completely imprisoned under bars and keys. Plutus gives him to understand that he prefers the middle way, and does not like the greed of some, any more than the lavishness of others. He prepares to go in company with Mercury to find Timon. They meet with him close at hand, digging the soil. Plutus thinks that, surrounded as he is by Labour, Wisdom, Strength, and Fortitude, they cannot do much for him, and wishes them to leave him. Poverty, who is closely attending Timon, resents the intrusion of Plutus and Mercury, telling them that he had formed the man perfectly to his work, which they would only undo again, and Timon also reviles them for having come to disturb him, threatening to strike them. The two gods reveal themselves to him, offering him wealth. Timon tells Plutus to go and hang himself, and offers to smash him to pieces. Plutus intends to depart, Mercury persuades Timon to reconsider his decision, but Timon persists, telling them he has no need of their services, that his spade is wealth enough, and that he will be perfectly happy if but left alone, asking them to convey his thanks to Jupiter for his kind attentions, but persistently refusing to have ought to do with Plutus, ascribing all his misfortunes to the blind god, who offers to defend himself from the accusations, Timon permitting him to do so in a few words only. Timon reluctantly consents to become rich again in obedience to Jupiter, upon which all his parasites anew assemble round him.)

The above sketches fairly represent the idea which antiquity formed of a misanthrope.

Molière's play of *The Misanthrope*, his only comedy which represents courtiers and courtly people, opens with great spirit, and shows us the hero Alceste attacking his friend Philinte for being too lenient and tolerant to the foibles of mankind, whilst the defence of the latter is plausible, perhaps too much so. Then we have Oronte, the high-born but wretched poet, who, offended by Alceste's blunt, honest opinion, goes away fuming and fretting. The coquettish, evil-speaking Célimène, beloved by Alceste, spurns an honest man's affection, through vanity and thoughtlessness, enlivens the comedy, and is finally rewarded and cruelly mortified by being discarded. Such men as Acaste and Clitandre, represent the butterflies of society, fluttering

from one drawing-room to another, but instead of distilling, as from flowers, sweet odours, only carrying venomous poison with glib and smooth small talk. The charming Miss Eliante, whose beauty is enhanced by modest behaviour, finally receives the hand of Philinte.

I think no better delineation has been given of this play than the following one by M. Taine, in his "History of English Literature:"—"A dozen conversations make up the play of *The Misanthrope*. The same situation, five or six times renewed, is the whole of *l'Ecole des Femmes*. These pieces are made out of nothing. They have no need of incidents, they find ample space in the compass of one room and one day, without surprises, without decoration, with an arras and four arm-chairs. This paucity of matter throws out the ideas more clearly and quickly; in fact, their whole aim is to bring those ideas prominently forward; the simplicity of the subject, the progress of the action, the linking together of the scenes,—to this everything tends. At every step clearness increases, the impression is deepened, vice stands out: ridicule is piled up, until, before so many apt and united appeals, laughter forces its way and breaks forth. And this laughter is not a mere outburst of physical amusement; it is the judgment which incites it. The writer is a philosopher, who brings us into contact with a universal truth by a particular example. We understand through him, as through La Bruyère or Nicole, the force of prejudice, the obstinacy of conventionality, the blindness of love. The couplets of his dialogue, like the arguments of their treatises, are but the worked-out proof and the logical justification of a preconceived conclusion. We philosophise with him on humanity; we think because he has thought. And he has only thought thus in the character of a Frenchman, for an audience of French men of the world. In him we taste a national pleasure. French refined and systematic intelligence, the most exact in seizing on the subordination of ideas, the most ready in separating ideas from matter, the most fond of clear and tangible ideas, finds in him its nourishment and its echo. None who has sought to show us mankind, has led us by a straighter and easier mode to a more distinct and speaking portrait. I will add, to a more pleasing portrait,—and this is the main talent of comedy: it consists in keeping back what is hateful; and observe that that which is hateful abounds in the world. As soon as you will paint the world truly, philosophically, you meet with vice, injustice, and everywhere indignation; amusement flees before anger and morality. . . . In *The Misanthrope*, is not the spectacle of a loyally sincere and honest man, very much in love, whom his virtue finally overwhelms with ridicule and drives from society, a sad sight to see? . . . How everything changes under the hand of the mercurial Frenchman! how all this human ugliness is blotted out! how amusing is the spectacle which Molière has arranged for us! how we ought to thank the great artist for having transformed his subject so well! At last we

have a cheerful world, on canvas at least; we could not have it otherwise, but this we have. How pleasant it is to forget truth! what an art is that which divests us of ourselves! what a point of view which converts the contortions of suffering into funny grimaces! Gaiety has come upon us, the dearest possession of a Frenchman. The soldiers of Villars used to dance that they might forget they had no longer any bread. Of all French possessions, too, it is the best. This gift does not destroy thought, but it masks it. In Molière, truth is at the bottom, but concealed; he has heard the sobs of human tragedy, but he prefers not to re-echo them. It is quite enough to feel our wounds smart; let us not go to the theatre to see them again. Philosophy, while it reveals them, advises us not to think of them too much. Let us enliven our condition with the gaiety of easy conversation and light wit, as we would the chamber of sickness. . . . Let Alceste be grumpy and awkward. It is in the first place true, because our more valiant virtues are only the outbreaks of a temper out of harmony with circumstances; but, in addition, it will be amusing. His mishaps will cease to make him the martyr of justice; they will only be the consequences of a cross-grained character. . . . . Molière is the only man who gives us models without getting pedantic, without trenching on the tragic, without growing solemn.

"This model is the 'respectable man,' as the phrase was, Philinte, Ariste, Clitandre, Eraste; there is no other who can at the same time instruct and amuse us. His talent has reflection for its basis, but it is cultivated by the world. His character has honesty for its basis, but it is in harmony with the world. You may imitate him without transgressing either reason or duty; he is neither a coxcomb nor a roisterer. You can imitate him without neglecting your interests or making yourself ridiculous; he is neither an ignoramus nor unmannerly. He has read and understands the jargon of Trissotin and Lycidas, but in order to pierce them through and through, to beat them with their own arguments, to set the gallery in a roar at their expense. He will discuss even morality and religion, but in a style so natural, with proofs so clear, with warmth so genuine, that he interests women, and is listened to by men of the world. He knows man, and reasons about him, but in such brief sentences, such living delineations, such pungent humour, that his philosophy is the best of entertainments. He is faithful to his ruined mistress, his calumniated friend, but gracefully, without fuss. All his actions, even noble ones, have an easy way about them which adorns them; he does nothing without pleasantness. His great talent is knowledge of the world; he shows it not only in the trivial circumstances of every-day life, but in the most passionate scenes, the most embarrassing positions. A noble swordsman wants to take Philinte, the 'respectable man,' as his second in a duel; he reflects a moment, excuses himself in a score of phrases, and, 'without playing the Hector,' leaves the bystanders convinced that he is no coward. Armande insults

him, then throws herself in his arms; he politely averts the storm, declines the reconciliation with the most loyal frankness, and without employing a single falsehood, leaves the spectators convinced that he is no boor. When he loves Eliante, who prefers Alceste, and whom Alceste may possibly marry, he proposes to her with a complete delicacy and dignity, without lowering himself, without recrimination, without wronging himself or his friend. When Oronte reads him a sonnet, he does not assume in the fop a nature which he has not, but praises the conventional verses in conventional language, and is not so clumsy as to display a poetical judgment which would be out of place. He takes at once his tone from the circumstances; he perceives instantly what he must say and what be silent about, in what degree and in what gradations, what exact expedient will reconcile truth and conventional propriety, how far he ought to go or where to take his stand, what faint line separates decorum from flattery, truth from awkwardness. On this narrow path he proceeds free from embarrassment or mistakes, never put out of his way by the shocks or changes of circumstance, never allowing the calm smile of politeness to quit his lips, never omitting to receive with a laugh of good humour the nonsense of his neighbour. This cleverness, entirely French, reconciles in him fundamental honesty and worldly breeding; without it, he would be altogether on the one side or the other. In this way comedy finds its hero half way between the *roué* and the preacher."

Thus far M. Taine. His definition of the respectable man, *l'honnête homme*, does not, in my opinion, apply to Philinte, but is quite necessary in the present age, when *honnête homme* means no longer a well-born man and gentleman, as well as an honest man; hence Alceste says rightly to Oronte, in the second scene of the first act of *The Misanthrope*, "do not . . . forfeit the reputation you enjoy at court of being a man of sense and a gentleman (*honnête homme*), to take from the hands of a greedy printer that of a ridiculous and wretched author." In the beginning of the seventeenth century, a certain Mons. Nicholas Faret, first secretary of the count of Harcourt,—and who has gone down to posterity as an inveterate drinker, because his friend Saint-Amant made his name rhyme with *cabaret*, a public house,—wrote a book, which was then in everybody's hand, called *L'Honeste homme ou l'Art de plaire à la Cour*. This book, a sort of "Handbook of Politeness," was first published in 1630, but several editions had been printed since that time, and it was still the fashionable guide-book of manners in 1666. It is probable that Molière got inspired by a description given by Faret of *l'honnête homme*, when in love, which had been copied from Lucretius, and that our author then referred to the original Latin author, whose fourth canto of *De Natura Rerum* he utilises for Eliante's description of the power of self-deception in love, in the fifth scene of the second act. Molière has also borrowed some lines from Lucretius, for the speech of the Master of Philosophy in the sixth scene of the second act of *The*

Citizen who apes the Gentleman (see Vol. V.). But thence to conclude that Molière had translated Lucretius, which translation has been lost to posterity, is going rather too far. The only biographer of Molière who mentions this is Grimarest (1659-1713), who is far from trustworthy, and who may have supposed that a whole translation of Lucretius existed, when only a few lines had been transposed.)

It has been said that Molière, at the time he wrote *The Misanthrope*, endured the pangs of jealousy, and that he was shamefully betrayed by his wife, but could not resist loving her. It seems more than likely that, in Alceste's admiration for the spoiled beauty, Molière gave vent to his own feelings of mixed jealousy and admiration of his wife, and that our author's attempt to depict the hero of his play trying to free himself from the toils of feminine and personal charms, is only heightened in intensity and force by an impulse from within. Still, although we admit that these anecdotes about a great man may sometimes give the complexion of the times—as, for example, the story told about Shakespeare and Burbage—they are not seldom the mere groundless gossip of his professional friends and foes, the rakings of the tap-rooms frequented by the hangers-on of the great man, and even, now and then, the venomous utterings of the hero's enemies. This appears to have been the case with the accusations brought against Molière's wife, which are chiefly based on a libellous pamphlet, published nominally at Frankfort, but in reality in Holland, fifteen years after our author's death, and called: *La Fameuse comédienne, ou Histoire de la Guérin, auparavant femme et veuve de Molière*, and which, in my opinion, deserve not the smallest amount of credit. (See Vol. II., Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, page 291.) There can be no doubt that Molière was jealous. This cannot be wondered at, when we find that he was about twenty years older than his wife, who appears to have been rather a coquette, with a great amount of levity, very fond of admiration, and nearly always moving about amidst a retinue of young and elegant courtiers, crowding round the favourite actress of the day to pay her homage. It is more than probable that Molière wrote the greater part of *The Misanthrope* during a season of illness and convalescence, and therefore the bitterness of his feelings must have increased a hundredfold when he found himself alone in his sick-room, and his youthful spouse gadding about with the gaudy and sprightly noblemen. But this is really all that can be said, with any certainty, against Molière's wife.

It has also been stated that Molière attacked and satirised several noblemen in *The Misanthrope*, and took literary vengeance upon some of the supposed admirers of his wife, such as the Count de Guiche, the Abbé de Richelieu, and the Duke de Lauzun, whom he is said to have drawn in this play; as well as the Count de Saint Gilles in Timante; Madame de Longueville, or some other great lady—according to some even Madame Molière—in Célimène; the Duke de Saint-Aignan, in

Oronte; Molière's friend Chapelle, in Philinte; Mademoiselle Debrie in Éliante. Besides this, characters were found in real life for the prudish and slandering Arsinoé, the ridiculous Cléonte, the reasoning Damon, the tiresome story-teller Géralde, the poor silly woman Bélise, the conceited Adraste, the foolish Cléon, the would-be witty Damis, and even "the great hulking booby of a viscount." This, like many other statements about our author's presumed personal attacks, may be probable, but has really never been proved. There is no doubt that personalities were then in fashion, and that Molière often used, and even sometimes abused, his powerful pen to describe, and to satirise, his rivals and his enemies. But as Urania says in *The School for Wives criticised* (See Vol. II., page 262, Scene 7), "Let us not apply to ourselves the points of general censure; let us profit by the lesson, if possible, without assuming that we are spoken against. All the ridiculous delineations which are drawn on the stage, should be looked on by every one without annoyance. They are public mirrors, in which we must never pretend to see ourselves. To bruit it about that we are offended at being hit, is to state openly that we are at fault."

Tradition also states that Molière intended Alceste as a portrait of the virtuous Charles de Ste.-Maure, Duke de Montausier, and that some of our author's enemies induced this nobleman to go and see *The Misanthrope*, but that, instead of being offended at Molière's sketch, he took it as a compliment, and said that he should be delighted to resemble such an honest man as Alceste.

An attempt has been made to draw a parallel between Molière's *Misanthrope* and Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. Though the nature of their subject may appear at the first glance, similar, nothing could be more opposite than these two personages. Timon becomes a misanthrope through sentiment and experience, for he has been shamefully abandoned by his pseudo-friends when in poverty, and hence his savage onslaughts on society: but Alceste was born splenetic. The one is continually showering gifts and favours around him, even on the most worthless objects, whilst the other would only have assisted a man if he were thoroughly honest and respectable. The character of Apemantus is, if anything, much more like Alceste's than that of the Athenian lord himself. Shakespeare's work points a moral at ingratitude and indiscriminate benevolence and its rewards: Molière's is a satire against spleen. Alceste is a well-born, honourable, and wealthy man, who rails against society, with which he is angry, through an innate and exaggerated sentiment of honour; and although he is nearly always right in principle and theory, he is nearly always wrong in practice and form. He is unbendingly strict in the most trifling, as well as in the gravest, matters. He is sincere and earnest, but blunt and passionate; and it is through this very passion that he is betrayed into an exaggeration, and a quarrelsomeness which render him ridiculous and amusing. His is a sort of finnikin fastidiousness which is entirely absent in Timon.

In fact, Shakespeare works with a Nasmyth's steam hammer to demolish the vices, while Molière, with due regard for the spirit of his age, and especially that of the King, uses an ordinary mallet, with which he does nearly as much execution as the Englishman, without exerting himself so powerfully.

It is doubtful if Molière would have been allowed the same latitude by Louis XIV., as Shakespeare was by Elizabeth, who never took the slightest notice of his attacks upon her father, Henry VIII. It may be safely asserted that the *Grand Monarque* was not averse to hear serious reasoning railed at and ridiculed, but that he would soon have interfered had the prominent vices of the court been attacked too strongly. Philinte, the worldling, is but a stronger reproduction of Ariste in *The School for Husbands*, and of Chrysalde in *The School for Wives*. That he has his reward at the end of the play—if it be a reward—by being made happy with the hand of Éliante, while the Misanthrope is left out in the cold, may be taken as a concession of Molière's, to the prevailing feeling at the court, which was more likely to sympathize with Philinte, their representative, than to grieve over the sorrow of Alceste, their antagonist. It must however, be admitted that the only show of criticism which Molière displayed against the person of the King, is to be found in this play, because our author, in attacking the men who filled public offices, reflects on the Monarch who appointed them.

Metaphysically considered, Alceste is not unlike Hamlet. Neither of them is fit to live in this world. Both feel they are powerless in changing the decrees of fate: but the causes which have produced that inability differ. In Alceste, it is a brusque candour, swooping unexpectedly down upon meritricious society; but Hamlet has "that within which passeth show," "the time is out of joint," and the will is puzzled by thinking of "the undiscover'd country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

The Misanthrope has been attacked and defended by so many eminent men, that we cannot do better than give a short *résumé* of some of their opinions, and let the reader himself draw his own conclusions. Let us begin with those who attack him. First we have the celebrated morose philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau. If it be true that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," Rousseau must have felt some sympathy for the tetchy, irritable, well-meaning Alceste. In a letter to d'Alembert, he advances the following objections to Molière's play: "Alceste is a sincere, estimable, honest man, and the author makes him simply ridiculous. This alone would be without excuse. Moreover, Alceste is not a man-hater or Misanthrope, as the title of the piece implies, for in that case none of the audience would like to meet such a man, as the hero of the play, for whom they feel, at the bottom of their heart, a certain respect. This virtuous man is made ridiculous and is opposed to Philinte, one of those honest and

fashionable men whose maxims are very much like those of a scoundrel; one of those gentle and even-tempered optimists who are satisfied with everybody and everything; who never imagine anybody can be hungry, so long as they can sit down at a well furnished table; who cannot understand people to be poor, because they have money in their pockets, and who, from their well-protected house, would see the whole of mankind robbed, pillaged, slaughtered, and even murdered, without being moved in the least. Molière was wrong in having sketched the Misanthrope as a man who gets angry about trifles; Alceste knows mankind, and ought therefore not to be astonished or enraged at anything they can do, neither at the treachery of a perfidious coquette, nor at the neglect of false friends; hence Molière has not well understood the character of the Misanthrope, and has made him ridiculous in order to please the public."

Fénelon, in his *Lettre sur l'Éloquence*, also attacks Molière, because he says he "has a . . . fault, which many clever people forgive in him, but which I do not, namely, that he has made vice graceful, and virtue severely ridiculous and odious. I can understand that his champions will bring forward that he has treated real honesty in an honourable manner, that he has only attacked splenetic virtue and detestable hypocrisy: but, without entering into any long discussions, I maintain that Plato, and the other legislators of Pagan antiquity, would never have admitted in their republics such a play about morals."

Augustus William Schlegel, in his *Course of Lectures* (XXI.) *on Dramatic Art and Literature*, says—"In *The Misanthrope* . . . . the action which is also poorly invented, is found to drag heavily; for, with the exception of a few scenes of a more sprightly description, it consists altogether of discourses formally introduced and supported, while the stagnation is only partially concealed by the art employed on the details of versification and expression. In a word, these pieces are too didactic, too expressly instructive; whereas, in comedy, the spectator should only be instructed incidentally, and, as it were, without its appearing to have been intended. . . . . As is well known *The Misanthrope* was at first very coldly received, because it was even less amusing than *The School for Wives* and *The Blue-Stockings*, the action is less rapid, or rather there is none at all; and there is a great want of coherence between the meagre incidents which give only an apparent life to the dramatic movement,—the quarrel with Oronte respecting the sonnet, and its adjustment; the decision of the law-suit, which is ever being brought forward; the unmasking of Célimène, through the vanity of the two Marquises, and the jealousy of Arsinoé. Besides all this, the general plot is not even probable. It is framed with a view to exhibit the thorough delineation of a character; but a character discloses itself much more in its relations with others than immediately. How comes Alceste to have chosen Philinte for a friend, a man whose principles were directly the reverse of his own? How comes he also to be

enamoured of a coquette, who has nothing amiable in her character, and who entertains us merely by her scandal? We might well say of this Célimène, without exaggeration, that there is not one good point in her whole composition. In a character like that of Alceste, love is not a fleeting sensual impulse, but a serious feeling arising from a want of a sincere mental union. His dislike of flattery, falsehood, and malicious scandal, which always characterise the conversation of Célimène, breaks forth so incessantly, that we feel the first moment he heard her open her lips, ought to have driven him for ever from her society. Finally, the subject is ambiguous, and that is its greatest fault. The limits within which Alceste is in the right, and beyond which he is in the wrong, it would be no easy matter to fix, and I am afraid the poet himself did not here see very clearly what he would be at. Philinte, however, with his illusory justification of the way of the world, and his phlegmatic resignation, he paints throughout as the intelligent and amiable man. As against the elegant Célimène, Alceste is most decidedly in the right, and only in the wrong in the inconceivable weakness of his conduct towards her. He is in the right in his complaints of the corruption of the social constitution; the facts, at least, which he adduces, are disputed by nobody. He is in the wrong, however, in delivering his sentiments with so much violence, and at an unseasonable time; but as he cannot prevail upon himself to assume the dissimulation which is necessary to be well received in the world, he is perfectly in the right in preferring solitude to society."

The defenders of Molière's views are numerous. We shall take the oldest of his champions first, viz.: Donneau de Visé, a former enemy, who had attacked *The School for Wives* in his *Zélinde*, but who had seen his mistake, most probably because a play of his, *la Mère coquette*, had been performed on the 5th of October of the year before, at the theatre of the Palais-Royal. He wrote a letter in defence of the piece, which was printed with the original edition, and has always since been published with it. He therein says, "before we go to the foundation of the comedy, it is proper to see what was the author's aim." "That the author's design being to please, and the comedy having pleased, the critics cannot say he has done ill. . . . . It was not his intention to write a comedy full of incidents, but only a play wherein he might speak against the manners of the age;" hence he chose a Misanthrope for his hero, whose "infirmity sets off his friend's (Philinte) wisdom." He further says, that the choice of Célimène, a woman given to slander, and of a man who hates mankind, as mouthpieces for railing at the manners of the age, is very ingenious; for what the hero may forget the coquette will add; praises the skilful opening of the piece, the scene between Oronte and Alceste, and adds, "the sonnet is not bad according to the manner of writing now-a-days; and those who love what we men call points or conclusions, rather than good sense, will certainly like it. Nay, I saw some, at the first representation of this

piece, who exposed their own character to the ridicule of this scene, whilst it was being acted, for they cried out that the sonnet was good, until the Misanthrope had criticised it, and then they were all confounded." De Visé praises also the way in which Molière delineates the power of love, as seen in Alceste; speaks highly of the scene between Célimène and Arsinoé, and the "vigour with which the character of the hero is maintained," without being made ridiculous; considers that the part of Philinte is reasonable, and that every one ought to imitate him, and finishes thus: "In this comedy backbiting coquettes, after the example of Célimène, seeing that they cannot avoid encounters that will make them contemptible, ought to learn not to rail at their best friends behind their backs. False prudes ought to learn, that their grimaces are of no use; and that though they were indeed as sage as they would be thought, they would nevertheless be blamed so long as they set up for prudes. I say nothing of the Marquises; I think them the most incorrigible of all; and there are so many things in them still to be found fault with, that everybody owns they may yet for a long time afford matter for ridicule, though they themselves are far from allowing this to be true."

Voltaire, though calling *The Misanthrope* Molière's masterpiece, pretends that the intrigue hangs fire now and then; that the conversation is sparkling, but not always necessary to the action; and finally, that the ending, though well managed, leaves the spectator indifferent, for he does not care whether the Misanthrope marries the coquette or not.

Chamfort, in the *Eloge de Molière*, says:—"If ever any comic author has proved that he understood the system of society, it is Molière in *The Misanthrope*. There, whilst showing its abuses, he teaches at what cost a wise man should obtain the advantages which it grants; that, in a system of union based upon mutual indulgence, perfect virtue is out of place amongst men, and torments itself without correcting them. It is a gold which needs alloy to become firm and be of much use to society; but, at the same time, the author shows, by the constant superiority of Alceste over all the other personages, that virtue, in spite of the ridicule caused by his austerity, eclipses all that surrounds it; and that, though gold has been alloyed, it is yet the costliest of metals."

La Harpe, in his *Cours de Littérature*,—a work formerly too much lauded, and at present too much neglected,—defends Molière against Rousseau; says that the dramatist does not ridicule Alceste's honesty and sincerity, but the excess of those qualities, and that every exaggeration belongs to the domain of comedy; that whenever Alceste attacks slander, nobody feels inclined to laugh, but that when he states that he should like to lose his lawsuit, for the fun of the thing, everybody laughs at him, and justly so. Sincerity is a good thing, but it does not give a man the right to become ridiculous with impunity; hence Molière has done rightly in even attempting to teach honesty not to

exceed the ordinary limits of moderation. Rousseau himself admits that "people feel at the bottom of their heart a certain respect" for Alceste, though he professes faults, at which they justly laugh. The accusation that Molière has not understood the character of a Misanthrope, because the latter does not always rage against public vices, and feels the sting of personal offences, is unjust, because man remains always a man. The accusation that Molière sacrificed everything to the necessity of making the pit laugh is unjust, because he attacked only what was laughable, and, like Horace, said the truth whilst laughing. As to Rousseau's hard words against Philinte, whom he calls "a scoundrel," "a gentle and even-tempered optimist," he appears to forget that scoundrels are never optimists, but pessimists, plausibly assuming that the world could not be worse, and seemingly so much the more severe in morals and honesty as they never attempt to bring them into practice.

Nisard, a well known modern French literary critic, defends *The Misanthrope*, and states that this play cannot be analysed nor reproduced with any chance of success; that the action takes place in the drawing-room of a heartless coquette of fashion, who has many gallants. Only one of them, Alceste, really loves her. He is not wrong in despising men, but wrong in stating his feelings openly, when he discovers at last that he is betrayed. This is the whole plot of the piece, and the situations are just as commonplace, even if they do exist. The characters unfold themselves. Alceste has a lawsuit, but he will not go and visit his judge; he has a duel, because he does not wish to abandon his reputation as an *honnête homme*; Célimène is a flirt and triumphs over the prude Arsinoé, but is punished by Alceste. And this is the peculiarity of *The Misanthrope*. Every one is punished by his or her own vices or faults; and even Alceste, though he is too honest to deserve marrying a coquette, is in a perpetual opposition during the whole play, receives a great shock at the end, and all this, because, although an honest man, he thinks he is the only honest man in the world.

It has often been said that posterity is represented by foreigners: let us listen for a few minutes to English, German, and Swiss critics on this play.

William Hazlitt says, in his *Lecture on Wit and Humour*—"With respect to his two most laboured comedies, the 'Tartuffe' and 'Misanthrope,' I confess that I find them rather hard to get through. They have much of the improbability and extravagance of the others, united with the endless common-place prosing of French declamation. What can exceed, for example, the absurdity of the Misanthrope, who leaves his mistress after every proof of her attachment and constancy, for no other reason than that she will not submit to the *technical formality* of going to live with him in a wilderness? The characters, again, which Célimène gives of her female friends, near the opening of the play, are admirable satires (as good as Pope's characters of women), but not exactly in the spirit of comic dialogue."

Prescott, in his *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies*, has a very good Essay on Molière, in which he says: "We are now arrived at that period of Molière's career when he composed his '*Misanthrope*,' a play which some critics have esteemed his master-piece, and which all concur in admiring as one of the noblest productions of the modern drama. Its literary execution, too, of paramount importance in the eye of a French critic, is more nicely elaborated than in any other of the pieces of Molière, if we except the *Tartuffe*, and its didactic dialogue displays a maturity of thought equal to what is to be found in the best satires of Boileau. It is the very didactic tone of this comedy, indeed, which, combined with its want of eager, animating interest, made it less popular on its representation than some of his inferior pieces." With regard to Molière's sketching himself and his wife in the roles of Alceste and Célimène, Prescott comments thus upon it: "The respective parts which they performed in this piece, correspond precisely with their respective situations; that of Célimène, a fascinating capricious coquette, insensible to every remonstrance, and selfishly bent on the gratification of her own appetites; and that of Alceste, perfectly sensible of the duplicity of his mistress, whom he vainly hopes to reform, and no less so of the unworthiness of his own passion, from which he as vainly hopes to extricate himself. The coincidences are too exact to be wholly accidental."

John Sterling, in his critical essay on *Characteristics of German Genius*, says: "The genius of Molière rose above the pitch of his contemporaries, and in spite of seeming destiny, made him a great original painter of life, and a worthy companion of Montaigne and Rabelais, who had preluded, somewhat as Chaucer among us, to the glories of a later age. His *Misanthrope* is more truly Shakesperian, more simply, deeply drawn from the realities of the human soul, than anything we have seen of the professedly Shakesperian school now shedding blood by pailfuls on the Parisian stage. This play, in fact, anticipates Rousseau, and stands in a very singular relation between *Hamlet* and *Faust;* and in like manner *Tartuffe* strikes the key-note of much that distinguishes Voltaire."

A Swiss literary critic, M. E. Rambert, in his work *Corneille, Racine et Molière*, writes that, in poets of the second order, speech kills the action: in Molière, on the contrary, it serves and vivifies it; that it is true that there is in *The Misanthrope* a moral question, but this always happens in lofty dramatic poetry; that no one can analyse a fictitious or real character, without stumbling upon some philosophic or moral problem, which ought to arise from the character of the hero. He further affirms that Philinte is not created only to give a reply, but that he is the model of a true friend, who bears all Alceste's whims and rebuffs. He also prefers Alceste to Tartuffe, because the first is one of those who possess all the attributes of humanity; says Alceste is superior to Shakespeare's Timon—whom he calls "a Job on his dunghill, but a Job full of hatred and bile"—because Alceste's hatred is akin to love,

Timon's only humiliation and thirst for vengeance; believes that *The Misanthrope* produces in us a poetical impression, and contains not a satire, but a lesson, which leaves us in thought, but not haunted, as it were, by one idea, which becomes fatiguing. M. Rambert ends by stating, that, after the troubles of the Fronde, society had become philosophical, and liked to speculate on abstruse questions of morality; hence the appearance of La Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*—of which the first edition was published in 1665—and hence the Misanthrope, who gets angry at the wickedness of men, whilst the noble moralist judges them, despises them, but remains cool all the time.

Gœthe, in his *Conversations with Eckermann* (1825), says: "Molière is so great, that one is astonished anew every time one reads him. He is a man by himself—his pieces border on tragedy; they are apprehensive, and no one has the courage to imitate them." And in 1827, the great German says: "*The Misanthrope*, which I read over and over again, as one of my most favourite pieces, is repugnant to him (Schlegel)." "It is not to be denied," continues he, "that Schlegel knows a great deal, and one is almost terrified at his extraordinary attainments and his extensive reading. But this is not enough. All the learning in the world is still no judgment. His criticism is completely one-sided, because in all theatrical pieces he merely regards the skeleton of the plot and arrangement, and only points out small points of resemblance to great predecessors, without troubling himself in the least as to what the author brings forward of graceful life and the culture of a high soul. But of what use are all the arts of a talent if we do not find in a theatrical piece an amiable or a great personality of the author. This alone influences the cultivation of the people."

Paul Lindau, a living German critic of some celebrity, and who has written a *Life of Molière*, says, that "when our author wrote this play, he was forty-four years old; his friend Racine had betrayed him; his patroness, the Queen-Mother was dead; his enemies at Court had prevented the representation of the *Tartuffe;* his youthful wife gave him reason to be jealous; he had been ill for two months; and yet, in spite of all that, he wrote *The Misanthrope*." In this play, he attacks the court, its hollowness, its empty glitter and heads; for in spite of his admiration for Louis XIV., Molière did not spare the courtiers. Amidst the splendour of Versailles, its triumphant pæans, its sparkling fountains, shaded walks and rustling trees, where puppets, in velvet and silk, jump about and dance and sing, and think not of the morrow, our Moralist appears and asks himself—How are all these enjoyments obtained? And the answer is: "By lies and hypocrisy." The philosopher looks underneath the masks and the paint, and beholds the spectre of misery. He warns men to become sincere, honest, and true, for the earth trembles under their feet, the foundations of society are undermined by the worm of falsehood, thunder rolls in the distance and will break out a hundred years later. Alceste is the precursor of a

threatening social revolution; these feelings have unconsciously moved him to speak; hence his dislike and hatred for lies and liars, and, "as all men are liars," the cause of his being a Misanthrope.

In the preface to this translation (Vol. I., p. iii.) I have stated that Philinte "pourtrays quiet common sense, amiability, intelligence, instruction, knowledge of the world, and a spirit of refined criticism." He possesses rather too much of all these qualities, which thus become faults. I imagine that Molière clearly indicates that Philinte has a far greater contempt for men than Alceste. The latter is very loud in all his denunciations against wickedness; his passion for sincerity often carries him to ridiculous extremes, but amidst all his vapouring, we feel that he is angry with rampant falsehood and deceit, but not that he hates his fellow-creatures: in fact, his very rage proves the contrary. Philinte has over much "quiet common sense;" he "treats the man of worth and the fop alike;" he has too much "amiability," for he pays compliments to old Emilia, to Dorilas, to Oronte about his sonnet; he shows his "spirit of refined criticism" by stating that "whatever he may discover, at any moment, people do not see him in a rage . . . that he takes men quietly just as they are;" "that his mind is not more shocked at seeing a man a rogue, unjust, or selfish, than at seeing vultures eager for prey, mischievous apes, or fury-lashed wolves." When he hears Alceste thundering against Célimène, Acaste and Clitandre slandering their acquaintances, he proves his "knowledge of the world" by coolly asking his friend why he takes such a great interest in those people. He never blames nor admires anything, except with some feeble adjectives. When Eliante states that she esteems Alceste, he only expresses his astonishment at seeing him in love. When his friend's heart is torn by jealousy, he can say nothing warmer than that "a letter may sometimes deceive by appearances, and not be as guilty as you think." His "intelligence" is as characteristic as all his other qualities; he first tells his friend that the sincere Eliante has some inclination for him, and then, when Eliante informs Philinte that she might be induced to receive Alceste's addresses, he coolly informs her that in case his friend does not answer her love, he would only be too happy to have her affection transferred to himself. When in the last scene Eliante offers him her hand, he seems to get excited, and exclaims that he "could sacrifice my (his) life and soul for it;" but the lukewarmness he has displayed in his courtship, during the whole play, proves his excitement to be abnormal. It is true that he bears with the rebuffs of Alceste, but this is not out of friendship, but simply because he is too amiable; hence it would be too much trouble to argue. He has no warm blood coursing through his veins. I said just now that Philinte had a far greater contempt for men than Alceste. I do not mean that he shows this contempt openly. But the man to whom good or evil is theoretically alike, to whom all men are the same, and who is the same to all men, is the greatest Mis-

anthrope that ever existed, for he is above or below humanity. It is not necessary that Philinte should have acted up to his principles; his very contempt for men forbids such a thing as action. What would be the good of it? His feebly beating heart cannot contain such a feeling as healthy hatred or even love. I imagine that he must have uttered his speeches with an affected drawl, as painful for him to produce as for his audience to listen to. He is the real prototype of the *nil admirari* school; he is no "scoundrel," as Rousseau says, for he has no passions, good or evil: he does not play the fool, for it requires not an intelligent, but a wise man, to play the fool; he is the chief of the *pococuranti*, who pursue the even tenor of their ways, without being moved or stirred by anything, who are too critically refined ever to do an evil deed or to admire a noble action; the worthy ancestor of those *petits crevés*, who strut languidly through life with their dainty dress and manners, with their eternal grin, their want of heart and patriotism, and their never varying answer, *pas si bête.*

In the third volume of the Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London 1732, *The Misanthrope* is dedicated to the Duke of Montagu, under the name of *The Man-Hater* in the following words :—

The *Misantrope* of MOLIERE in *French* and *English*, assumes the Honour of appearing in the World under your GRACE's Patronage. The Translator doubts not but Your GRACE will be the first to forgive what has the Face of monstrous Impropriety, his dedicating the *Man-hater* to the most humane Man in *England*.

Your GRACE very well knows that this Play has always bore the Character, amongst Men of Taste and Judgment, of being the most finish'd Piece of this Author, in which are united the utmost Efforts of Genius and Art.

The Subject, MY LORD, is single, and the Unities exactly observ'd. The principal Character is strong, and distinguish'd with the boldest Strokes of a masterly Pencil; 'tis well preserv'd, and throughout intirely uniform. The under Characters are equally well drawn, and admirably chose to cast each their proper Degree of Light upon the Chief Figure: The Scenes and Incidents are so contriv'd and conducted as to diversify the main Character, and set it in all the different Points of Light one can wish to see it in. The Sentiments are not only proper, but strong and nervous, and the whole Piece so fraught with good Sense, that 'twere hard to find an indifferent Line in it. So just is the Observation of *Rapin*, that the *Misantrope* is the most finish'd, and withal the most singular Character that ever appear'd on the Stage.

Not but that the Title of *Man-Hater*, MY LORD, has been famous in the World for many Centuries, and is as well known as the Name of *Timon* of *Athens;* without any Impeachment of what the *French* Critic has said of the Singularity of our *Misantrope;* for the Character of the antient *Man-Hater* had little uncommon in it, it took its Rise merely from personal Ill-usage and Disappointment, and was no more Strange than that one who suffers by Excess of Good-nature and Credulity, shou'd run into the other Extreme of being excessively revengeful and suspicious.

Whereas MOLIERE'S *Man-Hater* owes his Character to an over-rigid Virtue, which cou'd give no Quarter to the Vices of Mankind; to a Sincerity, particularly, which disdain'd that undistinguishing Complaisance, those surfeiting Expressions of Kindness to all in common, which leave Men no Language to

express Approbation and Friendship to the wise and virtuous, but what is prostituted to flatter Fools and Knaves: so that *Alcestes* hates men not to injure, but to avoid them.

It must, at the same time, be confess'd, MY LORD, that MOLIERE drew not this Character for Imitation. Had he done so, he wou'd made him only a good-natured, brave, and generous *Plain-dealer*, not a *Man-Hater;* as far from the Churlishness of *Alcestes* as from the Over-civility of *Philintes*. He wou'd have drawn him severe, but not Cynical; an Enemy to Men's Vices but not to their Persons; inflexibly virtuous, but not ill-natur'd; reserv'd, yet not unsociable; sincere with good Manners. In short, he wou'd have made him a MONTAGU. The character had then been unexceptionable—I am, *My* LORD, *Your* GRACE'S *most Faithful, most Obedient Humble Servant,* THE TRANSLATOR.

An author of the end of last century, Fabre d'Églantine, who devoted his time partly to politics and partly to literature, wrote a play, *The Philinte of Molière*, in which he made of Philinte an odious and miserable egotist, and of Alceste an exaggerated philanthropist. Geoffroy, a celebrated French critic, said that *The Philinte* compared to *The Misanthrope*, was like anarchy in comparison with a good government. Several other Misanthropes have also been attempted on the French stage. Brécourt (see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., p. 289) wrote a comedy in one act, called *Timon*, first performed on the 12th of August, 1684; and Delisle wrote a three-act play, called *Timon the Misanthrope*, first brought out on the 2d of January, 1782, and in which an ass is changed into harlequin, and gives lessons of kindness and wisdom to his former master Timon.

In English, part of *The Misanthrope* has been borrowed by Wycherley for *The Plain Dealer*, of which Manley and Olivia are decided imitations of Alceste and Célimène, and in which one scene is imitated from *The School for Wives criticised* (see Introductory Notice to *The School for Wives criticised*, Vol. II., p. 340). Baker, in his "Biographia Dramatica," most amusingly says:—"*The Misanthrope* (of Molière), and other things, seem to have been in Wycherley's mind when he traced his characters; but when subjects are so well handled, it is but mean cavilling to say so much about it, and in revenge, if he had recourse to French writers, English writers have had recourse to him." M. Taine has another opinion of Wycherley and his play, and I entirely agree with him. He says in the *History of English Literature*:—"If he (Wycherley) translates the part of Molière, he wipes out at one stroke the manners of a great lady, the woman's delicacy, the tact of the lady of the house, the politeness, the refined air, the superiority of wit and knowledge of the world, in order to substitute for them the impudence and deceit of a foul-mouthed courtezan. . . A certain gift hovers over all—namely, vigour. . . He is a realist, not on set purpose, as the realist of our day, but naturally. . . Our modern nerves could not endure the portrait Olivia draws of Manley. . . . The woman's impudence is like a professed courtezan's. . . . Manley is copied after Alceste . . . and is not a courtier but a ship-

captain, with the bearing of a sailor of the time, his cloak stained with tar, and smelling of brandy, ready with blows or foul oaths, calling those he came across dogs and slaves, and when they displeased him, kicking them down stairs . . . Wycherley took to himself in his dedication the title of his hero, *Plain Dealer;* he fancied he had drawn the portrait of a frank, honest man . . . he had only given . . . the model of an unreserved and energetic brute."

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Essay on the Drama*, says,—"*The Plain Dealer* is, indeed, imitated from Molière; but the principal character has more the force of a real portrait, and is better contrasted with the perverse, bustling, masculine, pettyfogging, and litigious character of Widow Blackacre, than Alceste is with any character of *The Misanthrope*."

The late Lord Macaulay, in his *Essay on the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*, uses the following words about Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*: —"Molière exhibited in his *Misanthrope* a pure and noble mind, which had been sorely vexed by the sight of perfidy and malevolence, disguised under forms of politeness. As every extreme naturally generates its contrary, Alceste adopts a standard of good and evil directly opposed to that of the society which surrounds him. Courtesy seems to him a vice; and those stern virtues which are neglected by the fops and coquettes of Paris become too exclusively the objects of his veneration. He is often to blame; he is often ridiculous; but he is always a good man; and the feeling which he inspires is regret that a person so estimable should be so unamiable. Wycherley borrowed Alceste, and turned him—we quote the words of so lenient a critic as Mr Leigh Hunt—into 'a ferocious sensualist, who believed himself as great a rascal as he thought everybody else.' The surliness of Molière's hero is copied and caricatured. But the most nauseous libertinism and the most dastardly fraud are substituted for the purity and integrity of the original. And, to make the whole complete, Wycherley does not seem to have been aware that he was not drawing the portrait of an eminently honest man. So depraved was his moral taste, that, while he firmly believed that he was producing a picture of virtue too exalted for the commerce of the world, he was really delineating the greatest rascal that is to be found, even in his own writings."

Voltaire has imitated *The Plain Dealer* in a five-act comedy in verse, called *La Prude*, and represented for the first time in the private theatre of the Duchess of Maine at Anet. It is one of the funniest, and, for the student, one of the most interesting imitations I have ever read; and the attempt of Voltaire to hide the coarseness of Manley and Olivia under an elegant French dress, and to make them fit to be represented before the rather finical, although witty, company at Anet, is highly entertaining. This is the moral of the piece after Dorfise (Olivia) is found out: *Cela pourra d'abord faire jaser; mais tout s'appaise, et tout doit s'appaiser.*"

Sheridan has also borrowed some scenes from *The Misanthrope* for

The School for Scandal, a comedy of which M. Taine, in his work already mentioned, says—"Sheridan took two characters from Fielding, Blifil and Tom Jones; two plays of Molière, *Le Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe;* and from these puissant materials, condensed with admirable cleverness, he has constructed the most brilliant firework imaginable. Moliére has only one female slanderer, Célimène; the other characters serve only to give her a cue: there is quite enough of such a jeering woman; she rails on within certain bounds, without hurry, like a true queen of the drawing-room, who has time to converse, who knows that she is listened to, who listens to herself; she is a woman of society, who preserves the tone of refined conversation; and in order to smooth down the harshness, her slanders are interrupted by the calm reason and sensible discourse of the amiable Eliante. Molière represents the malice of the world without exaggeration; but in Sheridan they are rather caricatured than depicted."

The sixth Scene of the second Act of Congreve's *The Way of the World*, performed at the theatre, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in 1700, has also been partly inspired by the fifth scene of the second act of Molière's play. Congreve seems to have liked Molière's *Misanthrope*, for he imitated the same scenes of the same play in *Love for Love* (Act i., Scenes 9-15). (See Introductory Notice to *Don Juan*, page 96). The characters there are called Valentine, Scandal, Tattle, and Mrs Frail, and are certainly not copied, but based upon those of Molière.

Th. Shadwell, in *The Sullen Lovers* (see Introductory Notice to *The Bores*, Vol. II., page 88), has likewise imitated the first scene of the first act of *The Misanthrope*.

In Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, it is stated that a certain Mr John Hughes translated *The Misanthrope* from Voltaire—Molière is evidently meant; and that this translation . . . . "was afterwards reprinted with Molière's other plays translated by Ozell, without any notice by whom it was englished."

Whatever has been borrowed from Molière will be found in the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALCESTE, *in love with Célimène.*[2]

PHILINTE, *his friend.*

ORONTE, *in love with Célimène.*

CÉLIMÈNE, *beloved by Alceste.*

ÉLIANTE, *her cousin.*

ARSINOÉ, *Célimène's friend.*

ACASTE, CLITANDRE, } *marquises.*

BASQUE, *servant to Célimène.*

DUBOIS, *servant to Alceste.*

AN OFFICER OF THE MARÉCHAUSSÉE.[3]

Scene—AT PARIS, IN CÉLIMÈNE'S HOUSE.

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[2] This part was played by Molière himself. In the inventory taken after Molière's death, and given by M. E. Soulié in the *Recherches sur Molière*, we find the dress for the representation of *The Misanthrope*, consisting of breeches and jacket of a gold-coloured and grey silk striped brocade, lined with tabby, ornamented with green ribbands; the waistcoat of gold brocade, silk stockings and gaiters.

[3] The *maréchaussée* was a kind of mounted police, doing formerly the same duty as the gendarmerie does now. It was commanded by a *prévôt-général*, under the orders of the marshals of France.

THE MISANTHROPE.

(*LE MISANTHROPE.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILINTE, ALCESTE.[4]

Phil. What is the matter? What ails you?

Alc. [*Seated*] Leave me, I pray.

Phil. But, once more, tell me what strange whim . . .

Alc. Leave me, I tell you, and get out of my sight.

Phil. But you might at least listen to people, without getting angry.

Alc. I choose to get angry, and I do not choose to listen.

Phil. I do not understand you in these abrupt moods, and although we are friends, I am the first . . .

Alc. [*Rising quickly*] I, your friend? Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. I have until now professed to be so; but after what I have just seen of you, I tell you candidly that I am such no longer; I have no wish to occupy a place in a corrupt heart.

Phil. I am then very much to be blamed from your point of view, Alceste?

Alc. To be blamed? You ought to die from very shame; there is no excuse for such behaviour, and every man of honour must be disgusted at it. I see you almost stifle a man with caresses, show him the most ardent affection, and overwhelm him with protestations, offers, and vows of friend-

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[4] See Appendix, Note A.

ship. Your ebullitions of tenderness know no bounds; and when I ask you who that man is, you can scarcely tell me his name; your feelings for him, the moment you have turned your back, suddenly cool; you speak of him most indifferently to me. Zounds! I call it unworthy, base, and infamous, so far to demean one's self as to act contrary to one's own feelings, and if, unfortunately, I had done such a thing, I should go that very instant, and hang myself out of sheer vexation.

Phil. I do not see that it is a hanging matter at all; and I beg of you not to think it amiss if I ask you to show me some mercy, for I shall not hang myself, if it be all the same to you.

Alc. That is a sorry joke.

Phil. But, seriously, what would you have people do?

Alc. I would have people be sincere, and that, like men of honour, no word be spoken that comes not from the heart.

Phil. When a man comes and embraces you warmly, you must pay him back in his own coin, respond as best you can to his show of feeling, and return offer for offer, and vow for vow.[5]

Alc. Not so. I cannot bear so base a method, which your fashionable people generally affect; there is nothing I detest so much as the contortions of these great time-and-lip servers, these affable dispensers of meaningless embraces, these obliging utterers of empty words, who vie with every one in civilities, and treat the man of worth and the fop alike. What good does it do if a man heaps endearments on you, vows that he is your friend, that he believes in you, is full of zeal for you, esteems and loves you, and lauds you to the skies, when he rushes to do the same to the first rapscallion he meets? No, no, no heart with the least self-

[5] See Appendix, Note B.

respect cares for esteem so prostituted; he will hardly relish it, even when openly expressed, when he finds that he shares it with the whole universe. Preference must be based on esteem, and to esteem every one is to esteem no one. As you abandon yourself to the vices of the times, zounds! you are not the man for me. I decline this over-complaisant kindness, which uses no discrimination. I like to be distinguished; and, to cut the matter short, the friend of all mankind is no friend of mine.

Phil. But when we are of the world, we must conform to the outward civilities which custom demands.

Alc. I deny it. We ought to punish pitilessly that shameful pretence of friendly intercourse. I like a man to be a man, and to show on all occasions the bottom of his heart in his discourse. Let that be the thing to speak, and never let our feelings be hidden beneath vain compliments.

Phil. There are many cases in which plain speaking would become ridiculous, and could hardly be tolerated. And, with all due allowance for your unbending honesty, it is as well to conceal our feelings sometimes. Would it be right or decent to tell thousands of people what we think of them? And when we meet with some one whom we hate or who displeases us, must we tell him so openly?

Alc. Yes.

Phil. What! Would you tell old Emilia that it ill becomes her to set up for a beauty at her age, and that the paints she uses disgusts every one?

Alc. Undoubtedly.

Phil. Or Dorilas, that he is a bore, and that there is no one at court who is not sick of hearing him boast of his courage, and the lustre of his house?

Alc. Decidedly so.

Phil. You are jesting.

Alc. I am not jesting at all; and I would not spare any

one in that respect. It offends my eyes too much; and whether at Court or in town, I behold nothing but what provokes my spleen. I become quite melancholy and deeply grieved to see men behave to each other as they do. Everywhere I find nothing but base flattery, injustice, self-interest, deceit, roguery. I cannot bear it any longer; I am furious; and my intention is to break with all mankind.

Phil. This philosophical spleen is somewhat too savage. I cannot but laugh to see you in these gloomy fits, and fancy that I perceive in us two, brought up together, the two brothers described in *The School for Husbands*, who . . .

Alc. Good Heavens! drop your insipid comparisons.

Phil. Nay, seriously, leave off these vagaries. The world will not alter for all your meddling. And as plain speaking has such charms for you, I shall tell you frankly that this complaint of yours is as good as a play, wherever you go, and that all those invectives against the manners of the age, make you a laughing-stock to many people.

Alc. So much the better, Zounds! so much the better. That is just what I want. It is a very good sign, and I rejoice at it. All men are so odious to me, that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes.

Phil. But do you wish harm to all mankind?

Alc. Yes; I have conceived a terrible hatred for them.

Phil. Shall all poor mortals, without exception, be included in this aversion? There are some, even in the age in which we live . . .

Alc. No, they are all alike; and I hate all men: some, because they are wicked and mischievous; others, because they lend themselves to the wicked, and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all virtuous minds. You can see how unjustly and excessively complacent people are to that bare-faced scoundrel with whom I am at law. You may plainly perceive the traitor through his

mask; he is well known everywhere in his true colours; his rolling eyes and his honeyed tones impose only on those who do not know him. People are aware that this low-bred fellow, who deserves to be pilloried, has, by the dirtiest jobs, made his way in the world; and that the splendid position he has acquired makes merit repine and virtue blush. Yet whatever dishonourable epithets may be launched against him everywhere, nobody defends his wretched honour. Call him a rogue, an infamous wretch, a confounded scoundrel if you like, all the world will say "yea," and no one contradicts you. But for all that, his bowing and scraping are welcome everywhere; he is received, smiled upon, and wriggles himself into all kinds of society; and, if any appointment is to be secured by intriguing, he will carry the day over a man of the greatest worth. Zounds! these are mortal stabs to me, to see vice parleyed with; and sometimes I feel suddenly inclined to fly into a wilderness far from the approach of men.

Phil. Great Heaven! let us torment ourselves a little less about the vices of our age, and be a little more lenient to human nature. Let us not scrutinize it with the utmost severity, but look with some indulgence at its failings. In society, we need virtue to be more pliable. If we are too wise, we may be equally to blame. Good sense avoids all extremes, and requires us to be soberly rational.[6] This unbending and virtuous stiffness of ancient times shocks too much the ordinary customs of our own; it requires too great perfection from us mortals; we must yield to the times without being too stubborn; it is the height of folly to busy ourselves in correcting the world. I, as well as yourself, notice a hundred things every day which might be better managed, differently enacted;

[6] Compare St Paul's Epistle to the Romans, xii. 3, "Not to think more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly."

but whatever I may discover at any moment, people do not see me in a rage like you. I take men quietly just as they are; I accustom my mind to bear with what they do; and I believe that at Court, as well as in the city, my phlegm is as philosophical as your bile.

Alc. But this phlegm, good sir, you who reason so well, could it not be disturbed by anything? And if perchance a friend should betray you; if he forms a subtle plot to get hold of what is yours; if people should try to spread evil reports about you, would you tamely submit to all this without flying into a rage?

Phil. Ay, I look upon all these faults of which you complain as vices inseparably connected with human nature; in short, my mind is no more shocked at seeing a man a rogue, unjust, or selfish, than at seeing vultures eager for prey, mischievous apes, or fury-lashed wolves.

Alc. What! I should see myself deceived, torn to pieces, robbed, without being . . . Zounds! I shall say no more about it; all this reasoning is full of impertinence!

Phil. Upon my word, you would do well to keep silence. Rail a little less at your opponent, and attend a little more to your suit.

Alc. That I shall not do; that is settled long ago.

Phil. But whom then do you expect to solicit for you?

Alc. Whom? Reason, my just right, equity.

Phil. Shall you not pay a visit to any of the judges?

Alc. No. Is my cause unjust or dubious?

Phil. I am agreed on that; but you know what harm intrigues do, and . . .

Alc. No. I am resolved not to stir a step. I am either right or wrong.

Phil. Do not trust to that.

Alc. I shall not budge an inch.

Phil. Your opponent is powerful, and, by his underhand work, may induce . . .

Alc. It does not matter.

Phil. You will make a mistake.

Alc. Be it so. I wish to see the end of it.

Phil. But . . .

Alc. I shall have the satisfaction of losing my suit.

Phil. But after all . . .

Alc. I shall see by this trial whether men have sufficient impudence, are wicked, villanous, and perverse enough to do me this injustice in the face of the whole world.

Phil. What a strange fellow!

Alc. I could wish, were it to cost me ever so much, that, for the fun of the thing, I lost my case.

Phil. But people will really laugh at you, Alceste, if they hear you go on in this fashion.

Alc. So much the worse for those who will.

Phil. But this rectitude, which you exact so carefully in every case, this absolute integrity in which you intrench yourself, do you perceive it in the lady you love?[7] As for me, I am astonished that, appearing to be at war with the whole human race, you yet, notwithstanding everything that can render it odious to you, have found aught to charm your eyes. And what surprises me still more, is the strange choice your heart has made. The sincere Éliante has a liking for you, the prude Arsinoé looks with favour upon you, yet your heart does not respond to their passion; whilst you wear the chains of Célimène, who sports with you, and whose coquettish humour and malicious wit seem to accord so well with the manner of the times. How comes it that, hating these things as

[7] See Appendix, Note C.

mortally as you do, you endure so much of them in that lady? Are they no longer faults in so sweet a charmer? Do not you perceive them, or if you do, do you excuse them?

Alc. Not so. The love I feel for this young widow does not make me blind to her faults, and, notwithstanding the great passion with which she has inspired me, I am the first to see, as well as to condemn, them. But for all this, do what I will, I confess my weakness, she has the art of pleasing me. In vain I see her faults; I may even blame them; in spite of all, she makes me love her. Her charms conquer everything, and, no doubt, my sincere love will purify her heart from the vices of our times.[8]

Phil. If you accomplish this, it will be no small task. Do you believe yourself beloved by her?

Alc. Yes, certainly! I should not love her at all, did I not think so.

Phil. But if her love for you is so apparent, how comes it that your rivals cause you so much uneasiness?

Alc. It is because a heart, deeply smitten, claims all to itself; I come here only with the intention of telling her what, on this subject, my feelings dictate.

Phil. Had I but to choose, her cousin Éliante would have all my love. Her heart, which values yours, is stable and sincere; and this more compatible choice would have suited you better.

Alc. It is true; my good sense tells me so every day; but good sense does not always rule love.

Phil. Well, I fear much for your affections; and the hope which you cherish may perhaps . . .

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[8] Compare the supposed conversation between Molière and Chapelle in the Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., page 291.

SCENE II.

ORONTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE

Oron. [*To Alceste*] I have been informed yonder, that Éliante and Célimène have gone out to make some purchases. But as I heard that you were here, I came to tell you, most sincerely, that I have conceived the greatest regard for you, and that, for a long time, this regard has inspired me with the most ardent wish to be reckoned among your friends. Yes; I like to do homage to merit; and I am most anxious that a bond of friendship should unite us. I suppose that a zealous friend, and of my standing, is not altogether to be rejected. [*All this time Alceste has been musing, and seems not to be aware that Oronte is addressing him. He looks up only when Oronte says to him,*—It is to you, if you please, that this speech is addressed.

Alc. To me, sir?

Oron. To you. Is it in any way offensive to you?

Alc. Not in the least. But my surprise is very great; and I did not expect that honour.

Oron. The regard in which I hold you ought not to astonish you, and you can claim it from the whole world.

Alc. Sir . . .

Oron. Our whole kingdom contains nothing above the dazzling merit which people discover in you.

Alc. Sir . . .

Oron. Yes; for my part, I prefer you to the most important in it.

Alc. Sir . . .

Oron. May Heaven strike me dead, if I lie! And, to convince you, on this very spot, of my feelings, allow me, sir, to embrace you with all my heart, and to solicit a place in your friendship. Your hand, if you please. Will you promise me your friendship?

Alc. Sir.

Oron What! you refuse me?

Alc. Sir, you do me too much honour; but friendship is a sacred thing,[9] and to lavish it on every occasion is surely to profane it. Judgment and choice should preside at such a compact; we ought to know more of each other before engaging ourselves; and it may happen that our dispositions are such that we may both of us repent of our bargain.

Oron. Upon my word! that is wisely said; and I esteem you all the more for it. Let us therefore leave it to time to form such a pleasing bond; but, meanwhile I am entirely at your disposal. If you have any business at Court, every one knows how well I stand with the King; I have his private ear; and, upon my word, he treats me in everything with the utmost intimacy. In short, I am yours in every emergency; and, as you are a man of brilliant parts, and to inaugurate our charming amity, I come to read you a sonnet which I made a little while ago, and to know whether it be good enough for publicity.

Alc. I am not fit, sir, to decide such a matter. You will therefore excuse me.

Oron. Why so?

Alc. I have the failing of being a little more sincere in those things than is necessary.

Oron. The very thing I ask; and I should have reason to complain, if, in laying myself open to you that you might give me your frank opinion, you should deceive me, and disguise anything from me.

Alc. If that be the case, sir, I am perfectly willing.

Oron. *Sonnet* . . It is a sonnet . . . *Hope* . . . It is

[9] The original has *l'amitié demande un peu plus de mystère*, friendship demands a little more mystery. I imagine this to be an allusion to the mystery of religion. Hence the idea of sacredness; for otherwise it is unintelligible why friendship should demand mystery.

to a lady who flattered my passion with some hope. *Hope* . . . They are not long, pompous verses, but mild, tender, and melting little lines.

[*At every one of these interruptions he looks at Alceste.*

Alc. We shall see.

Oron. Hope . . . I do not know whether the style will strike you as sufficiently clear and easy, and whether you will approve of my choice of words.

Alc. We shall soon see, sir.

Oron. Besides, you must know that I was only a quarter of an hour in composing it.

Alc. Let us hear, sir; the time signifies nothing.

Oron. [*Reads*] *Hope, it is true, oft gives relief,*
Rocks for a while our tedious pain,
But what a poor advantage, Philis,
When nought remains, and all is gone!

Phil. I am already charmed with this little bit.

Alc. [*Softly to Philinte*] What! do you mean to tell me that you like this stuff?

Oron. You once had some complacency,
But less would have sufficed,
You should not take that trouble
To give me nought but hope.

Phil. In what pretty terms these thoughts are put!

Alc. How now! you vile flatterer, you praise this rubbish!

Oron. If I must wait eternally,
My passion, driven to extremes,
Will fly to death.
Your tender cares cannot prevent this,
Fair Philis, aye we're in despair,
When we must hope for ever.

Phil. The conclusion is pretty, amorous, admirable.

Alc. [*Softly, and aside to Philinte*] A plague on the conclusion! I wish you had concluded to break your nose, you poisoner to the devil!

Phil. I never heard verses more skilfully turned.[10]

Alc. [*Softly, and aside*] Zounds! . . .

Oron. [*To Philinte*] You flatter me; and you are under the impression perhaps . . .

Phil. No, I am not flattering at all.

Alc. [*Softly, and aside*] What else are you doing, you wretch?

Oron. [*To Alceste*] But for you, you know our agreement. Speak to me, I pray, in all sincerity.

Alc. These matters, sir, are always more or less delicate, and every one is fond of being praised for his wit. But I was saying one day to a certain person, who shall be nameless, when he showed me some of his verses, that a gentleman ought at all times to exercise a great control over that itch for writing which sometimes attacks us, and should keep a tight rein over the strong propensity which one has to display such amusements; and that, in the anxiety to show their productions, people are frequently exposed to act a very foolish part.

Oron. Do you wish to convey to me by this that I am wrong in desiring . . .

Alc. I do not say that exactly. But I told him that writing without warmth becomes a bore; that there needs no other weakness to disgrace a man; that, even if people, on the other hand, had a hundred good qualities, we view them from their worst sides.

Oron. Do you find anything to object to in my sonnet?

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[10] One of the commentators of Molière, Aimé-Martin, thinks that the praises which Philinte bestows on Oronte's sonnet prove his kind feeling. I think the saying, "I never heard verses more skilfully turned," proves more than this.

Alc. I do not say that. But, to keep him from writing, I set before his eyes how, in our days, that desire has spoiled a great many very worthy people.

Oron. Do I write badly? Am I like them in any way?

Alc. I do not say that. But, in short, I said to him, What pressing need is there for you to rhyme, and what the deuce drives you into print? If we can pardon the sending into the world of a badly-written book, it will only be in those unfortunate men who write for their livelihood. Believe me, resist your temptations, keep these effusions from the public, and do not, how much soever you may be asked, forfeit the reputation which you enjoy at Court of being a man of sense and a gentleman, to take, from the hands of a greedy printer, that of a ridiculous and wretched author. That is what I tried to make him understand.

Oron. This is all well and good, and I seem to understand you. But I should like to know what there is in my sonnet to . . .

Alc. Candidly, you had better put it in your closet. You have been following bad models, and your expressions are not at all natural. Pray what is—*Rocks for a while our tedious pain?* And what, *When nought remains, and all is gone?* What, *You should not take that trouble to give me nought but hope?* And what, *Philis, aye we're in despair when we must hope for ever?* This figurative style, that people are so vain of, is beside all good taste and truth; it is only a play upon words, sheer affectation, and it is not thus that nature speaks. The wretched taste of the age is what I dislike in this. Our forefathers, unpolished as they were, had a much better one; and I value all that is admired now-a-days far less than an old song which I am going to repeat to you:

" Had our great monarch granted me
His Paris large and fair;
And I straightway must quit for aye
The love of my true dear;
Then would I say, King Hall, I pray,
Take back your Paris fair.
I love much mo my dear, I trow,
I love much mo my dear."

This versification is not rich, and the style is antiquated; but do you not see that it is far better than all those trumpery trifles against which good sense revolts, and that in this, passion speaks from the heart?

" Had our great monarch granted me
His Paris large and fair;
And I straightway must quit for aye
The love of my true dear;
Then would I say, King Hall, I pray,
Take back your Paris fair,
I love much mo my dear, I trow,
I love much mo my dear."

This is what a really loving heart would say. [*To Philinte, who is laughing*] Yes, master wag, in spite of all your wit, I care more for this than for all the florid pomp and the tinsel which everybody is admiring now-a-days.

Oron. And I, I maintain that my verses are very good.

Alc. Doubtless you have your reasons for thinking them so; but you will allow me to have mine, which, with your permission, will remain independent.

Oron. It is enough for me that others prize them.

Alc. That is because they know how to dissemble, which I do not.

Oron. Do you really believe that you have such a great share of wit?

Alc. If I praised your verses, I should have more.

Oron. I shall do very well without your approbation.

Alc. You will have to do without it, if it be all the same.

Oron. I should like much to see you compose some on the same subject, just to have a sample of your style.

Alc. I might, perchance, make some as bad; but I should take good care not to show them to any one.

Oron. You are mighty positive; and this great sufficiency . . .

Alc. Pray, seek some one else to flatter you, and not me.

Oron. But, my little sir, drop this haughty tone.

Alc. In truth, my big sir, I shall do as I like.

Phil. [*Coming between them*] Stop, gentlemen! that is carrying the matter too far. Cease, I pray.

Oron. Ah! I am wrong, I confess; and I leave the field to you. I am your servant, sir, most heartily.

Alc. And I, sir, am your most humble servant.

SCENE III.

PHILINTE, ALCESTE.

Phil. Well! you see. By being too sincere, you have got a nice affair on your hands; I saw that Oronte, in order to be flattered . . .

Alc. Do not talk to me.

Phil. But . . .

Alc. No more society for me.

Phil. It is too much. . . .

Alc. Leave me alone.

Phil. If I . . .

Alc. Not another word.

Phil. But what . . .

Alc. I will hear no more.

Phil. But . . .

Alc. Again?

Phil. People insult . . .

Alc. Ah! zounds! this is too much. Do not dog my steps.

Phil. You are making fun of me: I shall not leave you.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE.

Alc. Will you have me speak candidly to you, madam? Well, then, I am very much dissatisfied with your behaviour. I am very angry when I think of it; and I perceive that we shall have to break with each other. Yes; I should only deceive you were I to speak otherwise. Sooner or later a rupture is unavoidable; and if I were to promise the contrary a thousand times, I should not be able to bear this any longer.

Cel. Oh, I see! it is to quarrel with me, that you wished to conduct me home?

Alc. I do not quarrel. But your disposition, madam, is too ready to give any first comer an entrance into your heart. Too many admirers beset you; and my temper cannot put up with that.

Cel. Am I to blame for having too many admirers? Can I prevent people from thinking me amiable? and am I to take a stick to drive them away, when they endeavour by tender means to visit me?

Alc. No, madam, there is no need for a stick, but only

a heart less yielding and less melting at their love-tales. I am aware that your good looks accompany you, go where you will; but your reception retains those whom your eyes attract; and that gentleness, accorded to those who surrender their arms, finishes on their hearts the sway which your charms began. The too agreeable expectation which you offer them increases their assiduities towards you; and your complacency, a little less extended, would drive away the great crowd of so many admirers. But, tell me at least, Madam, by what good fortune Clitandre has the happiness of pleasing you so mightily? Upon what basis of merit and sublime virtue do you ground the honour of your regard for him? Is it by the long nail on his little finger that he has acquired the esteem which you display for him? Are you, like all the rest of the fashionable world, fascinated by the dazzling merit of his fair wig? Do his great rolls make you love him? Do his many ribbons charm you? Is it by the attraction of his large *rhingrave*,[11] that he has conquered your heart, whilst at the same time he pretended to be your slave? Or have his manner of smiling, and his falsetto voice,[12] found out the secret of moving your feelings?

Cel. How unjustly you take umbrage at him! Do not you know why I countenance him; and that he has promised to interest all his friends in my lawsuit?

Alc. Lose your lawsuit, madam, with patience, and do not countenance a rival whom I detest.

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[11] The *rhingrave* was a large pair of breeches, introduced into France by a certain Count von Salm, who was called the *Rheingraf*.

[12] Compare with this what Molière says in *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., Scene iii., p. 309, when he reprimands La Grange. "That is not the way in which Marquises talk. It must be a little higher. Most of these gentlemen affect a special tone to distinguish themselves from the vulgar."

Cél. But you are getting jealous of the whole world.

Alc. It is because the whole world is so kindly received by you.

Cél. That is the very thing to calm your frightened mind, because my goodwill is diffused over all: you would have more reason to be offended if you saw me entirely occupied with one.

Alc. But as for me, whom you accuse of too much jealousy, what have I more than any of them, madam, pray?

Cél. The happiness of knowing that you are beloved.

Alc. And what grounds has my love-sick heart for believing it.

Cél. I think that, as I have taken the trouble to tell you so, such an avowal ought to satisfy you.

Alc. But who will assure me that you may not, at the same time, say as much to everybody else perhaps?

Cél. Certainly, for a lover, this is a pretty amorous speech, and you make me out a very nice lady. Well! to remove such a suspicion, I retract this moment everything I have said; and no one but yourself shall for the future impose upon you. Will that satisfy you?

Alc. Zounds! why do I love you so! Ah! if ever I get heart-whole out of your hands, I shall bless Heaven for this rare good fortune. I make no secret of it; I do all that is possible to tear this unfortunate attachment from my heart; but hitherto my greatest efforts have been of no avail; and it is for my sins that I love you thus.

Cél. It is very true that your affection for me is unequalled.

Alc. As for that, I can challenge the whole world. My love for you cannot be conceived; and never, madam, has any man loved as I do.

Cél. Your method, however, is entirely new, for you love people only to quarrel with them; it is in peevish

expressions alone that your feelings vent themselves; no one ever saw such a grumbling swain.

Alc. But it lies with you alone to dissipate this ill-humour. For mercy's sake let us make an end of all these bickerings; deal openly with each other, and try to put a stop . . . [13]

SCENE II.

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE, BASQUE.[14]

Cel. What is the matter?

Bas. Acaste is below.

Cel. Very well! bid him come up.

SCENE III.

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE.

Alc. What! can one never have a little private conversation with you? You are always ready to receive company; and you cannot, for a single instant, make up your mind to be "not at home."

Cél. Do you wish me to quarrel with Acaste?

Alc. You have such regard for people, which I by no means like.

Cel. He is a man never to forgive me, if he knew that his presence could annoy me.

Alc. And what is that to you, to inconvenience yourself so . . .

Cél. But, good Heaven! the amity of such as he is of importance; they are a kind of people who, I do not know

[13] It has been justly remarked by Génin, that Racine, who until then had treated love in *La Thébaïde*, and *Alexandre*, as a heroic passion, was taught, probably by *The Misanthrope*, to treat that passion in a natural manner; for thus he displays it in *Andromaque*, which appeared a year after Molière's play.

[14] See Vol. I., page 245, note 45.

how, have acquired the right to be heard at Court. They take their part in every conversation; they can do you no good, but they may do you harm; and, whatever support one may find elsewhere, it will never do to be on bad terms with these very noisy gentry.

Alc. In short, whatever people may say or do, you always find reasons to bear with every one; and your very careful judgment . . .

SCENE IV.

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, BASQUE.

Bas. Clitandre is here too, madam.

Alc. Exactly so. [*Wishes to go*].

Cél. Where are you running to?

Alc. I am going.

Cél. Stay.

Alc. For what?

Cél. Stay.

Alc. I cannot.

Cél. I wish it.

Alc. I will not. These conversations only weary me; and it is too bad of you to wish me to endure them.

Cél. I wish it, I wish it.

Alc. No, it is impossible.

Cél. Very well, then! go, begone; you can do as you like.

SCENE V.

ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, BASQUE.[15]

El. [*To Célimène*] Here are the two marquises coming up with us. Has anyone told you?

Cél. Yes. [*To Basque*] Place chairs for everyone.

[15] See Appendix, Note D.

[*Basque places chairs, and exit*] [*To Alceste*] You are not gone?

Alc. No; but I am determined, madam, to have you make up your mind either for them or for me.

Cél. Hold your tongue.

Alc. This very day you shall explain yourself.

Cél. You are losing your senses.

Alc. Not at all. You shall declare yourself.

Cél. Indeed!

Alc. You must take your stand.

Cél. You are jesting, I believe.

Alc. Not so. But you must choose. I have been too patient.[16]

Cl. Egad! I have just come from the Louvre, where Cléonte, at the levee,[17] made himself very ridiculous. Has he not some friend who could charitably enlighten him upon his manners?

Cél. Truth to say, he compromises himself very much in society; everywhere he carries himself with an air that is noticed at first sight, and when, after a short absence, you meet him again, he is still more absurd than ever.

Ac. Egad! talk of absurd people, just now, one of the most tedious ones has annoyed me. That reasoner, Damon, kept me, if you please, for a full hour in the broiling sun, away from my Sedan chair.[18]

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[16] Whilst this "aside" is going on between Alceste and Célimène, all the other persons have taken seats on the stage in a semi-circle, facing the spectators. After they have been thus settled, Clitandre begins the conversation; Alceste has a chair on the extreme right, rather at the background.

[17] See Vol. I., page 230, note 1[illegible]

[18] It is odd that English auth[illegible]s pretend that Sedan chairs were introduced from France. D'Israëli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, states that the Duke of Buckingham introduced Sedan chairs into England; Hone, in *The Every-Day Book*, vol. ii., p. 902, says in a note: "Sedan chairs were first introduced into England in 1634. The first was used

Cél. He is a strange talker, and one who always finds the means of telling you nothing with a great flow of words. There is no sense at all in his tittle-tattle, and all that we hear is but noise.

Él. [*To Philinte*] This beginning is not bad; and the conversation takes a sufficiently agreeable turn against our neighbours.

Cl. Timante, too, Madam, is another original.

Cel. He is a complete mystery from top to toe, who throws upon you, in passing, a bewildered glance, and who, without having anything to do, is always busy. Whatever he utters is accompanied with grimaces; he quite oppresses people by his ceremonies. To interrupt a conversation, he has always a secret to whisper to you, and that secret turns out to be nothing. Of the merest molehill he makes a mountain, and whispers everything in your ear, even to a "good day."

Ac. And Géralde, Madam?

Cél. That tiresome story-teller! He never comes down from his nobleman's pedestal; he continually mixes with the best society, and never quotes any one of minor rank than a Duke, Prince, or Princess. Rank is his hobby, and his conversation is of nothing but horses, carriages, and dogs. He *thee's* and *thou's* persons of the highest standing, and the word *Sir* is quite obsolete with him.

Cl. It is said that he is on the best of terms with Bélise.

Cél. Poor silly woman, and the dreariest company! When she comes to visit me, I suffer martyrdom; one has to

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by the Duke of Buckingham, to t[illegible]ignation of the people, who exclaimed, that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the services of beasts." According to a note of M. E. Despois in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, it was the Marquis de Montbrun who first introduced the covered Sedan chairs from England into France.

rack one's brain perpetually to find out what to say to her; and the impossibility of her expressing her thoughts allows the conversation to drop every minute. In vain you try to overcome her stupid silence by the assistance of the most commonplace topics; even the fine weather, the rain, the heat and the cold are subjects, which, with her, are soon exhausted. Yet for all that, her calls, unbearable enough, are prolonged to an insufferable length; and you may consult the clock, or yawn twenty times, but she stirs no more than a log of wood.

Ac. What think you of Adraste?

Cél. Oh! What excessive pride! He is a man positively puffed out with conceit. His self-importance is never satisfied with the Court, against which he inveighs daily; and whenever an office, a place, or a living is bestowed on another, he is sure to think himself unjustly treated.

Cl. But young Cléon, whom the most respectable people go to see, what say you of him?

Cél. That it is to his cook he owes this distinction, and to his table that people pay visits.

Él. He takes pains to provide the most dainty dishes.

Cél. True; but I should be very glad if he would not dish up himself. His foolish person is a very bad dish, which, to my thinking, spoils every entertainment which he gives.

Phil. His uncle Damis is very much esteemed; what say you of him, Madam?

Cél. He is one of my friends.

Phil. I think him a perfect gentleman, and sensible enough.

Cél. True; but he pretends to too much wit, which annoys me. He is always upon stilts, and, in all his conversations, one sees him labouring to say smart things.

Since he took it into his head to be clever, he is so difficult to please that nothing suits his taste. He must needs find mistakes in everything that one writes, and thinks that to bestow praise does not become a wit, that to find fault shows learning, that only fools admire and laugh, and that, by not approving of anything in the works of our time, he is superior to all other people. Even in conversations he finds something to cavil at, the subjects are too trivial for his condescension; and, with arms crossed on his breast, he looks down from the height of his intellect with pity on what everyone says.[19]

Ac. Drat it! his very picture.

Cl. [*To Célimène*] You have an admirable nack of portraying people to the life.[20]

Alc. Capital, go on, my fine courtly friends. You spare no one, and every one will have his turn. Nevertheless, let but any one of those persons appear, and we shall see you rush to meet him, offer him your hand, and, with a flattering kiss, give weight to your protestations of being his servant.

Cl. Why this to us? If what is said offends you, the reproach must be addressed to this lady.

Alc. No, gadzooks! it concerns you; for your assenting smiles draw from her wit all these slanderous remarks. Her satirical vein is incessantly recruited by the culpable incense of your flattery; and her mind would find fewer charms in raillery, if she discovered that no one applauded her. Thus it is that to flatterers we ought everywhere to impute the vices which are sown among mankind.

Phil. But why do you take so great an interest in those people, for you would condemn the very things that are blamed in them?

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[19] See Appendix, Note E. [20] See Appendix, Note F.

Cél. And is not this gentleman bound to contradict? Would you have him subscribe to the general opinion; and must he not everywhere display the spirit of contradiction with which Heaven has endowed him? Other people's sentiments can never please him. He always supports a contrary idea, and he would think himself too much of the common herd, were he observed to be of any one's opinion but his own. The honour of gainsaying has so many charms for him, that he very often takes up the cudgels against himself; he combats his own sentiments as soon as he hears them from other folk's lips.[21]

Alc. In short, madam, the laughers are on your side; and you may launch your satire against me.

Phil. But it is very true, too, that you always take up arms against everything that is said; and; that your avowed spleen cannot bear people to be praised or blamed.

Alc. 'Sdeath! spleen against mankind is always seasonable, because they are never in the right, and I see that, in all their dealings, they either praise impertinently, or censure rashly.

Cél. But . . .

Alc. No, madam, no, though I were to die for it, you

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[21] This passage has been applied by Molière's contemporaries to the Duke de Montausier. It is said that this nobleman was one day walking with a friend, near the Tuileries, when the latter remarked how foolish Renard, the proprietor of some gardens close by, was to allow the public to enter there, instead of keeping them only for himself and his friends. The Duke replied that Renard could not do better than receive respectable people in his grounds, and proved this convincingly. On the next day, being by accident in the same neighbourhood, Montausier's friend observed how praiseworthy it was in Renard to allow good company to enter his grounds; but the Duke replied, that only a madman could spoil his own and his friends' pleasures, in order to allow all the idlers of the court and town to saunter there. It is said that Ménage related this anecdote.

have pastimes which I cannot tolerate; and people are very wrong to nourish in your heart this great attachment to the very faults which they blame in you.

Cl. As for myself, I do not know; but I openly acknowledge that hitherto I have thought this lady faultless.

Ac. I see that she is endowed with charms and attractions; but the faults which she has have not struck me.

Alc. So much the more have they struck me; and far from appearing blind, she knows that I take care to reproach her with them. The more we love any one, the less we ought to flatter her. True love shows itself by overlooking nothing; and, were I a lady, I would banish all those mean-spirited lovers who submit to all my sentiments, and whose mild complacencies every moment offer up incense to my vagaries.

Cel. In short, if hearts were ruled by you, we ought, to love well, to relinquish all tenderness, and make it the highest aim of perfect attachment to rail heartily at the persons we love.

El. Love, generally speaking, is little apt to put up with these decrees, and lovers are always observed to extol their choice. Their passion never sees aught to blame in it, and in the beloved all things become loveable. They think their faults perfections, and invent sweet terms to call them by. The pale one vies with the jessamine in fairness; another, dark enough to frighten people, becomes an adorable brunette; the lean one has a good shape and is lithe; the stout one has a portly and majestic bearing; the slattern, who has few charms, passes under the name of a careless beauty; the giantess seems a very goddess in their sight; the dwarf is an epitome of all the wonders of Heaven; the proud one has a soul worthy of a diadem; the artful brims with wit; the silly one is very good-natured; the chatterbox is good-tempered; and the silent one modest and

reticent. Thus a passionate swain loves even the very faults of those of whom he is enamoured.[22]

Alc. And I maintain that . . .

Cel. Let us drop the subject, and take a turn or two in the gallery. What! are you going, gentlemen?

Cl. and Ac. No, no, madam.

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[22] I have already said that Grimarest stated that Molière had prepared a translation of Lucretius in verse; and that he intended to read part of it at an evening-party given at the house of M. du Broussin, in 1664, but did not think his verses worthy of coming after those of Boileau, who read before him. All this rests upon very slight tradition; the only traces of Lucretius in Molière's works are a few lines of *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman* (See Vol. VI.), and the above passage. For the sake of comparison, I have given the lines of Lucretius taken from John Mason Good's poetical version (London, 1806) of that poet, book iv. 1197 to 1222.

"Charms they bestow which never were the fair's.
Hence frequent view we those, each grace denied,
The coarse, the crooked, held in high esteem.
And lovers laugh o'er lovers, and exhort
Offerings to Venus since so vilely sway'd,
While yet themselves are sway'd more vilely still.
To such the black assume a lovely brown,
The rank and filthy, negligence and ease.
The red-eyed is a Pallas; the firm-lim'd,
All bone, a bounding roe; the pigmy dwarf,
A sprightly grace, all energy and wit;
The huge and bulky, dignified and grand;
The stammerer lisps; the silent is sedate;
The pert virago, spirit all and fire;
The hectic, fine and delicate of frame;
The victim worn with pulmonary cough,
On life's last verge, a maid of matchless waist.
The broad, big bosom'd, Ceres full displayed,
Hot from the bed of Bacchus; the flat nos'd,
Of monkey shape, a Satyr from the woods;
And the broad-lip'd, a Nymph for kisses form'd.
But countless such conceits, and to narrate
Idle: yet grant the frame ador'd possest
Of face divine, that all the power of love
Plays o'er each limb symphoneous, others still
Exist of equal beauty."

Alc. The fear of their departure troubles you very much. Go when you like, gentlemen; but I tell you beforehand that I shall not leave until you leave.

Ac. Unless it inconveniences this lady, I have nothing to call me elsewhere the whole day.

Cl. I, provided I am present when the King retires,[23] I have no other matter to call me away.[24]

Cél. [*To Alceste*] You only joke, I fancy.

Alc. Not at all. We shall soon see whether it is me of whom you wish to get rid.[25]

SCENE VI.

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ACASTE, PHILINTE, CLITANDRE, BASQUE.

Bas. [*To Alceste*] There is a man down stairs, sir, who wishes to speak to you on business which cannot be postponed.

Alc. Tell him that I have no such urgent business.

Bas. He wears a jacket with large plaited skirts embroidered with gold.

Cél. [*To Alceste*] Go and see who it is, or else let him come in.

SCENE VII.

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ACASTE, PHILINTE, CLITANDRE, A GUARD OF THE MARÉCHAUSSÉE.[26]

Alc. [*Going to meet the guard*] What may be your pleasure? Come in, sir.

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[23] The original has *petit couche*. See Vol. I., p. 230, note 18.

[24] See Appendix, Note G. [25] See Appendix, Note H.

[26] The dress of the guards of the maréchaussée, was something like that of the "buffetiers" of the Tower of London; hence the allusion to "the plaited skirts." The *maréchaux de France* formed a tribunal, which

Guard. I would have a few words privately with you, sir.

Alc. You may speak aloud, sir, so as to let me know.

Guard. The Marshalls of France, whose commands I bear, hereby summon you to appear before them immediately, sir.

Alc. Whom? Me, sir?

Guard. Yourself.

Alc. And for what?

Phil. [*To Alceste*] It is this ridiculous affair between you and Oronte.

Cél. [*To Philinte*] What do you mean?

Phil. Oronte and he have been insulting each other just now about some trifling verses which he did not like; and the Marshalls wish to nip the affair in the bud.

Alc. But I shall never show any base complacency.

Phil. But you must obey the summons: come, get ready.

Alc. How will they settle this between us? Will the edict of these gentlemen oblige me to approve of the verses which are the cause of our quarrel? I will not retract what I have said; I think them abominable.

Phil. But with a little milder tone . . .

Alc. I will not abate one jot; the verses are execrable.

Phil. You ought to show some more accommodating spirit. Come along.

Alc. I shall go, but nothing shall induce me to retract.

Phil. Go and show yourself.

Alc. Unless an express order from the King himself commands me to approve of the verses which cause all this

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inquired into affairs of honour among noblemen or officers. The *garde de la connétablie* was under its orders, and made the offended parties appear before the tribunal of the maréchaussée, who settled the reparation to be given. See also page 283, note 3.

trouble, I shall ever maintain, egad, that they are bad, and that a fellow deserves hanging for making them.[27] [*To Clitandre and Acaste who are laughing*] Hang it! gentlemen, I did not think I was so amusing.

Cél. Go quickly whither you are wanted.

Alc. I am going, madam; but shall come back here to finish our discussion.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CLITANDRE, ACASTE.[28]

Cl. My dear marquis, you appear mightily pleased with yourself; everything amuses you, and nothing discomposes you. But really and truly, think you, without flattering yourself, that you have good reasons for appearing so joyful.

Ac. Egad, I do not find, on looking at myself, any matter to be sorrowful about. I am wealthy, I am young, and descend from a family which, with some appearance of truth, may be called noble; and I think that, by the rank which my lineage confers upon me, there are very few offices to which I might not aspire. As for courage, which we ought especially to value, it is well known—this without vanity—that I do not lack it; and people have seen me carry on an affair of honour in a manner sufficiently vigorous

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[27] Tradition pretends that when Boileau was told that Colbert was very intimate with Chapelain, that even the King liked the latter's poem *La Pucelle*, and that therefore the first-mentioned should be more careful in his criticisms, he exclaimed, "The King and M. Colbert may do what they please, but unless his Majesty expressly commands me to consider the verses of M. Chapelain good, I shall always maintain that a man, after having written such a poem, deserves to be hanged."

[28] See Appendix, Note I.

and brisk. As for wit, I have some, no doubt; and as for good taste, to judge and reason upon everything without study; at "first nights," of which I am very fond, to take my place as a critic upon the stage,[29] to give my opinion as a judge, to applaud, and point out the best passages by repeated bravoes, I am sufficiently adroit; I carry myself well, and am good-looking, have particularly fine teeth, and a good figure. I believe, without flattering myself, that, as for dressing in good taste, very few will dispute the palm with me. I find myself treated with every possible consideration, very much beloved by the fair sex; and I stand very well with the King. With all that, I think, dear marquis, that one might be satisfied with oneself anywhere.

Cl. True. But, finding so many easy conquests elsewhere, why come you here to utter fruitless sighs?

Ac. I? Zounds! I have neither the wish nor the disposition to put up with the indifference of any woman. I leave it to awkward and ordinary people to burn constantly for cruel fair maidens, to languish at their feet, and to bear with their severities, to invoke the aid of sighs and tears, and to endeavour, by long and persistent assiduities, to obtain what is denied to their little merit. But men of my stamp, marquis, are not made to love on trust, and be at all the expenses themselves. Be the merit of the fair ever so great, I think, thank Heaven, that we have our value as well as they; that it is not reasonable to enthrall a heart like mine without its costing them anything; and that, to weigh everything in a just scale, the advances should be, at least, reciprocal.

Cl. Then you think that you are right enough here, marquis?

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[29] See Vol. II., page 97, note 10.

Ac. I have some reason, marquis, to think so.

Cl. Believe me, divest yourself of this great mistake; you flatter yourself, dear friend, and are altogether self-deceived.

Ac. It is true. I flatter myself, and am, in fact, altogether self-deceived.

Cl. But what causes you to judge your happiness to be complete?

Ac. I flatter myself.

Cl. Upon what do you ground your belief?

Ac. I am altogether self-deceived.

Cl. Have you any sure proofs?

Ac. I am mistaken, I tell you.

Cl. Has Célimène made you any secret avowal of her inclinations?

Ac. No, I am very badly treated by her.

Cl. Answer me, I pray.

Ac. I meet with nothing but rebuffs.

Cl. A truce to your raillery; and tell me what hope she has held out to you.

Ac. I am the rejected, and you are the lucky one. She has a great aversion to me, and one of these days I shall have to hang myself.

Cl. Nonsense. Shall we two, marquis, to adjust our love affairs, make a compact together? Whenever one of us shall be able to show a certain proof of having the greater share in Célimène's heart, the other shall leave the field free to the supposed conqueror, and by that means rid him of an obstinate rival.

Ac. Egad! you please me with these words, and I agree to that from the bottom of my heart. But, hush.

SCENE II.

CÉLIMÈNE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE.

Cél. What! here still?

Cli. Love, madam, detains us.

Cél. I hear a carriage below. Do you know whose it is?

Cli. No.

SCENE III.

CÉLIMÈNE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, BASQUE.

Bas. Arsinoé, Madam, is coming up to see you.

Cél. What does the woman want with me?

Bas. Éliante is down stairs talking to her.

Cél. What is she thinking about, and what brings her here?

Ac. She has everywhere the reputation of being a consummate prude, and her fervent zeal . . .

Cél. Psha, downright humbug. In her inmost soul she is as worldly as any; and her every nerve is strained to hook some one, without being successful, however. She can only look with envious eyes on the accepted lovers of others; and in her wretched condition, forsaken by all, she is for ever railing against the blindness of the age. She endeavours to hide the dreadful isolation of her home under a false cloak of prudishness; and to save the credit of her feeble charms, she brands as criminal the power which they lack. Yet a swain would not come at all amiss to the lady; and she has even a tender hankering after Alceste. Every attention that he pays me, she looks upon as a theft committed by me, and as an insult to her attractions; and her jealous spite, which she can hardly hide, breaks out against me at every opportunity, and in an underhand manner. In short, I never saw anything, to my fancy, so stupid. She is impertinent to the last degree . . .

SCENE IV.

ARSINOÉ, CÉLIMÈNE, CLITANDRE, ACASTE.

Cél. Ah! what happy chance brings you here, madam? I was really getting uneasy about you.

Ars. I have come to give you some advice as a matter of duty.

Cél. How very glad I am to see you!

[*Exeunt Clitandre and Acaste, laughing.*]

SCENE V.

ARSINOÉ, CÉLIMÈNE.

Ars. They could not have left at a more convenient opportunity.

Cél. Shall we sit down?

Ars. It is not necessary. Friendship, madam, must especially show itself in matters which may be of consequence to us; and as there are none of greater importance than honour and decorum, I come to prove to you, by an advice which closely touches your reputation, the friendship which I feel for you. Yesterday I was with some people of rare virtue, where the conversation turned upon you; and there, your conduct, which is causing some stir, was unfortunately, madam, far from being commended. That crowd of people, whose visits you permit, your gallantry and the noise it makes, were criticised rather more freely and more severely than I could have wished. You can easily imagine whose part I took. I did all I could to defend you. I exonerated you, and vouched for the purity of your heart, and the honesty of your intentions. But you know there are things in life, which one cannot well defend, although one may have the greatest wish to do so; and I was at last obliged to confess that the way in which you lived did you some harm; that, in the eyes of the world, it had a

doubtful look ; that there was no story so ill natured as not to be everywhere told about it ; and that, if you liked, your behaviour might give less cause for censure. Not that I believe that decency is in any way outraged. Heaven forbid that I should harbour such a thought ! But the world is so ready to give credit to the faintest shadow of a crime, and it is not enough to live blameless one's self. Madam, I believe you to be too sensible not to take in good part this useful counsel, and not to ascribe it only to the inner promptings of an affection that feels an interest in your welfare.

Cél. Madam, I have a great many thanks to return you. Such counsel lays me under an obligation ; and, far from taking it amiss, I intend this very moment to repay the favour, by giving you an advice which also touches your reputation closely ; and as I see you prove yourself my friend by acquainting me with the stories that are current of me, I shall follow so nice an example, by informing you what is said of you. In a house the other day, where I paid a visit, I met some people of exemplary merit, who, while talking of the proper duties of a well spent life, turned the topic of the conversation upon you, madam. There your prudishness and your too fervent zeal were not at all cited as a good example. This affectation of a grave demeanour, your eternal conversations on wisdom and honour, your mincings and mouthings at the slightest shadows of indecency, which an innocent though ambiguous word may convey, that lofty esteem in which you hold yourself, and those pitying glances which you cast upon all, your frequent lectures and your acrid censures on things which are pure and harmless ; all this, if I may speak frankly to you, madam, was blamed unanimously. What is the good, said they, of this modest mien and this prudent exterior, which is belied by all the rest ? She says her prayers with the utmost exactness ;

but she beats her servants and pays them no wages. She displays great fervour in every place of devotion; but she paints and wishes to appear handsome. She covers the nudities in her pictures; but loves the reality. As for me, I undertook your defence against everyone, and positively assured them that it was nothing but scandal; but the general opinion went against me, and they came to the conclusion that you would do well to concern yourself less about the actions of others, and take a little more pains with your own; that one ought to look a long time at one's self before thinking of condemning other people; that when we wish to correct others, we ought to add the weight of a blameless life; and that even then, it would be better to leave it to those whom Heaven has ordained for the task. Madam, I also believe you to be too sensible not to take in good part this useful counsel, and not to ascribe it only to the inner promptings of an affection that feels an interest in your welfare.

Ar. To whatever we may be exposed when we reprove, I did not expect this retort, madam, and, by its very sting, I see how my sincere advice has hurt your feelings.

Cél. On the contrary, madam; and, if we were reasonable, those mutual counsels would become customary. If honestly made use of, it would to a great extent destroy the excellent opinion people have of themselves. It depends entirely on you whether we shall continue this trustworthy practice with equal zeal, and whether we shall take great care to tell each other, between ourselves, what we hear you of me, I of you.

Ar. Ah! madam, I can hear nothing said of you. It is in me that people find so much to reprove.

Cél. Madam, it is easy, I believe, to blame or praise everything; and everyone may be right, according to their age and taste. There is a time for gallantry, there is one

also for prudishness. One may out of policy take to it, when youthful attractions have faded away. It sometimes serves to hide vexatious ravages of time. I do not say that I shall not follow your example, one of these days. Those things come with old age; but twenty, as everyone well knows, is not an age to play the prude.

Ar. You certainly pride yourself upon a very small advantage, and you boast terribly of your age. Whatever difference there may be between your years and mine, there is no occasion to make such a tremendous fuss about it; and I am at a loss to know, madam, why you should get so angry, and what makes you goad me in this manner.

Cél. And I, madam, am at an equal loss to know why one hears you inveigh so bitterly against me everywhere. Must I always suffer for your vexations? Can I help it, if people refuse to pay you any attentions? If men will fall in love with me, and will persist in offering me each day those attentions of which your heart would wish to see me deprived, I cannot alter it, and it is not my fault. I leave you the field free, and do not prevent you from having charms to attract people.

Ar. Alas! and do you think that I would trouble myself about this crowd of lovers of which you are so vain, and that it is not very easy to judge at what price they may be attracted now-a-days? Do you wish to make it be believed, that, judging by what is going on, your merit alone attracts this crowd; that their affection for you is strictly honest, and that it is for nothing but your virtue that they all pay you their court? People are not blinded by those empty pretences; the world is not duped in that way; and I see many ladies who are capable of inspiring a tender feeling, yet who do not succeed in attracting a crowd of beaux; and from that fact we may draw our conclusion that those

conquests are not altogether made without some great advances; that no one cares to sigh for us, for our handsome looks only; and that the attentions bestowed on us are generally dearly bought. Do not therefore puff yourself up with vain-glory about the trifling advantages of a poor victory; and moderate slightly the pride on your good looks, instead of looking down upon people on account of them. If I were at all envious about your conquests, I dare say, that I might manage like other people, be under no restraint, and thus show plainly that one may have lovers, when one wishes for them.

Cél. Do have some then, madam, and let us see you try it; endeavour to please by this extraordinary secret; and without . . .

Ar. Let us break off this conversation, madam, it might excite too much both your temper and mine; and I would have already taken my leave, had I not been obliged to wait for my carriage.

Cél. Please stay as long as you like, and do not hurry yourself on that account, madam. But instead of wearying you any longer with my presence, I am going to give you some more pleasant company. This gentleman, who comes very opportunely, will better supply my place in entertaining you.[30]

[30] One of the commentators of Molière, M. Auger, has justly observed how admirably Célimène and Arsinoé vent their malignity, under the pretext of doing their duty as friends. Both are equally bad, both hate and insult each other; but yet, although their feelings and situations are the same, Molière shows with a masterhand the difference between them. The prude Arsinoé is bitter and angry in her speech; the coquette Célimène jocular and calm; the first, by getting in a rage, is wholly off her guard, and exposes herself to the most terrible blows; the second, keeping cool, preserves all her advantages, and makes the best possible use of them. The reason of it is that the one is of a certain age, and of uncertain charms, whilst the other is in the flower of her youth and beauty; the one is a hypocrite, whose mask has been snatched off; the other is a rather impudent young woman, whose faults are obvious.

SCENE VI.

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ARSINOÉ.

Cél. Alceste, I have to write a few lines, which I cannot well delay. Please to stay with this lady; she will all the more easily excuse my rudeness.

SCENE VII.

ALCESTE, ARSINOÉ.

Ar. You see, I am left by her to entertain you, until my coach comes round. She could have devised no more charming treat for me, than such a conversation. Indeed, people of exceptional merit attract the esteem and love of every one; and yours has undoubtedly some secret charm, which makes me feel interested in all your doings. I could wish that the Court, with a real regard to your merits, would do more justice to your deserts. You have reason to complain; and it vexes me to see that day by day nothing is done for you.

Alc. For me, madam? And by what right could I pretend to anything? What service have I rendered to the State? Pray, what have I done, so brilliant in itself, to complain of the Court for doing nothing for me.

Ar. Not everyone whom the State delights to honour, has rendered signal services; there must be an opportunity as well as the power; and the abilities which you allow us to perceive, ought . . .

Alc. For Heaven's sake, let us have no more of my abilities, I pray. What would you have the Court to do? It would have enough to do, and have its hands full, to discover the merits of people.

Ar. Sterling merit discovers itself. A great deal is made of yours in certain places; and let me tell you that, not

later than yesterday, you were highly spoken of in two distinguished circles, by people of very great standing.

Alc. As for that, madam, everyone is praised now-a-days, and very little discrimination is shown in our times. Everything is equally endowed with great merit, so that it is no longer an honour to be lauded. Praises abound, they throw them at one's head, and even my valet is put in the gazette.[31]

Ar. As for me, I could wish that, to bring yourself into greater notice, some place at Court might tempt you. If you will only give me a hint that you seriously think about it, a great many engines might be set in motion to serve you; and I know some people whom I could employ for you, and who would manage the matter smoothly enough.

Alc. And what should I do when I got there, madam? My disposition rather prompts me to keep away from it. Heaven, when ushering me into the world, did not give me a mind suited for the atmosphere of a Court. I have not the qualifications necessary for success, nor for making my fortune there. To be open and candid is my chief talent; I possess not the art of deceiving people in conversation; and he who has not the gift of concealing his thoughts, ought not to stay long in those places. When not at Court, one has not, doubtless, that standing, and the advantage of those honourable titles which it bestows now-a-days; but, on the other hand, one has not the vexation of playing the silly fool. One has

[31] The only newspaper then (1666) known was the official *Gazette de France*, established by Renaudot in 1631; Denis de Sallo founded, in 1665, a literary and scientific paper, called *le Journal des Savants*. As the news given by the *Gazette* was very meagre, there arose the *gazettes secrètes*, which were rigorously prosecuted, and, if possible, suppressed, and the authors, if got hold of, publicly flagellated and imprisoned.—Compare Byron's line in *Don Juan*, "And even my servant's put in the Gazette."

not to bear a thousand galling rebuffs; one is not, as it were, forced to praise the verses of mister so-and-so, to laud madam such-and-such, and to put up with the whims of some ingenuous marquis.[32]

Ar. Since you wish it, let us drop the subject of the Court: but I cannot help grieving for your amours; and, to tell you my opinions candidly on that head, I could heartily wish your affections better bestowed. You certainly deserve a much happier fate, and she who has fascinated you is unworthy of you.

Alc. But in saying so, madam, remember, I pray, that this lady is your friend.

Ar. True. But really my conscience revolts at the thought of suffering any longer the wrong that is done to you. The position in which I see you afflicts my very soul, and I caution you that your affections are betrayed.

Alc. This is certainly showing me a deal of good feeling, madam, and such information is very welcome to a lover.

Ar. Yes, for all Célimène is my friend, I do not hesitate to call her unworthy of possessing the heart of a man of honour; and hers only pretends to respond to yours.

Alc. That is very possible, madam, one cannot look into the heart; but your charitable feelings might well have refrained from awakening such a suspicion in mine.

Ar. Nothing is easier than to say no more about it, if you do not wish to be undeceived.

Alc. Just so. But whatever may be openly said on this subject is not half so annoying as hints thrown out; and I for one would prefer to be plainly told that only which could be clearly proved.

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[32] This is, I believe, the only direct attack Molière ever made against the Court, and by so doing, he ran the risk of offending Louis XIV. Part of this outbreak may be found in Juvenal, and also in one of Boileau's satires.

Ar. Very well! and that is sufficient; I can fully enlighten you upon this subject. I will have you believe nothing but what your own eyes see. Only have the kindness to escort me as far as my house; and I will give you undeniable proof of the faithlessness of your fair one's heart;[33] and if, after that, you can find charms in anyone else, we will perhaps find you some consolation.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE.

Phil. No, never have I seen so obstinate a mind, nor a reconciliation more difficult to effect. In vain was Alceste tried on all sides; he would still maintain his opinion; and never, I believe, has a more curious dispute engaged the attention of those gentlemen. "No, gentlemen," exclaimed he, "I will not retract, and I shall agree with you on every point, except on this one. At what is Oronte offended? and with what does he reproach me? Does it reflect upon his honour that he cannot write well? What is my opinion to him, which he has altogether wrongly construed? One may be a perfect gentleman, and write bad verses; those things have nothing to do with honour. I take him to be a gallant man in every way; a man of standing, of merit, and courage, anything you like, but he is a wretched author. I shall praise, if you wish, his mode of living, his lavishness, his skill in riding, in fencing, in dancing; but as to praising his verses, I am his humble servant; and if one has not the

[33] The original has a bad play on words, or rather on the antithesis of thought, as shown in the sentence: *je vous ferai voir une preuve fidèle, de l'infidélité du cœur de votre belle.* This was quite in the taste of the times, though happily no longer so.

gift of composing better, one ought to leave off rhyming altogether, unless condemned to it on forfeit of one's life."[34] In short, all the modification they could with difficulty obtain from him, was to say, in what he thought a much gentler tone—"I am sorry, Sir, to be so difficult to please; and out of regard for you, I could wish, with all my heart, to have found your sonnet a little better." And they compelled them to settle this dispute quickly with an embrace.

El. He is very eccentric in his doings; but I must confess that I think a great deal of him; and the candour upon which he prides himself has something noble and heroic in it. It is a rare virtue now-a-days, and I, for one, should not be sorry to meet with it everywhere.

Phil. As for me, the more I see of him, the more I am amazed at that passion to which his whole heart is given up. I cannot conceive how, with a disposition like his, he has taken it into his head to love at all; and still less can I understand how your cousin happens to be the person to whom his feelings are inclined.

El. That shows that love is not always produced by compatibility of temper; and in this case, all the pretty theories of gentle sympathies are belied.[35]

Phil. But do you think him beloved in return, to judge from what we see?

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[34] See page 314, note 27. This passage reminds me of a nearly similar one in the ninth satire of Boileau, in which he says of Chapelain—

Let aye his honesty and his fair name be praised;
His candour and civility be highly valued;
Let him be gentle, pliant, upright, o'er-polite;
Amen, I say to this, not one word will I utter.
But when they say his writings are the very best,
When he's the amplest paid of all the wits in town,
When they declare him king of all the author's tribe,
Then I'm quite in a rage, anxious to scribble too.

[35] The word "Sympathy" was then used to express in an elegant manner, the feeling of love.

El. That is a point not easily decided. How can we judge whether it be true she loves? Her own heart is not so very sure of what it feels. It sometimes loves, without being quite aware of it, and at other times thinks it does, without the least grounds.

Phil. I think that our friend will have more trouble with this cousin of yours than he imagines; and to tell you the truth, if he were of my mind, he would bestow his affections elsewhere; and by a better choice, we should see him, madam, profit by the kind feelings which your heart evinces for him.

El. As for me, I do not mince matters, and I think that in such cases we ought to act with sincerity. I do not run counter to his tender feelings; on the contrary, I feel interested in them; and, if it depended only on me, I would unite him to the object of his love. But if, as it may happen in love affairs, his affections should receive a check, and if Célimène should respond to the love of any one else, I could easily be prevailed upon to listen to his addresses, and I should have no repugnance whatever to them on account of their rebuff elsewhere.

Phil. Nor do I, from my side, oppose myself, madam, to the tender feelings which you entertain for him; and he himself, if he wished, could inform you what I have taken care to say to him on that score. But if, by the union of those two, you should be prevented from accepting his attentions, all mine would endeavour to gain that great favour which your kind feelings offer to him; only too happy, madam, to have them transferred to myself, if his heart could not respond to yours.

El. You are in the humour to jest, Philinte.

Phil. Not so, madam, I am speaking my inmost feelings. I only await the opportune moment to offer myself openly, and am wishing most anxiously to hurry its advent.

SCENE II.

ALCESTE, ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE.

Alc. Ah, madam ! obtain me justice for an offence which triumphs over all my constancy.

El. What ails you ? What disturbs you ?

Alc. This much ails me, that it is death to me to think of it ; and the upheaving of all creation would less overwhelm me than this accident. It is all over with me . . . My love . . . I cannot speak.

El. Just endeavour to be composed.

Alc. Oh, just Heaven ! must so many charms be allied to the most odious vices of the most perfidious hearts ?

El. But, once more, what can have . . .

Alc. Alas ! All is ruined ! I am ! I am betrayed ! I am stricken to death ! Célimène . . . would you credit it ? Célimène deceives me, and is faithless.[36]

El. Have you just grounds for believing so ?

Phil. Perhaps it is a suspicion, rashly conceived ; and your jealous temper often harbours fancies . . .

Alc. Ah ! 'Sdeath, please to mind your own business, sir. [*To Éliante*] Her treachery is but too certain, for I have in my pocket a letter in her own handwriting. Yes, madam, a letter, intended for Oronte, has placed before my eyes my disgrace and her shame ; Oronte, whose addresses I believed she avoided, and whom, of all my rivals, I feared the least.

Phil. A letter may deceive by appearances, and is sometimes not so culpable as may be thought.

Alc. Once more, sir, leave me alone, if you please, and trouble yourself only about your own concerns.

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[36] The words from "What ails you" till "faithless," are, with some slight alterations, taken from *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act iv., Scene 7, Vol. I., p. 362.

El. You should moderate your passion; and the insult . . .

Alc. You must be left to do that, madam; it is to you that my heart has recourse to-day to free itself from this goading pain. Avenge me on an ungrateful and perfidious relative who basely deceives such constant tenderness. Avenge me for an act that ought to fill you with horror.

El. I avenge you? How?

Alc. By accepting my heart. Take it, madam, instead of the false one; it is in this way that I can avenge myself upon her; and I shall punish her by the sincere attachment, and the profound love, the respectful cares, the eager devotions, the ceaseless attentions which this heart will henceforth offer up at your shrine.

El. I certainly sympathize with you in your sufferings, and do not despise your proffered heart; but the wrong done may not be so great as you think, and you might wish to forego this desire for revenge. When the injury proceeds from a beloved object, we form many designs which we never execute; we may find as powerful a reason as we like to break off the connection, the guilty charmer is soon again innocent; all the harm we wish her quickly vanishes, and we know what a lover's anger means.

Alc. No, no, madam, no. The offence is too cruel; there will be no relenting, and I have done with her. Nothing shall change the resolution I have taken, and I should hate myself for ever loving her again. Here she comes. My anger increases at her approach. I shall taunt her with her black guilt, completely put her to the blush, and, after that, bring you a heart wholly freed from her deceitful attractions.

SCENE III.

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE.

Alc. [*Aside*] Grant, Heaven, that I may control my temper.

Cél. [*Aside*] Ah! [*To Alceste*] What is all this trouble that I see you in, and what mean those long-drawn sighs, and those black looks which you cast at me?

Alc. That all the wickedness of which a heart is capable is not to be compared to your perfidy; that neither fate, hell, nor Heaven in its wrath, ever produced anything so wicked as you are.[37]

Cél. These are certainly pretty compliments, which I admire very much.

Alc. Do not jest. This is no time for laughing. Blush rather, you have cause to do so; and I have undeniable proofs of your treachery. This is what the agitations of my mind prognosticated; it was not without cause that my love took alarm; by these frequent suspicions, which were hateful to you, I was trying to discover the misfortune which my eyes have beheld; and in spite of all your care and your skill in dissembling, my star foretold me what I had to fear. But do not imagine that I will bear unavenged this slight of being insulted. I know that we have no command over our inclinations, that love will everywhere spring up spontaneously, that there is no entering a heart by force, and that every soul is free to name its conqueror: I should thus have no reason to complain if you had spoken to me without dissembling, and rejected my advances from the very beginning; my heart would then have been justified in blaming fortune alone. But to see my love encouraged by a deceitful avowal on your part, is an action so treacherous and perfidious, that it cannot meet

[37] These words, from "That all" till "you are," are also in *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act iv., Scene 8, Vol. I., p. 363.

with too great a punishment; and I can allow my resentment to do anything. Yes, yes; after such an outrage, fear everything; I am no longer myself, I am mad with rage.[38] My senses, struck by the deadly blow with which you kill me, are no longer governed by reason; I give way to the outbursts of a just wrath, and am no longer responsible for what I may do.

Cél. Whence comes, I pray, such a passion? Speak! Have you lost your senses?

Alc. Yes, yes, I lost them when, to my misfortune, I beheld you, and thus took the poison which kills me, and when I thought to meet with some sincerity in those treacherous charms that bewitched me.

Cél. Of what treachery have you to complain?

Alc. Ah! how double-faced she is! how well she knows how to dissemble! But I am fully prepared with the means of driving her to extremities. Cast your eyes here, and recognise your writing. This picked-up note is sufficient to confound you, and such proof cannot easily be refuted.

Cel. And this is the cause of your perturbation of spirits?

Alc. You do not blush on beholding this writing!

Cél. And why should I blush?

Alc. What! You add boldness to craft! Will you disown this note because it bears no name?

Cél. Why should I disown it, since I wrote it.[39]

Alc. And you can look at it without becoming confused at the crime of which its style accuses you!

Cél. You are, in truth, a very eccentric man.

Alc. What! you thus out-brave this convincing proof!

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[38] The whole of Alceste's speech, from "Blush rather" until "mad with rage," is, with some slight alterations, taken from *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act iv., Scene 8, Vol. I., p. 363.

[39] The words "Whence comes I pray" until "since I wrote it," are, with some slight alterations, taken from *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act. ii., Scene 5, Vol. I., p. 342.

And the contents so full of tenderness for Oronte need have nothing in them to outrage me, or to shame you ?

Cél. Oronte ! Who told you that this letter is for him ?

Alc. The people who put it into my hands this day. But I will even suppose that it is for some one else. Has my heart any less cause to complain of yours ? Will you, in fact, be less guilty toward me ?

Cél. But if it is a woman to whom this letter is addressed, how can it hurt you, or what is there culpable in it ?

Alc. Hem ! The prevarication is ingenious, and the excuse excellent. I must own that I did not expect this turn ; and nothing but that was wanting to convince me. Do you dare to have recourse to such palpable tricks ? Do you think people entirely destitute of common sense ? Come, let us see a little by what subterfuge, with what air, you will support so palpable a falsehood ; and how you can apply to a woman every word of this note which evinces so much tenderness ? Reconcile, if you can, to hide your deceit, what I am about to read . . .

Cél. It does not suit me to do so. I think it ridiculous that you should take so much upon yourself, and tell me to my face what you have the daring to say to me !

Alc. No, no, without flying into a rage, take a little trouble to explain these terms.

Cél. No, I shall do nothing of the kind, and it matters very little to me what you think upon the subject.

Alc. I pray you, show me, and I shall be satisfied, if this letter can be explained as meant for a woman.

Cél. Not at all. It is for Oronte ; and I will have you believe it. I accept all his attentions gladly ; I admire what he says, I like him, and I shall agree to whatever you please. Do as you like, and act as you think proper ; let nothing hinder you, and do not harass me any longer.

Alc. [*Aside*] Heavens ! can anything more cruel be

conceived, and was ever heart treated like mine? What! I am justly angry with her, I come to complain, and I am quarrelled with instead! My grief and my suspicions are excited to the utmost, I am allowed to believe everything, she boasts of everything; and yet, my heart is still sufficiently mean not to be able to break the bonds that hold it fast, and not to arm itself with a generous contempt for the ungrateful object of which it is too much enamoured. [*To Célimène*] Perfidious woman, you know well how to take advantage against myself of my great weakness, and to employ for your own purpose that excessive, astonishing, and fatal love which your treacherous looks have inspired![40] Defend yourself at least from a crime that overwhelms even me, and cease that affectation of being culpable against me. Show me, if you can, the innocence of this note; my affection will even consent to assist you. At any rate, endeavour to appear faithful, and I shall strive to believe you such.

Cél. Bah, you are mad with your jealous frenzies, and do not deserve the love which I have for you. I should much like to know what could compel me to stoop for you to the baseness of dissembling; and why, if my heart were disposed towards another, I should not say so candidly. What! does the kind assurance of my sentiments towards you not defend me sufficiently against all your suspicions? Ought they to possess any weight at all with such a guarantee? Is it not insulting me even to listen to them? And since it is with the utmost difficulty that we can resolve to confess our love, since the strict honour of our sex, hostile to our passion, strongly opposes such a confession, ought a lover who sees such an obstacle overcome for his sake, doubt with impunity our avowal? And is he not

[40] The phrase "Perfidious woman" until "inspired" is, with few alterations, to be found in *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act iv., Scene 8, Vol. I., page 366.

greatly to blame in not assuring himself of the truth of that which is never said but after a severe struggle with oneself ?[41] Begone, such suspicions deserve my anger, and you are not worthy of being cared for. I am silly, and am vexed at my own simplicity in still preserving the least kindness for you. I ought to place my affections elsewhere, and give you a just cause for complaint.

Alc. Ah ! you traitress ! mine is a strange infatuation for you ; those tender expressions are, no doubt, meant only to deceive me. But it matters little, I must submit to my fate ; my very soul is wrapt up in you ; I will see to the bitter end how your heart will act towards me, and whether it will be black enough to deceive me.

Cél. No, you do not love me as you ought to love.

Alc. Indeed ! Nothing is to be compared to my exceeding love ; and, in its eagerness to show itself to the whole world, it goes even so far as to form wishes against you. Yes, I could wish that no one thought you handsome, that you were reduced to a miserable existence ; that Heaven, at your birth, had bestowed upon you nothing ; that you had no rank, no nobility, no wealth, so that I might openly proffer my heart, and thus make amends to you for the injustice of such a lot ; and that, this very day, I might have the joy and the glory of seeing you owe everything to my love.[42]

Cél. This is wishing me well in a strange way ![43]

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[41] The words "And since it is" until "with one's self" are found, with some slight alterations, in *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act iii., Scene 1, Vol. I., page 349.

[42] The words "so that" until "love" are, with some alterations, found also in *Don Garcia of Navarre*, Act i., Scene 3, Vol. I., page 331.

[43] It has been said that Molière has reproduced an incident of his own life, when his wife, out of despair that her love for the Count of Guiche was not returned, threw herself into the arms of the Duke of Lauzun, and that the *liaison* was betrayed to Molière by the Abbé de Richelieu ; that when Molière reproached his wife with her conduct, she answered that she was guilty only of thoughtlessness, and begged

Heaven grant that you may never have occasion . . . But here comes Monsieur Dubois curiously decked out.

SCENE IV.

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE, DUBOIS.

Alc. What means this strange attire, and that frightened look? What ails you?

Du. Sir . . . .

Alc. Well?

Du. The most mysterious event.

Alc. What is it?

Du. Our affairs are turning out badly, sir.

Alc. What?

Du. Shall I speak out?

Alc. Yes, do, and quickly.

Du. Is there no one there?

Alc. Curse your trifling! Will you speak?

Du. Sir, we must beat a retreat.

Alc. What do you mean?

Du. We must steal away from this quietly.

Alc. And why?

Du. I tell you that we must leave this place.

Alc. The reason?

Du. You must go, sir, without staying to take leave.

Alc. But what is the meaning of this strain?

Du. The meaning is, sir, that you must make yourself scarce.

Alc. I shall knock you on the head to a certainty, booby, if you do not explain yourself more clearly.

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his pardon; that he forgave her; that for some time they lived happily together; but that, on her return to Paris, she broke out again. For all these and similar stories, there is no other foundation than the well-known pamphlet, *La Fameuse comédienne*. (See Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., page 291. See also Note 85, page 33.)

Du. A fellow, sir, with a black dress, and as black a look, got as far as the kitchen to leave a paper with us, scribbled over in such a fashion that old Nick himself could not have read it. It is about your law-suit, I make no doubt; but the very devil, I believe, could not make head nor tail of it.

Alc. Well! what then? What has the paper to do with the going away of which you speak, you scoundrel.

Du. I must tell you, sir, that, about an hour afterwards, a gentleman who often calls, came to ask for you quite eagerly, and not finding you at home, quietly told me, knowing how attached I am to you, to let you know . . . Stop a moment, what the deuce is his name?

Alc. Never mind his name, you scoundrel, and tell me what he told you.

Du. He is one of your friends, in short, that is sufficient. He told me that for your very life you must get away from this, and that you are threatened with arrest.

Alc. But how! has he not specified anything?

Du. No. He asked me for ink and paper, and has sent you a line from which you can, I think, fathom the mystery!

Alc. Hand it over then.

Cél. What can all this mean?

Alc. I do not know; but I am anxious to be informed. Have you almost done, devil take you!

Du. [*After having fumbled for some time for the note*] After all, sir, I have left it on your table.

Alc. I do not know what keeps me from . . .

Cel. Do not put yourself in a passion, but go and unravel this perplexing business.

Alc. It seems that fate, whatever I may do, has sworn to prevent my having a conversation with you. But, to get the better of her, allow me to see you again, madam, before the end of the day.

ACT V. SCÈNE I.

ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Alc. I tell you, my mind is made up about it.

Phil. But, whatever this blow may be, does it compel you . . .

Alc. You may talk and argue till doomsday if you like, nothing can divert me from what I have said. The age we live in is too perverse, and I am determined to withdraw altogether from intercourse with the world. What! when honour, probity, decency, and the laws, are all against my adversary; when the equity of my claim is everywhere cried up; when my mind is at rest as to the justice of my cause, I meanwhile see myself betrayed by its issue! What! I have got justice on my side, and I lose my case! A wretch, whose scandalous history is well known, comes off triumphant by the blackest falsehood! All good faith yields to his treachery! He finds the means of being in the right, whilst cutting my throat! The weight of his dissimulation, so full of cunning, overthrows the right and turns the scales of justice! He obtains even a decree of court to crown his villany. And, not content with the wrong he is doing me, there is abroad in society an abominable book, of which the very reading is to be condemned, a book that deserves the utmost severity, and of which the scoundrel has the impudence to proclaim me the author.[44] Upon this, Oronte is observed to mutter, and tries wickedly to support the imposture! He, who holds an honourable position at Court, to whom I have done nothing except having been sincere and candid, who came to ask me,

[44] According to Grimarest, there was at that time secretly in circulation "a terrible book," published under Molière's name. Of course it was said that his opponents, very angry at the *Tartuffe*, were the authors of it: hence the allusion.

in spite of myself, for my opinion of some of his verses; and because I treat him honestly, and will not betray either him or truth, he assists in overwhelming me with a trumped-up crime. Behold him now my greatest enemy! And I shall never obtain his sincere forgiveness, because I did not think that his sonnet was good! Sdeath! to think that mankind is made thus! The thirst for fame induces them to do such things! This is the good faith, the virtuous zeal, the justice and the honour to be found amongst them! Let us begone, it is too much to endure the vexations they are devising; let us get out of this wood, this cut-throat hole; and since men behave towards each other like real wolves, wretches, you shall never see me again as long as I live.

Phil. I think you are acting somewhat hastily; and the harm done is not so great as you would make it out. Whatever your adversary dares to impute to you has not had the effect of causing you to be arrested. We see his false reports defeating themselves, and this action is likely to hurt him much more than you.

Alc. Him? he does not mind the scandal of such tricks as these. He has a licence to be an arrant knave; and this event, far from damaging his position, will obtain him a still better standing to-morrow.

Phil. In short, it is certain that little notice has been taken of the report which his malice spread against you;[45] from that side you have already nothing to fear; and as for your law-suit, of which you certainly have reason to complain, it is easy for you to bring the trial on afresh, and against this decision . . .

Alc. No, I shall leave it as it is. Whatever cruel wrong this verdict may inflict, I shall take particular care not to have

[45] These words of Philinte may perhaps vaguely refer to the accusation brought by Montfleury against Molière in 1663 (See Prefatory Memoir, Vol. I., page xxviii.).

it set aside. We see too plainly how right is maltreated in it, and I wish it to go down to posterity as a signal proof, as a notorious testimony of the wickedness of the men of our age. It may indeed cost me twenty thousand francs, but at the cost of twenty thousand francs I shall have the right of railing against the iniquity of human nature, and of nourishing an undying hatred of it.

Phil. But after all . . .

Alc. But after all, your pains are thrown away. What can you, sir, say upon this head? Would you have the assurance to wish, to my face, to excuse the villany of all that is happening?

Phil. No, I agree with you in all that you say. Everything goes by intrigue, and by pure influence. It is only trickery which carries the day in our time, and men ought to act differently. But is their want of equity a reason for wishing to withdraw from their society? All human failings give us, in life, the means of exercising our philosophy. It is the best employment for virtue; and if probity reigned everywhere, if all hearts were candid, just, and tractable, most of our virtues would be useless to us, inasmuch as their functions are to bear, without annoyance, the injustice of others in our good cause; and just in the same way as a heart full of virtue . . .

Alc. I know that you are a most fluent speaker, sir; that you always abound in fine arguments; but you are wasting your time, and all your fine speeches. Reason tells me to retire, for my own good. I cannot command my tongue sufficiently; I cannot answer for what I might say, and should very probably get myself into a hundred scrapes. Allow me, without any more words, to wait for Célimène. She must consent to the plan that brings me here. I shall see whether her heart has any love for me; and this very hour will prove it to me.

Phil. Let us go upstairs to Éliante, and wait her coming.

Alc. No, my mind is too harassed. You go and see her, and leave me in this little dark corner with my black care.

Phil. That is strange company to leave you in; I will induce Éliante to come down.

SCENE II.

CÉLIMÈNE, ORONTE, ALCESTE.

Oron. Yes, madam, it remains for you to consider whether, by ties so dear, you will make me wholly yours. I must be absolutely certain of your affection: a lover dislikes to be held in suspense upon such a subject. If the ardour of my affection has been able to move your feelings, you ought not to hesitate to let me see it; and the proof, after all, which I ask of you, is not to allow Alceste to wait upon you any longer; to sacrifice him to my love, and, in short, to banish him from your house this very day.

Cél. But why are you so incensed against him; you, whom I have so often heard speak of his merits?

Oron. There is no need, madam, of these explanations; the question is, what are your feelings? Please to choose between the one or the other; my resolution depends entirely upon yours.

Alc. [*Coming out of his corner*] Yes, this gentleman is right, madam, you must make a choice; and his request agrees perfectly with mine. I am equally eager, and the same anxiety brings me here. My love requires a sure proof. Things cannot go on any longer in this way, and the moment has arrived for explaining your feelings.

Oron. I have no wish, sir, in any way to disturb, by an untimely affection, your good fortune.

Alc. And I have no wish, sir, jealous or not jealous, to share aught in her heart with you.

Oron. If she prefers your affection to mine . . .

Alc. If she has the slightest inclination towards you . . .

Oron. I swear henceforth not to pretend to it again.

Alc. I peremptorily swear never to see her again.

Oron. Madam, it remains with you now to speak openly.

Alc. Madam, you can explain yourself fearlessly.

Oron. You have simply to tell us where your feelings are engaged.

Alc. You may simply finish the matter, by choosing between us two.

Oron. What! you seem to be at a loss to make such a choice.

Alc. What! your heart still wavers, and appears uncertain!

Cél. Good Heavens, how out of place is this persistence, and how very unreasonable you both show yourselves! It is not that I do not know whom to prefer, nor is it my heart that wavers. It is not at all in doubt between you two; and nothing could be more quickly accomplished than the choice of my affections. But to tell the truth, I feel too confused to pronounce such an avowal before you; I think that disobliging words ought not to be spoken in people's presence; that a heart can give sufficient proof of its attachment without going so far as to break with every one; and gentler intimations suffice to inform a lover of the ill success of his suit.

Oron. No, no, I do not fear a frank avowal; for my part I consent to it.

Alc. And I demand it; it is just its very publicity that I claim, and I do not wish you to spare my feelings in the least. Your great study has always been to keep friends with every one; but no more trifling, no more uncertainty. You

must explain yourself clearly, or I shall take your refusal as a verdict ; I shall know, for my part, how to interpret your silence, and shall consider it as a confirmation of the worst.

Oron. I owe you many thanks, sir, for this wrath, and I say in every respect as you do.

Cél. How you weary me with such a whim ! Is there any justice in what you ask ? And have I not told you what motive prevents me ? I will be judged by Éliante, who is just coming.

SCENE III.

ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ORONTE, ALCESTE.

Cél. Good cousin, I am being persecuted here by people who have concerted to do so. They both demand, with the same warmth, that I should declare whom my heart has chosen, and that, by a decision which I must give before their very faces, I should forbid one of them to tease me any more with his attentions. Say, has ever such a thing been done ?

Él. Pray, do not consult me upon such a matter. You may perhaps address yourself to a wrong person, for I am decidedly for people who speak their mind.

Oron. Madam, it is useless for you to decline.

Alc. All your evasions here will be badly supported.

Oron. You must speak, you must, and no longer waver.

Alc. You need do no more than remain silent.

Oron. I desire but one word to end our discussions.

Alc. To me your silence will convey as much as speech.

SCENE IV.

ARSINOÉ, CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, ORONTE.

Ac. [*To Célimène*] We have both come, by your leave, madam, to clear up a certain little matter with you.

Cl. [*To Oronte and Alceste*] Your presence happens fortunately, gentlemen; for this affair concerns you also.

Ars. [*To Célimène*] No doubt you are surprised at seeing me here, madam; but these gentlemen are the cause of my intrusion. They both came to see me, and complained of a proceeding which I could not have credited. I have too high an opinion of your kindness of heart ever to believe you capable of such a crime; my eyes even have refused to give credence to their strongest proofs, and in my friendship, forgetting trivial disagreements, I have been induced to accompany them here, to hear you refute this slander.

Ac. Yes, madam, let us see, with composure, how you will manage to bear this out. This letter has been written by you, to Clitandre.

Cl. And this tender epistle you have addressed to Acaste.

Ac. [*To Oronte and Alceste*] This writing is not altogether unknown to you, gentlemen, and I have no doubt that her kindness has before now made you familiar with her hand. But this is well worth the trouble of reading.[46]

"*You are a strange man to condemn my liveliness of spirits, and to reproach me that I am never so merry as when I am not with you. Nothing could be more unjust; and if you do not come very soon to ask my pardon for this offence, I shall never forgive you as long as I live. Our*

[46] Acaste reads the letter written to Clitandre; and Clitandre, the one written to Acaste.

great hulking booby of a Viscount."[47] . . . He ought to have been here. *"Our great hulking booby of a Viscount, with whom you begin your complaints, is a man who would not at all suit me; and ever since I watched him for full three-quarters of an hour spitting in a well to make circles in the water, I never could have a good opinion of him. As for the little Marquis . . ."* that is myself, ladies and gentlemen, be it said without the slightest vanity, . . . *"As for the little Marquis, who held my hand yesterday for a long while, I think that there is nothing so diminutive as his whole person, and his sole merit consists in his cloak and sword. As to the man with the green shoulder knot*[48] *. . ."* [*To Alceste*] It is your turn now, Sir. *"As to the man with the green shoulder knot, he amuses me sometimes with his bluntness and his splenetic behaviour; but there are hundreds of times when I think him the greatest bore in the world. Respecting the man with the big waistcoat*[49] *. . ."* [*To Oronte*] This is your share. *"Respecting the man with the big waistcoat, who has thought fit to set up as a wit, and wishes to be an author in spite of every one, I cannot even take the trouble to listen to what he says; and his prose bores me just as much as his poetry. Take it then for granted that I do not always enjoy myself so much as you*

[47] It has been said that the "great hulking booby of a Viscount" was intended for the Count de Guiche, and that Madame, the wife of Louis XIV.'s brother, whose Chevalier he was, wished the description to be omitted, but that the King told Molière to leave it in. All this appears to be mere gossip, unsupported by anything.

[48] On page 283, note 2, we find that Molière, on playing the part of Alceste, wore a dress "ornamented with green ribands;" hence the allusion to "the green shoulder knot."

[49] Oronte wore a big waistcoat *(veste)* to distinguish himself from the other personages. But afterwards everyone wore such a waistcoat; and La Grange and Vinot, the editors of the first collected edition of Molière's works, finding that this no longer distinguished Oronte, called him *l' homme au sonnet*, the sonnetteer.

think; and that I wish for you, more than I care to say, amongst all the entertainments to which I am dragged; and that the presence of those we love is an excellent relish to our pleasures."

Cl. Now for myself.

" Your Clitandre, whom you mention to me, and who has always such a quantity of soft expressions at his command, is the last man for whom I could feel any affection. He must be crazed in persuading himself that I love him; and you are so too in believing that I do not love you. You had better change your fancies for his, and come and see me as often as you can, to help me in bearing the annoyance of being pestered by him." This shows the model of a lovely character, madam; and I need not tell you what to call it. It is enough. We shall, both of us, show this admirable sketch of your heart everywhere and to everybody.

Ac. I might also say something, and the subject is tempting; but I deem you beneath my anger; and I will show you that little marquises can find worthier hearts than yours to console themselves.

SCENE V.

CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ARSINOÉ, ALCESTE, ORONTE, PHILINTE.

Oron. What! Am I to be pulled to pieces in this fashion, after all that you have written to me! And does your heart, with all its semblance of love, plight its faith to all mankind by turns! Bah, I have been too great a dupe, but I shall be so no longer. You have done me a service, in showing yourself in your true colours to me. I am the richer by a heart which you thus restore to me, and find my revenge in your loss. [*To Alceste*] Sir, I shall no longer be an obstacle to your flame, and you may settle matters with this lady as soon as you please.

SCENE VI.

CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ARSINOÉ, ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Ars. [*To Célimène*] This is certainly one of the basest actions which I have ever seen; I can no longer be silent, and feel quite upset. Has any one ever seen the like of it? I do not concern myself much in the affairs of other people, but this gentleman, [*pointing to Alceste*], who has staked the whole of his happiness on you, an honourable and deserving man like this, and who worshipped you to madness, ought he to have been . . .

Al. Leave me, I pray you, madam, to manage my own affairs; and do not trouble yourself unnecessarily. In vain do I see you espouse my quarrel. I am unable to repay you for this great zeal; and if ever I intended to avenge myself by choosing some one else, it would not be you whom I would select.

Ars. And do you imagine, sir, that I ever harboured such a thought, and that I am so very anxious to secure you? You must be very vain, indeed, to flatter yourself with such an idea. Célimène's leavings are a commodity of which no one needs be so very much enamoured. Pray, undeceive yourself, and do not carry matters with so high a hand. People like me are not for such as you. You will do much better to remain dangling after her skirts, and I long to see so beautiful a match.

SCENE VII.

CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Al. [*To Célimène*] Well! I have held my tongue, notwithstanding all I have seen, and I have let everyone have

his say before me. Have I controlled myself long enough? and will you now allow me . . .

Cél. Yes, you may say what you like; you are justified when you complain, and you may reproach me with anything you please. I confess that I am in the wrong; and overwhelmed by confusion I do not seek by any idle excuse to palliate my fault. The anger of the others I have despised; but I admit my guilt towards you. No doubt, your resentment is just; I know how culpable I must appear to you, that every thing speaks of my treachery to you, and that, in short, you have cause to hate me. Do so, I consent to it.

Alc. But can I do so, you traitress? Can I thus get the better of all my tenderness for you? And although I wish to hate you with all my soul, shall I find a heart quite ready to obey me? [*To Éliante and Philinte*] You see what an unworthy passion can do, and I call you both as witnesses of my infatuation. Nor, truth to say, is this all, and you will see me carry it out to the bitter end, to show you that it is wrong to call us wise, and that in all hearts there remains still something of the man. [*To Célimène*] Yes, perfidious creature, I am willing to forget your crimes. I can find, in my own heart, an excuse for all your doings, and hide them under the name of a weakness into which the vices of the age betrayed your youth, provided your heart will second the design which I have formed of avoiding all human creatures, and that you are determined to follow me without delay into the solitude in which I have made a vow to pass my days. It is by that only, that, in every one's opinion, you can repair the harm done by your letters, and that, after the scandal which every noble heart must abhor, it may still be possible for me to love you.

Cel. What! I renounce the world before I grow old, and bury myself in your wilderness!

Alc. If your affection responds to mine what need the

rest of the world signify to you? Am I not sufficient for you?

Cel. Solitude is frightful to a widow of twenty.[50] I do not feel my mind sufficiently grand and strong to resolve to adopt such a plan. If the gift of my hand can satisfy your wishes, I might be induced to tie such bonds; and marriage . . .

Alc. No. My heart loathes you now, and this refusal alone effects more than all the rest. As you are not disposed, in those sweet ties, to find all in all in me, as I would find all in all in you, begone, I refuse your offer, and this much-felt outrage frees me for ever from your unworthy toils.

SCENE VIII.

ÉLIANTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE.

Alc. [*To Éliante*] Madam, your beauty is adorned by a hundred virtues; and I never saw anything in you but what was sincere. For a long while I thought very highly of you; but allow me to esteem you thus for ever, and suffer my heart in its various troubles not to offer itself for the honour of your acceptance. I feel too unworthy, and begin to perceive that Heaven did not intend me for the marriage bond; that the homage of only the remainder of a heart unworthy of you, would be below your merit, and that in short . . .

Él. You may pursue this thought. I am not at all embarrassed with my hand; and here is your friend, who, without giving me much trouble, might possibly accept it, if I asked him.

[50] It would be against all the traditions of the French stage to let a respectable unmarried young lady be visited by gentlemen; hence Alceste says (Act i., Scene 1, page 292) that "Célimène is a young widow." Arsinoé also would not have given vent to her insinuations (page 321) if this had not been the case.

Phil. Ah! Madam, I ask for nothing better than that honour, and I could sacrifice my life and soul for it.

Alc. May you, to taste true contentment, preserve for ever these feelings towards each other! Deceived on all sides, overwhelmed with injustice, I will fly from an abyss where vice is triumphant, and seek out some small secluded nook on earth, where one may enjoy the freedom of being an honest man.

Phil. Come, madam, let us leave nothing untried to deter him from the design on which his heart is set.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 285.

Wycherley, in *The Plain Dealer* (Act i., Scene 1), has imitated Molière's corresponding scene and act of *The Misanthrope;* Philinte is called Freeman and Alceste Manly.

Freeman. Faith, I am sorry you would let the fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him.

Manly. Sport with him! then, why did you not stay? You should have enjoyed your coxcomb, and have had him to your self for me.

Free. No, I should not have cared for him without you neither; for the pleasure which fops afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shared; and a fool, like a bottle, which would make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the devil could you turn a man of his quality down stairs? You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Man. A lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! but counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.—Here again, you slaves! . . .

Free. But what will you see nobody? not your friends?

Man. Friends!—I have but one friend, and he, I hear, is not in town; nay, can have but one friend, for a true heart admits of one friendship, as of one love. But in having that friend, I have a thousand, for he has the courage of men in despair, yet the diffidency and caution of cowards; the secrecy of the revengeful, and the constancy of martyrs; one fit to advise, to keep a secret, to fight and die for his friend. Such I think him; for I have trusted him with my mistress in my absence; and the trust of beauty is sure the greatest we can show.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone, I hope? Pray what d' ye think of me for a friend?

Man. Of thee! why, thou art a latitudinarian in friendship, that is, no friend; thou dost side with all mankind, but wilt suffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord Plausible, the pink of courtesy, there-

fore hast no friendship: for ceremony and great professing renders friendship as much suspected as it does religion.

Free. And no professing, no ceremony at all in friendship, were as unnatural and as indecent as in religion: and there is hardly such a thing as an honest hypocrite, who professes himself to be worse than he is, unless it be yourself; for though I could never get you to say you were my friend, I know you 'll prove so.

Man. I must confess, I am so much your friend, I would not deceive you; therefore must tell you, not only because my heart is taken up, but according to your rules of friendship, I cannot be your friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Because he that is, you 'll say, a true friend to a man, is a friend to all his friends. But you must pardon me, I cannot wish well to pimps, flatterers, detractors, and cowards, stiff-nodding knaves, and supple, pliant, kissing fools. Now, all these I have seen you use like the dearest friends in the world.

Free. Ha! ha! ha!—What, you observed me, I warrant, in the galleries of Whitehall, doing the business of the place? Pshaw! Court professions, like court-promises, go for nothing, man. But, faith, could you think I was a friend to all those I hugged, flattered, and bowed to? Ha! ha!

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turned, did not I tell you they were rogues, villains, rascals, whom I despised and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what reason had I to believe you spoke your heart to me, since you professed deceiving so many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that would thrive in the world, as square play to a cheat, or true love to a whore? You are severer than the law, which requires no man to swear against himself. You would have me speak truth against myself, I warrant, and tell my promising friend the courtier he has a bad memory.

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business? And I should tell the great lawyer too, that he takes oftener fees to hold his tongue than to speak.

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang or ruin me, when he should come to be a judge, and I before him? And you would have me tell the new officer, who bought his employment lately, that he is a coward.

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get myself cashiered, not him, he having the better friends, though I the better sword? And I should tell the scribbler of honour, that heraldry were a prettier and finer study for so fine a gentleman than poetry?

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find myself mauled in his next hissed lampoon? And you would have me tell the holy lady, too, she lies with her chaplain?

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the clergy upon my back, and want a good table to dine at sometimes? And by the same reason to, I should tell you that the world thinks you a madman, a brutal, and have you cut my throat, or worse, hate me. What other good success of all my plain-dealing could I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first, your promising courtier would keep his word out of fear of more reproaches, or at least would give you no more vain hopes; your lawyer would serve you more faithfully; for he, having no honour but his interest, is truest still to him he knows suspects him; the new officer would provoke thee to make him a coward, and so be cashiered, that thou, or some other honest fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place! the noble sonneteer would trouble thee no more with his madrigals: the praying lady would leave off railing at wenching before thee, and not turn away her chambermaid for her own frailty with thee: and I, instead of hating thee, would love thee for thy plain-dealing; and in lieu of being mortified, am proud that the world and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, doctors differ. You are for plain-dealing, I find: but against your particular notions, I have the practice of the whole world. Observe but any morning what people do when they get together on the Exchange, in Westminster Hall, or the galleries in Whitehall.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse Bayes's grand dance. Here you see a bishop bowing low to a gaudy atheist; a judge to a door-keeper; a great lord to a fishmonger, or scrivener with a jack-chain about his neck: a lawyer to a sergeant-at-arms; a velvet physician to a threadbare chemist; and a supple gentleman-usher to a surly beefeater? and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of ceremony to each other, whilst they can hardly hold their solemn false countenances.

Fre. Well, they understand the world.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, sir, pray believe the friendship I promise you real, whatsoever I have professed to others: try me, at least.

Man. Why, what would you do for me?

Free. I would fight for you.

Man. That you would do for your own honour.—But what else?

Free. I would lend you money, if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were putting your money to interest; a usurer would be as good a friend.——But what other piece of friendship?

Free. I would speak well of you to your enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your friends, by a show of gratitude. —But what else?

Free. Nay, I would not hear you ill spoken of behind your back by my friend.

Man. Nay, then, thou'rt a friend, indeed.—But it were unreasonable to expect it from thee, as the world goes now, when new friends, like new mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

B, Page 286.

This Scene from the *Misanthrope* (Act i., Scene 1), is thus freely followed by Shadwell, in his *Sullen Lovers.* Lovel represents Philinte, and Stanford, Alceste.

Lovel. What in a fit again, Stanford? now art
Thou as moody as a Poet after his play is damn'd.
Stanford. Oh Lovel,
I am tormented so beyond my patience
I am resolv'd to quit the World, and find
Some Uninhabited place far from converse,
Where I may live as free as Nature made me.
Lov. Why this is downright Madness,
Prethee send for a Chirurgeon and open a Veine,
Try what that will do; for thou wilt be as
Ripe for Bedlam else as a Fanatick.
Stanf. What would you have me do?
Where ere I turn me I am baited still
By some importunate Foole's that use me Worse
Then Boyes do Cocks upon Shrove-Tuesday;
This makes my life so tedious and unpleasant,
That rather then endure it longer I'le find out
Some place in the West-Indies, where I may
See a Man no oftner then a Blazing-Star.
Lov. Why thou wilt come to be bound in thy bed, Stanford:
Thank Heav'n I find nothing makes me weary of
My life, thou art scandalous; Why dost thou
Abuse this age so? methinks, it's as pretty an Honest
Drinking-Whoring Age as a man wou'd wish to
Live in.
Stanf. Sure, Lovel, thou wer't born without a Gaule,
Or bear'st thy anger like a Useless thing,
That can'st indure to live among such Fooles,
As we are every Day Condemn'd to see.

C, Page 291.

Part of Act i., Scene 1, of Molière, has been imitated by Wycherley in *The Plain Dealer* (Act i., last Scene).

Re-enter MANLY *and* FREEMAN.

Free. But pray what strange charms has she that could make you love?

Man. Strange charms indeed! she has beauty enough to call in question her wit or virtue, and her form would make a starved hermit a ravisher; yet her virtue and conduct would preserve her from the subtle lust of a pampered prelate. She is so perfect a beauty, that art could not better it, nor affectation deform it. Yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as her face ne'er knew artifice; nor ever did her words or look contradict her heart. She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing world, as I do: for which I love her, and for which I think she dislikes not me. For she has often shut out of her conversation for mine, the gaudy fluttering parrots of the town, apes and echoes of men only, and refused their common-place pert chat, flattery and submissions, to be entertained with my sullen bluntness, and honest love: and, last of all, swore to me, since her parents would not suffer her to go with me, she would stay behind for no other man; but follow me without their leave, if not to be obtained. Which oath——

Free. Did you think she would keep?

Man. Yes; for she is not (I tell you) like other women, but can keep her promise, though she has sworn to keep it. But, that she might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or six thousand pounds: for women's wants are generally the most importunate solicitors to love or marriage.

Free. And money summons lovers more than beauty, and augments but their importunity, and their number; so makes it the harder for a woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the French maxim:—*If you would have your female subjects loyal, keep 'em poor.*——But, in short, that your mistress may not marry, you have given her a portion.

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I am satisfied with the security; I can never doubt her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with money. But how come you to be so diffident of the man that says he loves you, and not doubt the woman that says it?

Man. I should, I confess, doubt the love of any other woman but her, as I do the friendship of any other man but him I have trusted; but I have such proofs of her faith as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know that generally no man can be a great enemy but under the name of friend; and if you are a cuckold, it is your friend only that makes you so, for your enemy is not admitted to your house·

if you are cheated in your fortune, 'tis your friend that does it, for your enemy is not made your trustee: if your honour or good name be injured, 'tis your friend that does it still, because your enemy is not believed against you. Therefore, I rather choose to go where honest downright barbarity is professed, where men devour one another like generous hungry lions and tigers, not like crocodiles; where they think the devil white, of our complexion; and I am already so far an Indian. But if your weak faith doubts this miracle of a woman, come along with me, and believe; and thou wilt find her so handsome, that thou, who art so much my friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and so wilt not fail to discover what her faith and thine is to me.

When we're in love, the great adversity,
Our friends and mistresses at once we try. [*Exeunt.*

D, Page 304.

Wycherley has borrowed from *The Misanthrope* (Act ii., Scene 5) the following scene of the *Plain Dealer* (Act ii., Scene 1). Olivia and Eliza represent Célimène and Eliante; Novel and Lord Plausible Acaste and Clitandre.

Novel. Madam, I beg your pardon; perhaps you were busy: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliza. Yet he comes to me, cousin! [*Aside to Olivia.*

Oliv. Chairs there. [*They sit.*

Nov. Well; but, madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholy place, I warrant, sir, since they have lost your good company.

El. So!

Nov. From a place where they have treated me at dinner with so much civility and kindness . . . that I could hardly get away to you, dear madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new and obliging, sir!

El. You hate flattery, cousin! [*Apart to Olivia.*

Nov. Nay, faith, madam, d'ye think my way new? Then you are obliging, madam. I must confess I hate imitation, to do anything like other people. All that know me do me the honour to say I am an original, faith. But, as I was saying, madam, I have been treated to-day with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable at my lady Autumn's. But, the nauseous old woman at the upper end of the table——

Oliv. Revives the old Grecian custom, of serving in a death's head with their banquets.

Nov. Ha! ha! fine, just, i'faith, nay and new. 'Tis like eating with the ghost in *The Libertine:*[51] she would frighten a man from her dinner with her hollow invitation, and spoil one's stomach——

[51] See the ghost's dinner in *The Libertine*, a play by Thos. Shadwell.

Oliv. To meat or women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks: she looks like an old coach new painted; affecting an unseemly smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

El. You hate detraction, I see, cousin. [*Apart to Olivia.*

Nov. But the silly old fury, whilst she affects to look like a woman of this age, talks——

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old courtier who has outlived his office.

Nov. Yes, madam; but pray let me give you her character. Then she never counts her age by the years, but——

Oliv. By the masques she has lived to see.

Nov. Nay then, madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but yourself; therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you would hear me, madam.

Oliv. Most patiently; speak, sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter——

Oliv. Ay, her daughter; the very disgrace to good clothes, which she always wears but to heighten her deformity, not mend it: for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, sir.

Nov. Then, she is like——

Oliv. She is, you 'd say, like a city bride; the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty for her dress.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, madam? Then she——

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her face all the graces in fashion as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But as the fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favoured of our sex are never more nauseous than when they would be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation.

El. So, cousin, I find one may have a collection of all one's acquaintances' pictures as well at your house as at Mr Lely's. Only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do nobody wrong, cousin.

El. No; you hate flattery and detraction.

Oliv. But, Mr Novel, who had you besides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the privilege of railing in my turn. But, now I think on 't, the women ought to be your province, as the men are mine: and you must know we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What! invading me already? and giving the character before you know the man?

El. No, that is not fair, though it be usual.

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr Novel; pray go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar coxcomb who is at home wheresoe'er he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that fool——

Nov. Nay then, madam, your servant; I'm gone. Taking the fool out of one's mouth is worse than taking the bread out of one's mouth.

Oliv. I've done; your pardon, Mr Novel; pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the rogue, that he may be the only wit in company, will let nobody else talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, those fops who love to talk all themselves are of all things my aversions.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, madam, sure. The rogue, I say, will force his jest upon you; and I hate a jest that's forced upon a man as much as a glass.

El. Why, I hope, sir, he does not expect a man of your temperance in jesting should do him reason?

Nov. What! interruption from this side too? I must then——

[*Offers to rise. Olivia holds him.*

Oliv. No, sir—— You must know, cousin, that fop he means, though he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, madam——

Oliv. He a wit! Hang him; he's only an adopter of straggling jests and fatherless lampoons; by the credit of which he eats at good tables, and so, like the barren beggar-woman, lives by borrowed children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was author of anything but his news: but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal babbler; and makes no more use of his ears, than a man that sits at a play by his mistress, or in Fop-corner. He's, in fine, a base distracting fellow, and is my aversion. But who else, prithee Mr Novel, was there with you? Nay, you shan't stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, madam; I cannot stay in any place where I'm not allowed a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, prithee Mr Novel, stay: and though you should rail at me, I would hear you with patience. Prithee, who else was there with you?

Nov. Your servant, madam.

Oliv. Nay, prithee tell us, Mr Novel, prithee do.

Nov. We had nobody else.

Oliv. Nay, faith, I know you had. Come, my lord Plausible was there too, who is, cousin, a——

El. You need not tell what he is, cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good-natured, harmless gentleman, that speaks well of all the world, and is always in good humour; and——

Oliv. Hold, cousin, hold; I hate detraction. But I must tell you, cousin, his civility is cowardice, his good-nature want of wit; and he has neither courage nor sense to rail: and for his being always in humour, 'tis because he is never dissatisfied with himself. In fine, he is my aversion; and I never admit his visits beyond my hall.

Nov. No, he visit you! Damn him, cringing grinning rogue! if I should see him coming up to you, I would make bold to kick him down again,——Ha!

Enter my LORD PLAUSIBLE.

My dear lord, your most humble servant. [*Rises and salutes* PLAUSIBLE, *and kisses him.*

El. So, I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry men as well as with the angry women; and their quarrels are like love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them; for as soon as the man appears again, they are over. [*Aside.*

Plaus. Your most faithful humble servant, generous Mr Novel. And, madam, I am your eternal slave, and kiss your fair hands; which I had done sooner, according to your commands, but,——

Oliv. No excuses, my lord.

El. What, you sent for him then, cousin? [*Apart to Olivia.*

Nov. Ha! invited!

Oliv. I know you must divide yourself: for your good company is too general a good to be engrossed by any particular friend.

Plaus. O lord, madam, my company! Your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. But I could have brought you good company indeed; for I parted at your door with two of the worthiest bravest men——

Oliv. Who were they, my lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthiest bravest men, pray?

Plaus. O, the wisest bravest gentlemen! men of such honour and virtue! of such good qualities! ah——

El. This is a coxcomb that speaks ill of all people a different way, and libels everybody with dull praise, and commonly in the wrong place; so makes his panegyrics abusive lampoons. [*Aside.*

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were.

Plaus. Ah! such patterns of heroic virtue! such——

Nov. Well; but who the devil were they?

Plaus. The honour of our nation! the glory of our age! Ah, I could dwell a twelvemonth on their praise; which indeed I might spare by telling their names; Sir John Current and Sir Richard Court-Title.

Nov. Court-Title! ha! ha!

Oliv. And Sir John Current! Why will you keep such a wretch company, my lord?

Plaus. O madam, seriously you are a little too severe; for he is a man of unquestioned reputation in everything.

Oliv. Yes, because he endeavours only with the women to pass for a man of courage, and with the bullies for a wit; with the wits for a man of business, and with the men of business for a favourite at court; and at court for city-security.

Nov. And for Sir Richard, he——

Plaus. He loves your choice picked company, persons that——

Oliv. He loves a lord indeed; but——

Nov. Pray, dear madam, let me have but a bold stroke or two at his picture. He loves a lord, as you say, though——

Oliv. Though he borrowed his money, and ne'er paid him again.

Nov. And would bespeak a place three days before at the back-end of a lord's coach to Hyde-park.

Plaus. Nay, i'faith, you are both too severe.

Oliv. Then to show yet more his passion for quality, he makes love to that fulsome coach-load of honour, my lady Goodly, for he's always at her lodging.

Plaus. Because it is the conventicle-gallant, the meeting-house of all the fair ladies, and glorious superfine beauties of the town.

Nov. Very fine ladies! there's first——

Oliv. Her honour, as fat as a hostess.

Plaus. She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful person.

Nov. Then there's my lady Frances—what d'ye call her? as ugly——

Oliv. As a citizen's lawfully begotten daughter.

Plaus. She has wit in abundance, and the handsomest heel, elbow, and tip of an ear, you ever saw.

Nov. Heel and elbow! ha! ha! And there's my lady Betty, you know——

Oliv. As sluttish and slatternly as an Irish woman bred in France.

Plaus. Ah! all she has hangs with a loose air, indeed, and becoming negligence.

El. You see all faults with lover's eyes, I find, my lord.

Plaus. Ah, madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble servant to command! But you can say nothing sure against the superfine mistress——

Oliv. I know who you mean, she is as censorious and detracting a jade as a superannuated sinner.

Plaus. She has a smart way of raillery, 'tis confessed.

Nov. And then for Mrs Grideline——

Plaus. She, I'm sure, is——

Oliv. One that never spoke ill of anybody, 'tis confessed. For she is as silent in conversation as a country lover, and no better company than a clock, or a weather-glass; for if she sounds, 'tis but once an hour

to put you in mind of the time of day, or to tell you 't will be cold or hot, rain or snow.

Plaus. Ah, poor creature! She's extremely good and modest.

Nov. And for Mrs Bridlechin, she's——

Oliv. As proud as a churchman's wife.

Plaus. She's a woman of great spirit and honour, and will not make herself cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs Hoyden, that calls all people by their surnames and is——

Oliv. As familiar as a duck——

Nov. As an actress in the tiring-room. There I was once beforehand with you, Madam.

Plaus. Mrs Hoyden! a poor, affable, good-natured soul. But the divine Mrs Trifle comes thither too. Sure her beauty, virtue, and conduct you can say nothing to.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!—Pray let me speak, madam.

Oliv. Can any one be called beautiful that squints?

Plaus. Her eyes languish a little, I own.

Nov. Languish! ha! ha!

E, Page 308.

Congreve, in *Love for Love* (Act i., Scenes 9-15) has partly imitated Molière's *Misanthrope* (Act ii., Scene 5), though the characters are not literally the same. We give the scenes here for the sake of comparison.

Enter JEREMY.

Jeremy. More misfortunes, Sir.

Valentine. What, another dun?

Jer. No, Sir; but Mr Tattle is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I cannot help it—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. [*Exit Jer.*

Scandal. . . . . I'll be gone.

Val. No, pr'ythee stay: Tattle and you should never be asunder; you are light and shadow, and show one another. He is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and understanding; and, as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

Scan. A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person. He will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription: and yet, perhaps he has counterfeited the hand too, and sworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believed; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says no to a bishoprick, only that it may

be granted him.—In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence. He is here.

Enter TATTLE.

Tattle. Valentine, good morrow: Scandal, I am yours—that is, when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours; for, while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Tat. How inhuman!

Val. Why, Tattle, you need not be much concerned at any thing that he says; for to converse with Scandal, is to play at Losing Loadum; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

Tat. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world should think the better of any person for his calumniation!—I thank Heaven, it has always been a part of my character to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tat. Nay, but why rotten? why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? how cruel that is.

Scan. Not know them? Why, thou never hadst to do with anybody that did not stink to all the town.

Tat. Ha, ha, ha! nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that nobody knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope to be saved, Valentine, I never exposed a woman, since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have conversed with several?

Tat. To be free with you I have—I don't care if I own that—nay, more (I'm going to say a bold word now), I never could meddle with a woman that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How?

Val. Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him—except her husband, Tattle.

Tat. Oh that—

Scan. What think you of that noble commoner, Mrs Drab?

Tat. Pooh! I know Madam Drab has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—but, upon my reputation, she did me wrong.—Well, well, that was malice:—but I know the bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know;—a man too—only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality—

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tat. No matter for that—Yes, yes, everybody knows—no doubt on't, every body knows my secrets!—But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her—Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and the other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your grace—

Scan. Grace!

Tat. O Lord! what have I said?—My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha!

Scan. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee—well, and, ha, ha, ha! well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tat. Not a word, as I hope to be saved; an arrant *lapsus linguæ!*—Come, let us talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tat. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rallied with you.—A woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other—faith, I know not what,—Come, let's talk of something else.

[*Hums a song.*

Scan. Hang him, let him alone; he has a mind we should enquire.

Tat. Valentine, I supped last night with your mistress, and her uncle old Foresight: I think your father lies at Foresight's.

Val. Yes.

Tat. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman—and so is Mrs Foresight, and her sister Mrs Frail.

Scan. Yes, Mrs Frail is a very fine woman; we all know her.

Tat. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tat. To tell.

Scan. To tell what! Why, what do you know of Mrs Frail?

Tat. Who, I? Upon honour I don't know whether she be a man or woman, but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scan. No!

Tat. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tat. Impossible.

Scan. Yes, faith. Ask Valentine else.

Tat. Why then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scan. No doubt on 't. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? . . .

Tat. Though I have more honour than to tell first, I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tat. I am strangely surprised! Yes, yes! I cannot deny it, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by-and-by; she sees Valentine every morning.

Tat. How!

Val. She does me the favour, I mean, of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I, faith. But Tattle does not use to belie a lady; it is

contrary to his character. How one may be deceived in a woman, Valentine!

Tat. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

Scan. I'm resolved I'll ask her.

Tat. O barbarians! Why, did you not tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tat. And bid me ask Valentine?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never asked me the question!

Tat. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding——

Val. Nay. If you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was, the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, Mrs Frail has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Show her up when she comes. [*Exit Jer.*

Tat. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tat. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage; why your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tat. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous—O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever.—I shall never be received but upon public days; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room; I shall never . . . be locked in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguished among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr Tattle more.—You will not be so cruel?

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tat. Any, any terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently.——Come, where are you familiar?—And see that they are women of quality too, the first quality.

Tat. 'Tis very hard.—Won't a baronet's lady pass?

Scan. No, nothing under a right honourable.

Tat. O inhuman! You don't expect their names?

Scan. No, their titles shall serve.

Tat. Alas, that is the same thing. Pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scan. Well, begin then. But take notice, if you are so ill a painter that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemned, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tat. Well, first then——

Enter MRS FRAIL.

Ounfortunate! she's come already. Will you have patience till another time?—I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that condition.—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs F. I shall get a fine reputation by coming to see fellows in a morning! Scandal, you devil, are you here too? Oh, Mr Tattle, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle!

Tat. Mum—O Madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well, Lady Galloper, how does Angelica?

Mrs F. Angelica? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover——

Mrs F. No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular—but otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners?

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs F. Then let him marry, and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion; but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs F. You are the most mistaken in the world: there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband: for in a little time he grows only rude to his wife; and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but, I suppose, you heard your brother Benjamin is landed. And my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country—I assure you there's a match talked of by the old people—Well, if he be but as great a sea-beast, as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed, the progeny will be all otters: he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. . . . Their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs F. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool! He would have persuaded me that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad: but I invented a dream, and sent him to Artemidorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room,—and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs F. Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Mrs F. I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And Scandal shall give you a good name.

Mrs F. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr Tattle ?

Tat. I ! My soul, madam.

Mrs F. Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well ; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings : I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tat. I have a pretty good collection, at your service ; some originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons and the Twelve Cæsars, paltry copies ; and the Five Senses as ill represented as they are in himself ; and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs F. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs F. Ay, let me see those, Mr. Tattle.

Tat. Oh, madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs F. Well, but a woman—

Tat. Nor woman, till she consented to have her picture there too ;—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

Scan. No, no ! come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs F. You ?

Scan. Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs F. O lying creature !—Valentine, does not he lie ?—I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No, indeed, he speaks truth now ; for, as Tattle has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refused him ; if satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons, are pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white—and yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, lechery, impotence, and ugliness, in another piece ; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t' other a professed beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs F. Come, let's hear them.

Scan. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Mrs F. So.

Scan. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney-coachman.

Mrs F. O devil ! Well, but that story is not true.

Scan. I have some hieroglyphics too. I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face ; a divine, with two faces, and

one head; and I have a soldier, with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Mrs F. And no head?

Scan. No head.

Mrs F. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you never a poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a poet, weighing words, and selling praise for praise: and a critic picking his pocket. I have another large piece too, representing a school; where there are huge proportioned critics, with long wigs, laced coats, Steinkirk cravats, and terrible faces; with cat-calls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see

Mrs F. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him—Will you give me leave? I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs F. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the Exchange? I must call on my sister Foresight there.

Scan. I will: I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs F. Civil!

Tat. I will; because I have a *tendre* for your ladyship.

Mrs F. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

Scan. Well, if Tattle entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

Val. Tell Angelica, I am about making hard conditions, to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most of a lover of any body that I know. You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress. In my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer

Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land;
Or win a mistress with a losing hand. [*Exeunt.*

F, Page 308.

Congreve, in *The Way of the World* (Act i., Scene 6), has partly imitated the fifth scene of the second act of *The Misanthrope.* Mirabell and Witwoud appear to stand for Acaste and Célimène.

[*To them*] WITWOUD.

Wit. Afford me your Compassion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall*, *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my Soul.

Fain. Why, what's the Matter?

Wit. No Letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a Messenger bring you one but now, Sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, Sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard;—A Messenger, a Mule, a Beast of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyrick in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verses from one Poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epistle Dedicatory.

Mira. A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud!*

Wit. Ay, Ay, my half Brother. My half Brother he is, no nearer upon Honour.

Mira. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a Fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him;——*Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad, I say anything in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I should ask a Man of Pleasure, and the Town, a Question at once so Foreign and Domestick. But I Talk like an old Maid at a Marriage, I don't know what I say: But she's the best Woman in the World.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either Vain or Jealous.

Wit. No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall.* Your Judgment, *Mirabell?*

Mira. You had better step and ask his Wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

Wit. Mirabell.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My Dear, I ask Ten Thousand Pardons;——Gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but prithee excuse me,——my Memory is such a Memory.

Mira. Have a care of such Apologies, *Witwoud;*——for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant?*

Wit. He's reckoning his Money,——my Money it was——I have no Luck to Day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at Play;——for you are sure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune must be his of Course.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud.*

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates——*Petulant*'s my Friend, and a very honest Fellow and a very pretty Fellow, and has a smattering——Faith and Troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small Wit; Nay, I'll do him Justice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong him.——And if he had any Judgment in the World,——he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

Fain. You don't take your Friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I must own—No more Breeding than a Bum-bailiff, that I grant you,——'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

Mira. What, Courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that,——I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a Controversie he'll contradict any Body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;——We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him,——I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him——That indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Witwoud?*

Wit. O pardon me——Expose the Infirmities of my Friend——No, my Dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such Trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his Wit will excuse that: A Wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a Woman constant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his Happiness——His want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to shew his natural Parts.

Mira. He wants Words.

Wit. Ay: but I like him for that now; for his want of Words gives me the Pleasure very often to explain his Meaning.

Fain. He's Impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he speaks unseasonable Truths sometimes, because he has not Wit enough to invent an Evasion.

Wit. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it,——I mean, he never speaks Truth at all,——That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

G, Page 312.

Wycherley, in *The Plain Dealer* (Act ii., Scene 1), has imitated as follows the end of the Fifth Scene of the Second Act of *The Misanthrope.*

Oliv. Good jealous captain, no more of your——

Plaus. No, let him go on, Madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: and I would contribute to your pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle rogue.

Oliv. No, noble captain, you cannot sure think anything could take me more than that heroic title of yours, captain; for you know we women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Ha! ha! faith, she is with thee, bully, for thy raillery.

Man. Faith, so shall I be with you, no bully, for your grinning. [*Aside* to Novel.

Oliv. Then that noble lion-like mien of yours, that soldier-like, weather-beaten complexion and that manly roughness of your voice; how can they otherwise than charm us women, who hate effeminacy!

Nov. Ha! ha! faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor shall I from kicking anon. [*Aside* to Novel.

Oliv. And then, that captain-like carelessness in your dress, but especially your scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher tied, made me in love with my tailor as he passed by my window the last training-day; for we women adore a martial man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden leg.

Plaus. Nay, i' faith, there your ladyship was a wag, and it was fine, just and well rallied.

Nov. Ay, ay, madam, with you ladies too, martial men must needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you Bartholomew-fair buffoons! And be not you vain that these laugh on your side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You would not have your panegyric interrupted. I go on then to your humour. Is there anything more agreeable than the pretty sullenness of that? than the greatness of your courage, which most of all appears in your spirit of contradiction? for you dare give all mankind the lie; and your opinion is your only mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another man's.

Nov. Ha! ha! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee, too, faith.

Plaus. And i'faith, dear captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, though I protest I mean you no hurt; but when a lady rallies, a stander-by must be complaisant, and do her reason in laughing: ha! ha!

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful wretches, you presume sure upon your effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like women, that you may think it in me a kind of cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No hectoring, good captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this lady's presence secures you; but have a care, she has talked herself out of all the respect I had for her; and by using me ill before you, has given me a privilege of using you so before her: but if you would preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, begone immediately.

Nov. Begone! what?

Plaus. Nay, worthy, noble, generous, captain——

Man. Begone, I say!

Nov. Begone again! to us begone!

Man. No chattering, baboons, instantly begone, or——

[*Puts them out of the room:* Novel *struts*, Plausible *cringes.*

Nov. Well, madam, we'll go make the cards ready in your bedchamber: sure you will not stay long with him.

[*Exeunt* Plausible and Novel.

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain Swaggerhuff, and be saucy with your mistress, like a true captain; but be civil to your rivals and betters, and do not threaten anything but me here; no, not so much as my windows; nor do not think yourself in the lodgings of one of your suburb mistresses beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so; for those less infamous women part with their lovers, just as you did from me, with unforced vows of constancy and floods of willing tears; but the same winds bear away their lovers and their vows: and for their grief, if the credulous unexpected fools return, they find new comforters, fresh cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those women too suffers shipwreck with their gallants' fortunes; now you have heard chance has used me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falsehood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn as I was to your feigned love; and henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loathe, and detest you most faithfully.

H, Page 312.

Sheridan, in *The School for Scandal* (Act ii., Scene 2), has partly followed the scene from *The Misanthrope* (Act ii., Scene 5). Lady Sneerwell, Lady Teazle, and Mrs Candour appear to be the representatives of Célimène; Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite, of Acaste and Clitandre; Sir Peter Teazle stands for Alceste.

At LADY SNEERWELL'S.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL, MRS CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady S. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Jos. S. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir B. B. O plague on 't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, no; 'fore God, very clever for an extempore!

Sir B. B. But, Ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstances. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phæton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies, upon which

I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Jos. S. A very Phœbus mounted, indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. B. O dear Sir! trifles, trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.

Mrs Can. I must have a copy.

Lady S. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter!

Lady T. I believe he 'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady S. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I 'll do as you please.

Lady T. I am surprised Mr Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

Mrs Can. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I 'll forswear your society.

Lady T. What's the matter, Mrs Candour?

Mrs Can. They 'll not allow our friend, Miss Vermilion, to be handsome.

Lady S. O surely she is a pretty woman.

Crab. I 'm very glad you think so, ma 'am.

Mrs Can. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs Can. O fie! I 'll swear her colour is natural; I have seen it come and go.

Lady T. I dare swear you have, ma 'am; it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir B. B. True, ma 'am, it not only comes and goes, but what 's more, egad! her maid can fetch and carry it.

Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crab. Who? Mrs Evergreen? O Lord, she 's six and fifty if she's an hour.

Mrs Can. Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost; and I don't think she looks more.

Sir B. B. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady S. Well, well, if Mrs Evergreen *does* take some pains to repair

the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity, and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

Sir B. B. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill, but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crab. Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew.

Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh, but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir B. B. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing, (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

Mrs Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were thus, *How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

Lady S. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T. In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir P. T. Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Mrs Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir P. T. It must be very distressing to *you*, Mrs Candour, I dare swear.

Mrs Can. O, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend, Mrs Pursy.

Lady T. What! the fat dowager who was at Mrs Quadrille's last night?

Mrs Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady S. That's very true, indeed.

Lady T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullies; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir P. T. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs Can. Truly Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Swallow.

Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious —an awkward gauky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs Can. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Swallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

Lady S. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she had never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir B. B. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir P. T. Yes, d——d good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

Mrs Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir P. T. No, to be sure!

Sir B. B. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady T. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruits one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs Can. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir B. B. So she has, indeed——an Irish front——

Crab. Caledonian locks——

Sir B. B. Dutch nose——

Crab. Austrian lips——

Sir B. B. Complexion of a Spaniard——

Crab. And teeth *á la Chinois.*

Sir B. B. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a Nation——

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war——wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. T. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*

Lady S. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs Ogle——

Sir P. T. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon; there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you Mrs Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady S. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! But you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir P. T. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady S. True, Sir Peter. I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir B. B. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir P. T. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an Act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady S. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir P. T. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady S. Go, you monster!

Mrs Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir P. T. Yes, madam, I would have merchant-law for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Sir P. T. O, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation.

Lady S. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter a SERVANT, *who whispers* SIR PETER.

Sir P. T. I'll be with them directly. I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*

Lady S. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir P. T. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit Sir Peter.*

Sir B. B. Well, certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being; I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady T. O, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them.

I, Page 314.

Wycherley has imitated the First Scene of the Third Act of *The Misanthrope*, in *The Plain Dealer* (Act iv., Scene 2).

Scene II.—OLIVIA'S LODGING.

Enter LORD PLAUSIBLE *and* BOY *with a candle.*

Plausible. Little gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant. Where, I beseech you, is that divine person, your noble lady?

Boy. Gone out, my lord; but commanded me to give you this letter. [*Gives him a letter.*

Enter NOVEL.

Plaus. Which he must not observe. [*Aside, Puts it up.*

Nov. Hey, boy, where is thy lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I must beg a word with you. [*Gives him a letter and exit.*

Nov. For me? So——(*Puts up the Letter*) Servant, servant, my lord; you see the lady knew of your coming, for she is gone out.

Plaus. Sir, I humbly beseech you not to censure the lady's good breeding: she has reason to use more liberty with me than with any other man.

Nov. How, viscount, how?

Plaus. Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not in choler; where there is most love, there may be most freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclaircissement with you, and to tell you, you must think no more of this lady's love.

Plaus. Why, under correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are reasons, reasons, viscount.

Plaus. What, I beseech you, noble sir?

Nov. Prithee, prithee, be not impertinent, my lord; some of you lords are such conceited, well assured, impertinent rogues.

Plaus. And you noble wits are so full of shamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you seriously.

Nov. Well, you shall find me in bed with this lady, one of these days.

Plaus. Nay, I beseech you, spare the lady's honour; for hers and mine will be all one shortly.

Nov. Prithee, my lord, be not an ass. Dost thou think to get her from me? I have had such encouragements——

Plaus. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclaircissement, as I said.

Plaus. Why, seriously then, she has told me viscountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that Novel was a name she would sooner change hers for, than for any title in England.

Plaus. She has commended the softness and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has praised the briskness of my railing, of all things, man.

Plaus. The sleepiness of my eyes she liked.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she adored.

Plaus. The brightness of my hair she liked.

Nov. The brightness! no, the greasiness, I warrant. But the blackness and lustre of mine she admires.

Plaus. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtilty of my leer.

Plaus. The clearness of my complexion.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

Plaus. The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

Plaus. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Ha! ha! nay, then she abused you, 'tis plain; for you know what Manly said:—the sweetness of your pulvillio she might mean: but for your breath! ha! ha! ha! your breath is such, man, that nothing but tobacco can perfume; and your complexion nothing could mend but the small-pox.

Plaus. Well, sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, sir, she has received some jewels from me of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I presented her jantily, by way of ombre, of three or four hundred pounds value, which I'm sure are the earnest-pence of our love-bargain.

Plaus. Nay, then, sir, with your favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, sir, she has writ to me——

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there —— [*Deliver to each other their letters.*

Plaus. What's here?

Nov. How's this? (Reads out) My Dear Saul.—*You'll excuse me for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the drawing-room: where I expect you with as much impatience as when I used to suffer Novel's visits—the most impertinent fop that ever affected the name of a wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousy; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounced an old lover, and will do all the world. Burn the letter, but lay up the kindness in your heart, with your*—Olivia. Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

Plaus. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Nov. (*Reads the other letter*) Hum! ha!—*meet—for your sake—hum—quitted an old lover—world—burn—in your heart—with your*—Olivia. Just the same, the names only altered.

Plaus. Surely there must be some mistake, or somebody has abused her and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abused, no doubt on't, my lord; but I'll to Whitehall, and see.

Plaus. And I, where I shall find you are abused.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with fellow-sufferers enough; for, as Freeman said of another, she stands in the drawing-room, like the glass, ready for all comers, to set their gallantry by her: and like the glass too, lets no man go from her unsatisfied with himself. [*Exeunt.*

LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI.

COMÉDIE.

THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

AUGUST 6TH, 1666.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Physician in spite of Himself was played for the first time on the 6th of August, 1666, according to Molière's nearly invariable rule, by which he always produced a farcical work, which made people laugh, after a serious one, which had caused people to reflect. The plot of this play was not entirely new; it existed probably in outline in the Italian *Commedia dell 'arte*, and was found among the stories related by the troubadours and *trouvères*. Molière must have often played a remodelling of it in the Provinces. La Grange, in his Register (see Introductory Notice to *The School for Wives criticised*, vol. II., page 237), speaks of a farce called *Le Fagotier*, of another called *Le Fagoteux*—both words, meaning The Faggot-Maker—and of a third named *Le Médecin par force*. But all these small plays appear to refer to one jocular short comedy, which was changed and doctored to suit the tastes of the different provincial audiences. Molière got his chief plan from these, and probably from nothing else. *The Physician in spite of Himself* consists of two different parts, each drawn from a different source. There is, first, the idea of a clodhopper on whom his wife wishes to be avenged, and whom she pretends to be a skilful physician, whose zeal has to be stimulated by the stick; and there is, secondly, the idea of a girl who feigns to be dumb, but who recovers speech again, and abuses it in such a manner that every one wishes her to be speechless.

One of the oldest accounts of the story on which Molière's play is based, but which we are convinced the French dramatist never saw, is the following,—to be found in a Sanscrit collection, *La Couka Saptali*.

"In the town of Pantchapoura lived a king called Satroumardana. His daughter, named Madanarekha, had an abscess in her throat. The doctors applied all kinds of plasters, but without effect, so at last they agreed that there was no remedy for the disease. Then the King proclaimed in every country that he who cured the Princess should be richly rewarded. The wife of a Brahmin who lived in a village, having heard the proclamation, said to the messenger, 'My husband is the most skilful magician and charmer in the world. Take him with you; he will cure the Princess.' And she said to her husband, 'Pretend to be a magician and a charmer, and go boldly into the town to cure the Princess. You won't waste your time.' The Brahmin went to the palace and to the Princess, sprinkled her with water, blew at her, and

imitated the charmers, muttering the while between his teeth. Suddenly he cried out at the top of his voice, and uttered a farrago of the most absurd words he could think of. On hearing all these strange utterances, the Princess was taken with such a fit of laughter, that the abscess broke and she was cured. The King, transported with joy, overloaded the Brahmin with presents."

It is, however, possible that Molière may have seen Olearius' *Scientific Journey to Moscow and Persia*, which history was translated into French as early as the year 1656 by the celebrated Wickefort.

The account to be found there is as follows: "The Grand Duke Boris Gudenow, who reigned during the years 1597 and 1605, was, according to the relation of Olearius, very much afflicted with the gout. At a certain period, when he suffered very severe pains, he caused it publicly to be proclaimed at Moscow, that he would reward with extraordinary favour and great riches, the man, whoever he might be, that would relieve him from those pains. It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favour of the Grand Duke; and, indeed, no wonder, for a doctor had his whole existence at stake in those times in Russia if his cure failed upon some high or noble patient; and Gudenow was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter as absolute master of nature, responsible for the result of his art.

"The wife of a certain bojaar, or councillor of the cabinet, who received very harsh treatment from her husband, took the advantage of this public edict of the Grand Duke to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She therefore had the Duke informed that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it.

"The bojaar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined. The latter declared, by all that was holy, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and had not the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him; Gudenow had him severely whipped and confined. When, shortly after, he was again examined, he repeated the same declarations, adding that this trick was probably played upon him by his wife; the Duke had him whipt a second time, but more severely, and threatened him with death if he did not speedily relieve him from pain. Seized with terror, the bojaar was now entirely at a loss what to be at. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. Having, with great difficulty, had his request granted, he sent to Ozirbalt, two days' journey from Moscow, in order to get thence all sorts of drugs which were to be had there. He sent for a cartload of them, mixed them all together, and prepared therewith a bath for the Duke, in the hope of his blind cure proving successful. Gudenow, after having used the bath, really found some relief, and the bojaar had his life spared him. Nevertheless, because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the Grand Duke, the latter had him again thoroughly

whipt, and after being entirely recovered, he gave him a new dress, two hundred rubles, and eighteen slaves, by way of a present. In addition to this, he seriously admonished the doctor never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the bojaar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse."

The idea of a woman avenging herself on her husband, by pretending that he is a doctor, and must be compelled to exercise his art, is found in many ancient *fabliaux;* above all, in one of the twelfth century, *Le vilain Mire,* the rustic physician, which is nearly the same story as that told by Olearius, except that it is the king's daughter who has a fish-bone sticking in her throat, which prevents her eating and drinking. The rustic's wife, who is the daughter of a poor knight, and whom her husband has maltreated, revenges herself in the same way as the bojaar's spouse, but the cure is different; the rustic scratches himself in all kinds of ridiculous attitudes, so that the royal maiden laughs to such a degree that the fish-bone flies out. The ending is also different. The king, delighted that his daughter has been cured, sends for a great many sick people, and orders the physician to restore them to health. He refuses, and is beaten; whereupon he commands a great fire to be kindled in the large hall, tells all his patients that he has an infallible remedy, and that he is going to put the most seriously ill of them into the fire, to give his ashes to the others to drink, and that then they shall be cured. It is needless to say that all immediately recover their health in a great measure.

Rabelais, in the twenty-fourth chapter of the third book of *Pantagruel,* relates that he and some of his friends acted in his youth "the moral comedy of him who had espoused and married a dumb wife.... The good honest man, her husband, was very earnestly urgent to have the fillet of her tongue untied, and would needs have her speak by any means. At his desire, some pains were taken on her, and partly by the industry of the physician, other part by the expertness of the surgeon, the encyliglotte which she had under her tongue being cut, she spoke, and spoke again; yea, within a few hours she spoke so loud, so much, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor husband returned to the same physician for a receipt to make her hold her peace. There are, quoth the physician, many proper remedies in our art to make dumb women speak, but there are none that ever I could learn therein to make them silent. The only cure which I have found out is their husband's deafness. The wretch became within a few weeks thereafter, by virtue of some drugs, charms, or enchantments, which the physician had prescribed unto him, so deaf, that he could not have heard the thundering of nineteen hundred cannons at a salvo. His wife, perceiving that indeed he was as deaf as a door nail, and that her scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad. Some time after the doctor asked for his fee of the husband; who answered, That truly he was deaf, and so was not able to understand what the tenour of his demand might be. Where-

upon the leech bedusted him with a little, I know not what, sort of powder; which rendered him a fool immediately, so great was the stultificating virtue of that strange kind of pulverised dose. Then did this fool of a husband, and his mad wife, join together, and falling on the doctor and the surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the place, so furious were the blows which they received. I never in my lifetime laughed so much, as at the acting of that buffoonery."

Ménage and Brossette mention that Molière intended Sganarelle for a certain wig-maker of his time, Didier l'Amour, whose shop was under the stairs of la Sainte Chapelle, whose first wife was very violent, like Martine, and to whom Boileau, later on, gave a place in the *Lutrin*. It really seems that Sganarelles may be found in every country,—men who, with a certain amount of natural mother-wit, and a few sesquipedalian words, acquired heaven knows where, are the heroes of the bar-parlour, and the admired of all admirers among their boon-companions. Such men may possibly love their wives, but they box their ears; they may have a certain feeling for their children, but, instead of giving them bread, they squander their scanty wages, lazily gained, in the public-house, caring neither for the day nor the morrow, never thinking of the future or the past, and deserving, in one word, the reputation of "real good fellows."

It has been well said by Boileau, that "in the smallest farces of Molière, there are some admirable touches that may vainly be sought in the finest pieces of other comic authors." *The Physician in spite of Himself* is a proof of this. It is written in a most unbounded spirit of mirth, the matrimonial breezes wafting a certain amount of refreshing coolness through it all. The way in which Sganarelle is dubbed, or rather drubbed a doctor, is highly amusing; and the cure of the dumb girl, and the use which she makes of her recovered speech, contains a philosophical lesson which may be sometimes applied to the way in which *nouveaux riches* spend their newly acquired wealth. The learned and anatomical disquisitions between Sganarelle and Géronte are also very entertaining, as well as the growth of greed in the rustic physician.

In the second volume of the Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732, *The Physician in Spite of Himself* is dedicated to Dr Mead, under the title of *Doctor and no Doctor*, in the following words:—

SIR,—MOLIERE having sent most of his Performances Patronless into the World, his Translators have determin'd to supply this his only Defect by prefixing some favourite Name to each of 'em, in order to recommend 'em the more powerfully to the perusal of their Countrymen. None can have a stronger Influence in this respect than that of Dr *Mead*, for if we have but as many Readers as owe to him being in a Capacity of reading at all, our Bookseller will have no cause to repent of his undertaking.—It may, by some, be here expected, that I should apologize for my Author, as having in this and several other of his Comedies treated Medicine and its Professors with a severe kind of Freedom; but this, Sir, to one of Your Discernment and Politeness would be highly impertinent.

As 'twas perverted Medicine alone, and its quack Professors that were the subjects of his Ridicule, Dr *Mead* can be no more affected by it than a true Prophet by the Punishment of Imposture, nor be displeas'd with a Satire he could not fear.

YOU are too well acquainted, Sir, with the universal History of Physick, to be ignorant of the State of it at Paris in *Moliere's* time, or the Characters of their Physicians. All they employ'd themselves about, was searching after visionary Specificks, and trying of chimical Tricks; the Cause of a Disease was never enquir'd into, nor the Symptoms of it regarded, but hypothetical Jargon and random Prescription serv'd in the room. This made Medicine become a Pest, instead of a Remedy, on which account you'll readily acknowledge that the Chastisement was just. On the contrary, Sir, Your Practice was founded on the Rock of sound Learning, and Your Success secur'd by an extensive and well-mark'd Experience; by which means You have establish'd the Honour of the Profession, are become a general Blessing to the Society You belong to, and have been capable, as a good Physician, of doing more Service in Your Generation than all the bad ones have done Mischief.

It will be thought, I know, by the World, that when I'm speaking of Dr *Mead*, I should not only celebrate him as an excellent Physician, but as an excellent Man likewise, and an accomplish'd Gentleman; but these Characters are necessary to, and included in the other. To be a good Physician, a Man must possess all the Virtues of Humanity and Politeness, he must be Eyes to the blind, Feet to the lame, and Health and Refreshment to the sick and needy; he must be a fine Scholar by Education, and a fine Gentleman by being oblig'd to converse with the best Company: In all these respects, therefore, You are certainly as eminent, Sir, as You are in Your Profession.

THAT Heaven may prolong Your Life for the Benefit of Your Fellow-creatures, as long as Life can be a Good, and that at last, when you must quit this mortal Coil, You may do it with that Ease, which You have so often procur'd for others in those critical Moments, is the sincere Prayer of all that ever heard of Your Name, but of none more sincerely than of,—SIR, Your most obedient humble Servant, THE TRANSLATOR.

The Physician in Spite of Himself has been often imitated by English dramatists; first by Lacy in *The Dumb Lady;* or *the Farrier made a Physician*, a farce in five acts, acted about 1672, and in which the adapter played probably "Drench, the farrier." The main plot is taken from Molière's play, and the catastrophe from *Love is the best Doctor* (see Introductory Notice to *Love is the best Doctor*, page 193).

Another partial adaption of Molière's play is by Mrs Centlivre, who, in *Love's Contrivance*, acted in 1703 at Drury Lane, imitated several of the French author's comedies (see Introductory Notice to *The Forced Marriage*, Vol. II., page 329).

Henry Fielding has also nearly literally followed Molière's play, and has added some songs, in a "ballad farce," called *The Mock Doctor;* or *the Dumb Lady cured*, acted at Drury Lane in 1732. This piece was, and has remained, a great favourite on the English stage.

Another imitation of Molière's *Physician in Spite of Himself*, or rather a remodelling of Fielding's translation, is George Wood's *The Irish Doctor*, or *the Dumb Lady cured*, first performed at the Queen's Theatre, November 19th, 1844. It is Fielding's *Mock Doctor*, with all

the spirit evaporated. Sganarelle becomes an Irish broom-maker, Dennis Murphy, and Géronte, Sir Ralph Credulous.

All the scenes borrowed or imitated from Molière by the different English dramatists will be given in the Appendix.

The "high-born and most hopeful prince," to whom Lacy inscribed his play, was the eldest of the three natural sons of Charles II. by Barbara Villiers, wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, better known as Duchess of Cleveland, a dignity conferred by her royal keeper in testimony of the high opinion he entertained of her "personal" virtues,[1]—at least, so runs the preamble of the patent of creation.

At the date of the play, the hopeful prince enjoyed the title of Earl of Southampton, "as," says Collins, the Peerage writer, "heir of his mother, the Duchess of Cleveland," that being her second title. Upon the 1st of April 1673, he was installed a Knight of the Garter, and upon the 10th of September 1675 was created Duke of Southampton, Earl of Chichester, and Baron of Newberry, with remainder to the heirs-male of his body, whom failing, to his younger brother George, Duke of Northumberland. Upon the death of his mother, at her house of Chiswick, in the county of Middlesex, on the 9th October 1709, the title of Cleveland, under the limitations in the patent, devolved on her eldest son Charles. His Grace married, when eighteen, Mary, heiress of Sir Henry Wood, the elder brother of Thomas, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. The Duchess died in 1680, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. By her he had no issue. This lady seems to have brought him a very handsome fortune, as in Michaelmas term 1685 he had a decree in Chancery against the Bishop for £30,000, "as part of his lady's fortune."

In 1694, the Duke took to wife Anne, daughter of Sir William Pulteny of Misterton, in the county of Leicester, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. He died on the 9th September 1730, and was succeeded by his eldest son William, who died without issue in 1774, so that the titles of Cleveland and Southampton became extinct, and remained so for more than half a century, when the Dukedom of Cleveland was revived in the person of the Earl of Darlington, the heir of line of Lady Grace Fitzroy, the second daughter of Duke Charles, who married Henry Vane, son of Lord Barnard. Her eldest sister Barbara died unmarried; and her younger sister, Lady Anne, who married John Paddey, Esq., departed this life at Waterford, Herts, on the 23d of January 1769.

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[1] *Collins' Peerage*, vol. i., p. 56. London, 1741. 8vo. See also Introductory Notice to *The Princess of Elis*, page 23, note 68, and Introductory Notice to *Love is the best Doctor*, page 193.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GÉRONTE, *father to Lucinde.*
LÉANDRE, *Lucinde's lover.*
SGANARELLE, *husband to Martine.*[2]
M. ROBERT, *Sganarelle's neighbour.*
LUCAS, *husband to Jacqueline.*
VALÈRE, *Géronte's servant.*[3]
THIBAUT, PERRIN, *his son,* } *peasants.*

LUCINDE, *Géronte's daughter.*
MARTINE, *Sganarelle's wife.*
JACQUELINE, *nurse at Géronte's, and Lucas' wife.*

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[2] This part was played by Molière himself. In the inventory of his dresses, given by M. E. Soulié, and taken after his death, we find, "The clothes for the representation of *The Physician in spite of Himself*, consisting of a doublet, breeches, collar, girdle, ruff, woollen stockings, and pouch, all of yellow serge, trimmed with green *radon*;* a satin dress, with breeches of short-nap, flowered velvet."

[3] The original has *domestique*, which in the seventeenth century meant a steward, a secretary, a trustworthy man.

* I have not been able to find this word in any dictionary.

THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

(*LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene represents a Forest.

SGANARELLE, MARTINE [*appearing on the stage, quarrelling.*][4]

Sgan. No; I tell you that I will do nothing of the kind, and that it is for me to speak, and to be master.

Mart. And I tell you that I will have you to live as I like, and that I am not married to you to put up with your vagaries.

Sgan. Oh! what a nuisance it is to have a wife! and Aristotle is perfectly right in saying that a woman is worse than a demon.[5]

Mart. Look at Master Clever, with his silly Aristotle!

Sgan. Yes, Master Clever. Find me another faggot-binder who can argue upon things as I can, who has served a famous physician for six years, and who, when only a boy, had his rudiments at his fingers' ends![6]

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[4] See Appendix, Note A.

[5] It would be difficult to give the passage in Aristotle, where such a thing is stated.

[6] The rudiments stand here for a little book containing the elements of the Latin tongue. Compare Shakespeare in *As You Like It* (Act v. Scene 4), who says—

"This boy is forest-born,
And has been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies."

Mart. Plague on the arrant fool![7]

Sgan. Plague on the slut!

Mart. Cursed be the hour and the day when I took it into my head to say yes.

Sgan. Cursed be the cuckold of a notary that made me sign my own ruination.

Mart. Certainly it well becomes you to complain on that score. Ought you not rather to thank Heaven every minute of the day that you have me for a wife? and did you deserve to marry a woman like me?

Sgan. It is true you did me too much honour, and I had great occasion to be satisfied with my wedding-night. Zounds! do not make me open my mouth too wide: I might say certain things . . .

Mart. What? What could you say?

Sgan. Enough; let us drop the subject. It is enough that we know what we know, and that you were very glad to meet with me.

Mart. What do you call very glad to meet with you? A fellow who will drive me to the hospital—a debauched, deceitful wretch, who gobbles up every farthing I have got!

Sgan. That is a lie: for I drink part of it.

Mart. Who sells piecemeal every stick of furniture in the house!

Sgan. That is living upon one's means.

Mart. Who has taken the very bed from under me!

Sgan. You will get up all the earlier.

Mart. In short, who does not leave me a stick in the whole house.

Sgan. There will be less trouble in moving.

Mart. And who from morning to night does nothing but gamble and drink!

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[7] The original has *fou fieffé*. See Vol. II., page 343, note 22.

Sgan. That is done in order not to get in the dumps.

Mart. And what am I to do all the while with my family?

Sgan. Whatever you like.

Mart. I have got four poor children on my hands.

Sgan. Put them down.

Mart. Who keep asking me every moment for bread.

Sgan. Whip them. When I have had enough to eat and to drink, every one in the house ought to be satisfied.

Mart. And do you mean to tell me, you sot, that things can always go on so?

Sgan. Wife, let us proceed gently, if you please.

Mart. That I am to bear for ever with your insolence and your debauchery?

Sgan. Do not let us get into a passion, wife.

Mart. And that I do not know the way to bring you back to your duty?

Sgan. Wife, you know that I am not very patient, and that my arm is somewhat heavy.

Mart. I laugh at your threats.

Sgan. My sweet wife, my pet, your skin is itching as usual.

Mart. I will let you see that I am not afraid of you.

Sgan. My dearest rib, you have set your heart upon a thrashing.[8]

Mart. Do you think that I am frightened at your talk?

Sgan. Sweet object of my affections, I shall box your ears for you.

Mart. Sot that you are!

Sgan. I shall thrash you.

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[8] The original has *Vous avez envie de me dérober quelque chose*, You wish to rob me of something,—meaning, of course, "of a box on the ear." In English we say also familiarly of any one who receives something which he richly deserves: He has not stolen that.

Mart. Walking wine-cask !

Sgan. I shall pummel you.

Mart. Infamous wretch !

Sgan. I shall curry your skin for you.

Mart. Wretch ! villain ! deceiver ! cur ! scoundrel ! gallows-bird ! churl ! rogue ! scamp ! thief ! . . .

Sgan. You will have it, will you ?

[*Takes a stick and beats her.*

Mart. [*shrieking*] Help ! help ! help ! help !

Sgan. That is the real way of quieting you.[9]

SCENE II.

M. ROBERT, SGANARELLE, MARTINE.[10]

M. Rob. Hulloa, hulloa, hulloa ! Fie ! What is this ? What a disgraceful thing ! Plague take the scamp to beat his wife so.

Mart. [*Her arms akimbo, speaks to M. Robert, and makes him draw back; at last she gives him a slap on the face*] And I like him to beat me, I do.

M. Rob. If that is the case, I consent with all my heart.

Mart. What are you interfering with ?

M. Rob. I am wrong.

Mart. Is it any of your business ?

M. Rob. You are right.

Mart. Just look at this jackanapes, who wishes to hinder husbands from beating their wives !

M. Rob. I apologize.

Mart. What have you got to say to it ?

M. Rob. Nothing.

Mart. Is it for you to poke your nose into it ?

M. Rob. No.

Mart. Mind your own business.

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[9] See Appendix, Note B. [10] See Appendix, Note C.

M. Rob. I shall not say another word.

Mart. It pleases me to be beaten.

M. Rob. Agreed.

Mart. It does not hurt you.

M. Rob. That is true.

Mart. And you are an ass to interfere with what does not concern you.

M. Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon with all my heart. Go on, thrash and beat your wife as much as you like; I shall help you, if you wish it. [*He goes towards Sganarelle, who also speaks to him, makes him draw back, beats him with the stick he has been using, and puts him to flight.*]

Sgan. I do not wish it.

M. Rob. Ah! that is a different thing.

Sgan. I will beat her if I like; and I will not beat her if I do not like.

M. Rob. Very good.

Sgan. She is my wife, and not yours.

M. Rob. Undoubtedly.

Sgan. It is not for you to order me about.

M. Rob. Just so.

Sgan. I do not want your help.

M. Rob. Exactly so.

Sgan. And it is like your impertinence to meddle with other people's business. Remember that Cicero says that between the tree and the finger you should not put the bark.[11] [*He drives him away, then comes back to his wife, and says to her, squeezing her hand.*[12]]

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[11] Sganarelle quotes the proverb wrong, which says that between the tree and the bark one ought not to put one's finger, which means figuratively, "Never interfere in things which do not concern you." Of course Cicero says nothing of the kind.

[12] See Appendix, Note D.

SCENE III.

SGANARELLE, MARTINE.

Sgan. Come, let us make it up. Shake hands.

Mart. Yes, after having beaten me thus!

Sgan. Never mind that. Shake hands.

Mart. I will not.

Sgan. Eh?

Mart. No.

Sgan. Come, wife!

Mart. I shall not.

Sgan. Come, I tell you.

Mart. I will do nothing of the kind.

Sgan. Come, come, come.

Mart. No; I will be angry.

Sgan. Bah! it is a trifle. Do.

Mart. Leave me alone.

Sgan. Shake hands, I tell you.

Mart. You have treated me too ill.

Sgan. Well! I beg your pardon; put your hand there.

Mart. I forgive you; [*aside, softly*] but I shall make you pay for it.

Sgan. You are silly to take notice of it; these are trifles that are necessary now and then to keep up good feeling; and five or six strokes of a cudgel between people who love each other, only brighten the affections. There now! I am going to the wood, and I promise you that you shall have more than a hundred faggots to-day.

SCENE IV.

MARTINE, *alone.*

Go, my lad, whatever look I may put on, I shall not forget to pay you out; and I am dying to hit upon something to punish you for the blows you gave me. I know

well enough that a wife has always the means of being revenged upon her husband; but that is too delicate a punishment for my gallows-bird; I want a revenge that shall strike home a little more, or it will not be satisfaction for the insult which I have received.

SCENE V.

VALÈRE, LUCAS, MARTINE.[13]

Luc. [*To Valère, without seeing Martine*] I'facks we have undertaken a curious errand; and I do not know, for my part, what we shall get by it.[14]

Val. [*To Lucas, without seeing Martine*] What is the use of grumbling, good foster-father? we are bound to do as our master tells us: and, besides, we have both of us some interest in the health of his daughter, our mistress; for her marriage, which is put off through her illness, will no doubt bring us in something. Horace, who is generous, is the most likely to succeed among her suitors; and although she has shown some inclination for a certain Léandre, you know well enough that her father would never consent to receive him for his son-in-law.

Mart. [*Musing on one side, thinking herself alone*] Can I not find out some way of revenging myself?

Luc. [*To Valère*] But what an idea has he taken into his head, since the doctors are quite at a loss.[15]

Val. [*To Lucas*] You may sometimes find by dint of seeking, what cannot be found at once; and often in the most unlikely spots you may . . .

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[13] See Appendix, Note E.

[14] Lucas speaks in a provincial dialect, which I think it unnecessary to endeavour to imitate in English.

[15] The original has *puisque les médecins y avont tous pardu leur latin* "since the doctors have lost all their Latin over it." I suppose in allusion to the latinized gibberish which the doctors in Molière's time used to employ in their consultations.

Mart. [*Thinking herself always alone*] Yes; I must pay him out, no matter at what cost. Those cudgel blows lie heavy on my stomach; I cannot digest them; and . . . [*She is saying all this musingly, and as she moves, she comes in contact with the two men.*] Ah, gentlemen, I beg your pardon, I did not notice you, and was puzzling my brain about something that perplexes me.

Val. Every one has his troubles in this world, and we also are looking for something that we should be very glad to find.

Mart. Is it something in which I can assist you?

Val. Perhaps. We are endeavouring to meet with some clever man, some special physician, who could give some relief to our master's daughter, seized with an illness which has all at once deprived her of the use of her tongue. Several physicians have already exhausted all their knowledge on her behalf; but sometimes one may find people with wonderful secrets, and certain peculiar remedies, who very often succeed where others have failed; and that is the sort of man we are looking for.

Mart. [*Softly and aside.*] Ah! This is an inspiration from Heaven to revenge myself on my rascal. [*Aloud*] You could never have addressed yourselves to any one more able to find what you want; and we have a man here, the most wonderful fellow in the world for desperate maladies.

Val. Ah! for mercy's sake, where can we meet with him?

Mart. You will find him just now in that little spot yonder, where he is amusing himself in cutting wood.

Luc. A doctor who cuts wood!

Val. Who is amusing himself in gathering some simples, you mean to say?

Mart. No; he is a strange fellow who takes a delight in this; a fantastic, eccentric, whimsical man, whom you would

never take to be what he really is. He goes about dressed in a most extraordinary fashion, pretends sometimes to be very ignorant, keeps his knowledge to himself, and dislikes nothing so much every day as using the marvellous talents which God has given him for the healing art.

Val. It is a wonderful thing that all these great men have always some whim, some slight grain of madness mixed with their learning.

Mart. The madness of this man is greater than can be imagined, for sometimes he has to be beaten before he will own his ability; and I warn you beforehand that you will not succeed, that he will never own that he is a physician, unless you take each a stick, and compel him, by dint of blows, to admit at last what he will conceal at first. It is thus that we act when we have need of him.

Val. What a strange delusion!

Mart. That is true; but, after that, you shall see that he works wonders.

Val. What is his name?

Mart. His name is Sganarelle. But it is very easy to recognise him. He is a man with a large black beard, and who wears a ruff, and a yellow and green coat.

Luc. A yellow and green coat! He is then a parrot-doctor?

Val. But is it really true that he is as clever as you say?

Mart. As clever. He is a man who works miracles. About six months ago, a woman was given up by all the other physicians; she was considered dead at least six hours, and they were going to bury her, when they dragged by force the man we are speaking of to her bedside. Having seen her, he poured a small drop of something into her mouth; and at that very instant she rose from her bed, and began immediately to walk in her room as if nothing had happened.

Luc. Hah!

Val. It must have been a drop of liquid gold.[16]

Mart. Possibly so. Not more than three weeks ago, a young child, twelve years old, fell from the top of the belfry, and smashed his head, arms, and legs on the stones. No sooner took they our man to it, than he rubbed the whole body with a certain ointment, which he knows how to prepare; and the child immediately rose on its legs, and ran away to play at chuck-farthing.

Luc. Hah!

Val. This man must have the universal heal-all.[17]

Mart. Who doubts it?

Luc. Odds-bobs! that is the very man we want. Let us go quickly and fetch him.

Val. We thank you for the service you have rendered us.[18]

Mart. But do not fail to remember the warning I have given you.

Luc. Hey! Zooks! leave it to us. If he wants nothing but a thrashing, we will gain our point.[19]

Val. [*To Lucas*]. We are very glad to have met with this woman; and I conceive the best hopes in the world from it.[20]

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[16] The liquid gold (*aurum potabile*) was long thought to be a most wonderful remedy, and was in use even during the last century.

[17] Liquid gold was formerly thought to cure all diseases, hence the name of "universal heal-all."

[18] See Appendix, Note F.

[19] In the original *la vache est à nous*, the cow is ours.

[20] See Appendix, Note G.

SCENE VI.

SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS.[21]

Sgan. [*Singing behind the scene*]. La, la, la. . . .

Val. I hear some one singing, and cutting wood.

Sgan. [*Coming on, with a bottle in his hand, without perceiving Valère or Lucas.*] La, la, la. . . . Really I have done enough to deserve a drink. Let us take a little breath. [*He drinks.*] This wood is as salt as the very devil.[22] [*Sings.*]

How sweet to hear,
My pretty flask,
How sweet to hear,
Your little gull, gull !
No fate with mine could vie,
If never you ran dry,
Oh ! darling little flask,
But constantly were full ! [23]

Come ! Zounds ! we must take care not to get the blues.

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[21] See Appendix, Note H.

[22] Meaning that he wants something to drink.

[23] Tradition mentions that the President Rose, a few days after the first representation of *The Physician in spite of himself*, met Molière at the Duke de Montausier, and accused the dramatist, before a numerous company, of having translated Sganarelle's couplet from the Latin, which was itself borrowed from the Greek. Molière denied the fact; and to his great surprise, the President recited the following verses, which astounded Molière, and which were afterwards admitted by Rose to be a translation from the playwright's original, which we give as well :—

Qu'ils sont doux,
Bouteille jolie,
Qu'ils sont doux,
Vos petits glougloux !
Mais mon sort ferait bien des jaloux,
Si vous étiez toujours remplie,
Ah ! bouteille, ma mie,
Pourquoi vous videz-vous ?

Quam dulces,
Amphora amœna,
Quam dulces
Sunt tuae voces !
Dum fundis merum in calices,
Utinam semper esses plena !
Ah ! Ah ! cara mea lagena,
Vacua cur jaces ?

Val. [*Softly to Lucas.*] This is the very man.

Luc. [*Softly to Valère.*] I think you are right, and that we have just hit upon him.

Val. Let us look a little closer.

Sgan. [*Hugging the bottle*]. Ah! you little rogue! I love you, my pretty dear! [*He sings; but perceiving Lucas and Valère, who are examining him, he lowers his voice.*

No fate . . . with mine . . . could . . . vie,
If . . .

[*Seeing that they examine him more closely.*] Whom the deuce do these people want?

Val. [*To Lucas.*] It is surely he.

Luc. [*To Valère.*] There he is, exactly as he has been described to us.

Sgan. [*Aside.*] [*At this point he puts down his bottle; and Valère stooping down to bow to him, he thinks that it is in order to snatch it away, and puts it on the other side. As Lucas is doing the same thing as Valère, Sganarelle takes it up again, and hugs it to his breast, with various grimaces which make a great deal of by-play.*] They are consulting each other, while looking at me. What can be their intentions!

Val. Sir, is not your name Sganarelle?

Sgan. Hey! What?

Val. I ask you if your name is not Sganarelle.

Sgan. [*Turning first to Valère, then to Lucas.*] Yes, and no. It depends on what you want with him.

Val. We want nothing with him, but to offer him our utmost civilities.

Sgan. In that case, my name is Sganarelle.

Val. We are delighted to see you, Sir. We have been recommended to you for what we are in search of; and we have come to implore your help, of which we are in want.

Sgan. If it be anything, gentlemen, that belongs to my little trade, I am quite ready to oblige you.

Val. You are too kind to us, Sir. But put your hat on, Sir, if you please; the sun might hurt you.

Luc. Pray, Sir, put it on.

Sgan. [*Aside.*] What a deal of ceremony these people use. [*He puts his hat on.*]

Val. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we have addressed ourselves to you. Clever people are always much sought after, and we have been informed of your capacity.

Sgan. It is true, gentlemen, that I am the best hand in the world at making faggots.

Val. Oh! Sir. . . .

Sgan. I spare no pains, and make them in a fashion that leaves nothing to be desired.

Val. That is not the question we have come about, Sir.

Sgan. But I charge a hundred and ten sous the hundred.

Val. Let us not speak about that, if you please.

Sgan. I pledge you my word that I could not sell them for less.

Val. We know what is what, Sir.

Sgan. If you know what is what, you know that I charge that price.

Val. This is a joke, Sir, but . . .

Sgan. It is no joke at all, I cannot bate a farthing.

Val. Let us talk differently, please.

Sgan. You may find some elsewhere for less; there be faggots and faggots; but for those which I make . . .

Val. Let us change the conversation, pray, Sir.

Sgan. I take my oath that you shall not have them for less, not a fraction.

Val. Fie! Fie!

Sgan. No, upon my word, you shall have to pay that

price. I am speaking frankly, and I am not the man to overcharge.

Val. Ought a gentleman like you, Sir, to amuse himself with those clumsy pretences, to lower himself to talk thus? Ought so learned a man, such a famous physician as you are, to wish to disguise himself in the eyes of the world and keep buried his great talents![24]

Sgan. [*Aside*] He is mad.

Val. Pray, Sir, do not dissemble with us.

Sgan. What do you mean?

Luc. All this beating about the bush is useless. We know what we know.

Sgan. What do you know? What do you want with me? For whom do you take me?

Val. For what you are, a great physician.

Sgan. Physician yourself; I am not one, and I have never been one.

Val. [*Aside*] Now the fit is on him. [*Aloud*] Sir, do not deny things any longer, and do not, if you please, make us have recourse to unpleasant extremities.

Sgan. Have recourse to what?

Val. To certain things that we should be sorry for.

Sgan. Zounds! Have recourse to whatever you like. I am not a physician, and do not understand what you mean.

Val. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive that we shall have to apply the remedy. [*Aloud*] Once more, Sir, I pray you to confess what you are.

Luc. Odds bobs, do not talk any more nonsense; and confess plainly that you are a physician.

Sgan. [*Aside*] I am getting in a rage.

Val. What is the good of denying what all the world knows?

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[24] See Appendix, Note I.

Luc. Why all these funny falsehoods? What is the good of it?

Sgan. One word is as good as a thousand, gentlemen. I tell you that I am not a physician.

Val. You are not a physician?

Sgan. No.

Luc. You are not a physician?

Sgan. No, I tell you.

Val. Since you will have it so, we must make up our minds to do it. [*They each take a stick, and thrash him.*

Sgan. Hold! hold! hold, gentlemen! I will be anything you like.

Val. Why, Sir, do you oblige us to use this violence?

Luc. Why do you make us take the trouble of giving you a beating?

Val. I assure you that I regret it with all my heart.

Luc. Upon my word I am sorry for it too.

Sgan. What the devil does it all mean, gentlemen? For pity's sake, is it a joke, or are you both gone out of your minds, to wish to make me out a physician?

Val. What! you do not give in yet, and you still deny being a physician?

Sgan. The devil take me if I am one!

Luc. Are you not a physician?

Sgan. No, plague choke me! [*They begin to thrash him again*] Hold! hold! Well, gentlemen, yes, since you will have it so, I am a physician, I am a physician—an apothecary into the bargain, if you like. I prefer saying yes to everything to being knocked about so.

Val. Ah! that is right, Sir; I am delighted to see you so reasonable.

Luc. It does my heart good to hear you speak in this way.

Val. I beg your pardon with all my heart.

Luc. I hope you will forgive me for the liberty I have taken.

Sgan. [*Aside*] Bless my soul! Am I perhaps myself mistaken, and have I become a physician without being aware of it?

Val. You shall not regret, Sir, having shown us what you are; and you shall certainly be satisfied.

Sgan. But tell me, gentlemen, may you not be yourselves mistaken? Is it quite certain that I am a physician?

Luc. Yes, upon my word!

Sgan. Really and truly?

Val. Undoubtedly.

Sgan. The devil take me if I knew it!

Val. Nonsense! You are the cleverest physician in the world.

Sgan. Ha, ha!

Luc. A physician who has cured I do not know how many complaints.

Sgan. The dickens I have!

Val. A woman was thought dead for six hours; she was ready to be buried when you, with a drop of something, brought her to again, and made her walk at once about the room.

Sgan. The deuce I did!

Luc. A child of twelve fell from the top of the belfry, by which he had his head, his legs, and his arms smashed; and you, with I do not know what ointment, made him immediately get up on his feet, and off he ran to play chuck-farthing.

Sgan. The devil I did!

Val. In short, Sir, you will be satisfied with us, and you shall earn whatever you like, if you allow us to take you where we intend.

Sgan. I shall earn whatever I like?

Val. Yes.

Sgan. In that case I am a physician: there is no doubt of it. I had forgotten it; but I recollect it now. What is the matter? Where am I to go?

Val. We will conduct you. The matter is to see a girl who has lost her speech.

Sgan. Indeed! I have not found it.

Val. [*Softly to Lucas*] How he loves his joke! [*To Sganarelle*] Come along, Sir!

Sgan. Without a physician's gown?

Val. We will get one.

Sgan. [*Presenting his bottle to Valère*] You carry this: I put my juleps in there [*Turning round to Lucas, and spitting on the ground*] And you, stamp on this, by order of the physician.

Luc. Odds sniggers! this is a physician I like. I think he will do, for he is a comical fellow.[25]

ACT II. SCENE I.

[*The scene represents a room in Géronte's house.*]

GÉRONTE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.[26]

Val. Yes, Sir, I think you will be satisfied; we have brought the greatest physician in the world with us.

Luc. Oh! Zooks! this one beats everything; all the others are not worthy to hold the candle to him.[27]

Val. He is a man who has performed some marvellous cures.

Luc. Who has put dead people on their legs again.

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[25] See Appendix, Note J. [26] See Appendix, Note K.

[27] The original has *tous les autres ne sont pas daignes de li déchausser ses souliés*, all the others are not worthy to take off his shoes.

Val. He is somewhat whimsical, as I have told you; and at times there are moments when his senses wander, and he does not seem what he really is.

Luc. Yes, he loves a joke, and one would say sometimes that he has got a tile loose somewhere.[28]

Val. But in reality, it is all learning this; and very often he says things quite beyond any one's comprehension.

Luc. When he sets about it, he talks as finely as if he were reading a book.

Val. He has already a great reputation hereabout, and everybody comes to consult him.

Gér. I am very anxious to see him; send him to me quickly.

Val. I am going to fetch him.

SCENE II.

GÉRONTE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.

Jacq. Upon my word, Sir, this one will do just the same as all the rest.[29] I think it will be six of the one and half-a-dozen of the others; and the best medicine to give to your daughter would, in my opinion, be a handsome strapping husband, for whom she could have some love.[30]

Ger. Lord bless my soul, nurse dear, you are meddling with many things!

Luc. Hold your tongue, mother Jacqueline; it is not for you to poke your nose there.

---

[28] The original has *qu'il a quelque petit coup de hache à la tête*, that he has received some small blow with an axe on his head.

[29] Jacqueline talks in a kind of peasant's dialect, which cannot be translated. The first sentence is thus in the original: *Par ma fi, monsieu, ceti-ci fera justement ce qu' ant fait les autres.*

[30] Something similar is said by Gros-René in the third scene of one of Molière's early farces, *The flying Physician* (*Le Médecin volant*), which will be given in the last volume of this edition.

Jacq. I tell you, and a dozen more of you,[31] that all these physicians do her no good; that your daughter wants something else than rhubarb and senna, and that a husband is a plaster which cures all girls' complaints.

Ger. Would any one have her in her present state, with that affliction on her? and when I intended her to marry, has she not opposed my wishes?

Jacq. No wonder. You wished to give her a man whom she does not like. Why did you not give her to Monsieur Léandre, who takes her fancy? She would have been very obedient, and I vouch for it that he will take her as she is, if you but give her to him.

Gér. Léandre is not the man we want; he has not got a fortune like the other.

Jacq. He has got an uncle who is so rich, and whose fortune he will inherit.

Ger. All these expectations seem to me but moonshine. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better; and we run a great risk in waiting for dead men's shoes. Death is not always at the beck and call of gentlemen heirs; and while the grass grows, the cow starves.[32]

Jacq. That is all well and good, but I have always heard that in marriage, as in everything else, happiness excels riches. Fathers and mothers have this cursed habit of asking always, "How much has he got?" and "How

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[31] The original has an attempt at a play on words: *je vous dis et vous douze*, because *dis*, say, and *dix*, ten, have nearly the same pronunciation.

[32] This is rather a free translation of Géronte's speech. The original has: *Tous ces biens à venir me semblent autant de chansons. Il n'est rien tel ce qu'on tient; et l'on court grand risque de s'abuser, lorsque l'on compte sur le bien qu'un autre vous garde. La mort n'a pas toujours les oreilles ouvertes aux yeux et aux prières de messieurs les héritiers; et l'on a le temps d'avoir les dents longues, lorsqu' on attend, pour vivre, le trépas de quelqu'un. Avoir les dents longues* is, according to Génin's *Lexique comparé de la langue de Molière*, to be hungry, because hunger is supposed to sharpen one's teeth.

much has she got?" And gaffer Peter has married his Simonette to that lout Thomas, because he has got a few more vineyards than young Robin, for whom the girl had a fancy; and now the poor creature is as yellow as a guinea, and has not looked like herself ever since. That is a good example for you, Sir. After all, folks have but their pleasure in this world; and I would sooner give my daughter a husband whom she likes, than have all the riches in the country.[33]

Ger. Bless me, nurse, how you chatter! Hold your tongue, let me beg of you; you take too much upon yourself, and you will spoil your milk.

Luc. [*Slapping Géronte's shoulder at every word*] Indeed, be silent; you are too saucy. The master does not want your speeches, and he knows what he is about. All you have got to do is to suckle your baby, without arguing so much. Our master is the girl's father, and he is good and clever enough to know what she wants.

Gér. Gently, gently.

Luc. [*Still slapping Géronte's shoulder*] I wish to show her her place, and teach her the respect due to you, Sir.

Gér. Very well. But it does not need all this gesticulating.

---

[33] The original has *toutes les rentes de la Biausse*, of Beauce, because it is one of the richest agricultural parts of France—Beauce having for its principal towns Dreux, Chartres, and Châteaudun. Rabelais, in his *Gargantua*, Book I., Chapter 16, relates how the huge mare on which Gargantua rode destroyed the ox-flies of the Beauce with her enormous tail, "and felled everywhere the wood with as much ease, as the mower doth the grass, in such sort that never since hath there been there neither wood nor dorflies: for all the country was thereby reduced to a plain champagne field, which Gargantua took great pleasure to behold, and said to his company no more but this, 'Je trouve beau ce,' I find this pretty; whereupon that country hath been ever since that time called Beauce."

SCENE III.

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE, GÉRONTE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.[34]

Val. Look out, Sir, here is our physician coming.

Gér. [*To Sganarelle*] I am delighted to see you, Sir, at my house, and we have very great need of you.

Sgan. [*In a physician's gown, with a very pointed cap*] Hippocrates says . . . that we should both put our hats on.

Gér. Hippocrates says that?

Sgan. Yes.

Gér. In which chapter, if you please!

Sgan. In his chapter . . . on hats.

Gér. Since Hippocrates says so, we must obey.

Sgan. Doctor, having heard of the marvellous things . . .

Gér. To whom are you speaking, pray?

Sgan. To you.

Gér. I am not a physician.

Sgan. You are not a physician?

Gér. Indeed I am not.

Sgan. Really?

Gér. Really. [*Sganarelle takes a stick and thrashes Géronte.*] Oh! Oh! Oh!

Sgan. Now you are a physician, I have never taken any other degree.

Gér. [*To Valère*] What a devil of a fellow you have brought me here!

Val. Did I not tell you that he was a funny sort of a physician.

Gér. Yes; but I shall send him about his business with his fun.

Luc. Do not take any notice of it, Sir. It is only his joking.

Gér. The joking does not suit me.

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[34] See Appendix, Note L.

Sgan. Sir; I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Gér. I am your humble servant, Sir.

Sgan. I am sorry . . .

Gér. It is nothing.

Sgan. For the cudgelling I . . .

Gér. There is no harm done.

Sgan. Which I have had the honour to give you.

Gér. Do not say any more about it, Sir. I have a daughter who is suffering from a strange complaint.

Sgan. I am delighted, Sir, that your daughter has need of my skill; and I wish, with all my heart, that you stood in the same need of it, you and all your family, in order to show you my wish to serve you.

Gée. I am obliged to you for these kind feelings.

Sgan. I assure you that I am speaking from my very heart.

Gér. You really do me too much honour.

Sgan. What is your daughter's name?

Gér. Lucinde.

Sgan. Lucinde! Ah! a pretty name to physic! Lucinde![35]

Gér. I will just see what she is doing.

Sgan. Who is that tall woman?

Gér. She is my baby's nurse.

SCENE IV.

SGANARELLE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.[36]

Sgan. [*Aside*] Zounds, that is a fine piece of household furniture. [*Aloud*] Ah, nurse! Charming nurse! my physic is the very humble slave of your nurseship, and

[35] Not unlikely this was an allusion to the Juno Lucinda.

[36] See Appendix, Note M.

I should like to be the fortunate little nursling to suck the milk of your good graces. [*He puts his hand on her bosom*] All my nostrums, all my skill, all my cleverness, is at your service; and . . .

Luc. By your leave, Mr Doctor; leave my wife alone, I pray you.

Sgan. What! is she your wife?

Luc. Yes.

Sgan. Oh, indeed! I did not know that, but I am very glad of it for the love of both. [*He pretends to embrace Lucas, but embraces the nurse.*

Luc. [*Pulling Sganarelle away, and placing himself between him and his wife*] Gently, if you please.

Sgan. I assure you that I am delighted that you should be united together. I congratulate her upon having such a husband as you; and I congratulate you upon having a wife so handsome, so discreet, and so well-shaped as she is. [*He pretends once more to embrace Lucas, who holds out his arms, he slips under them, and embraces the nurse.*

Luc. [*Pulling him away again*] Do not pay so many compliments, I beg of you.

Sgan. Shall I not rejoice with you about such a lovely harmony?

Luc. With me as much as you like; but a truce to compliments with my wife.

Sgan. I have both your happiness equally at heart; and if I embrace you to show my delight in you, I embrace her to show my delight in her. [*Same by-play.*

Luc. [*Pulling him away for the third time*] Odds boddikins, Mr Doctor, what vagaries!

SCENE V.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

Gér. My daughter will be here directly, Sir.

Sgan. I am awaiting her, Sir, with all my physic.

Gér. Where is it?

Sgan. [*Touching his forehead*] In there.

Gér. That is good.

Sgan. But as I feel much interested in your family, I should like to test the milk of your nurse, and examine her breasts. [*He draws close to Jacqueline.*]

Luc. [*Pulling him away, and swinging him round*] Nothing of the sort, nothing of the sort. I do not wish it.

Sgan. It is the physician's duty to see the breasts of the nurse.

Luc. Duty or no duty, I will not have it.

Sgan. Have you the audacity to contradict a physician? Out with you.

Luc. I do not care a straw about a physician.

Sgan. [*Looking askance at him*] I will give you a fever.

Jacq. [*Taking Lucas by the arm, and swinging him round also*] Get out of the way. Am I not big enough to take my own part, if he does anything to me which he ought not to do?

Luc. I will not have him touch you, I will not.

Sgan. For shame you rascal, to be jealous of your wife.

Ger. Here comes my daughter.

SCENE VI.

LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.[37]

Sgan. Is this the patient!

Gér. Yes. I have but one daughter; and I would never get over it if she were to die.

[37] See Appendix, Note N.

Sgan. Do not let her do anything of the kind. She must not die without a prescription of the physician.[38]

Gér. A chair here!

Sgan. [*Seated between Géronte and Lucinde*] This is not at all an unpleasant patient, and I am of opinion that she would not be at all amiss for a man in very good health.

Gér. You have made her laugh, Sir.

Sgan. So much the better. It is the best sign in the world when a physician makes the patient laugh. [*To Lucinde*] Well, what is the matter? What ails you? What is it you feel?

Luc. [*Replies by motions, by putting her hand to her mouth, her head, and under her chin.*] Ha, hi, ho, ha!

Sgan. What do you say?

Luc. [*Continues the same motions*] Ha, hi, ho, ha, hi, ho!

Sgan. What is that?

Luc. Ha, hi, ho!

Sgan. [*Imitating her.*] Ha, hi, ho, hã, ha! I do not understand you. What sort of language do you call that?

Gér. That is just where her complaint lies, Sir. She has become dumb, without our having been able till now to discover the cause. This accident has obliged us to postpone her marriage.

Sgan. And why so?

Gér. He whom she is going to marry wishes to wait for her recovery to conclude the marriage.

Sgan. And who is this fool that does not want his wife to be dumb? Would to Heaven that mine had that complaint! I should take particular care not to have her cured.

Gér. To the point, Sir! We beseech you to use all your skill to cure her of this affliction.

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38 Géronte and Sganarelle's remarks are also found slightly altered in Molière's *The flying Physician*, one of his early farces.

Sgan. Do not make yourself uneasy. But tell me, does this pain oppress her much?

Gér. Yes, Sir.

Sgan. So much the better. Is the suffering very acute?

Gér. Very acute.

Sgan. That is right. Does she go to . . . you know where?

Gér. Yes.

Sgan. Freely?

Gér. That I know nothing about.

Sgan. Is the matter healthy?

Ger. I do not understand these things.

Sgan. [*Turning to the patient*] Give me your hand. [*To Géronte*] The pulse tells me that your daughter is

Gér. Sir, that is what is the matter with [illegible]; and I see you have found it out at the first touch.

Sgan. Of course!

Jacq. See how he has guessed her complaint!

Sgan. We great physicians, we know matters at once. An ignoramus would have been nonplussed, and would have told you: it is this, that, or the other; but I hit the nail on the head from the very first, and I tell you that your daughter is dumb.

Gér. Yes; but I should like you to tell me whence it arises.

Sgan. Nothing is easier; it arises from loss of speech.

Gér. Very good. But the reason of her having lost her speech, pray?

Sgan. Our best authorities will tell you that it is because there is an impediment in the action of her tongue.

Gér. But, once more, your opinion upon this impediment in the action of her tongue.

Sgan. Aristotle on this subject says . . . a great many clever things.

Gér. I dare say.

Sgan. Ah! He was a great man!

Gér. No doubt.

Sgan. Yes, a very great man. [*Holding out his arm, and putting a finger of the other hand in the bend*] A man who was, by this, much greater than I. But to come back to our argument: I am of opinion that this impediment in the action of her tongue is caused by certain humours, which among us learned men, we call peccant humours; peccant —that is to say . . . peccant humours; inasmuch as the vapours formed by the exhalations of the influences which rise in the very region of diseases, coming, . . . as we may say to . . . Do you understand Latin?

Gér. Not in the least.

Sgan. [*Suddenly rising*] You do not understand Latin?

Gér. No.

Sgan. [*Assuming various comic attitudes*] *Cabricias arci thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominativo, haec musa,* the muse, *bonus, bona, bonum. Deus sanctus, est-ne oratio latinas? Etiam,* Yes. *Quare?* Why? *Quia substantivo et adjectivum, concordat in generi, numerum, et casus.*[39]

Gér. Ah! Why did I not study!

Jacq. What a clever man!

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[39] The first four words of Sganarelle's address are words of Molière's coining, and belong to no language; the rest is a truncated quotation of the following passage from the old Latin grammar of Despautère: *Deus sanctus, est-ne oratio latina? Etiam. Quare? Quia substantivum et adjectivum concordant in genere, numero, casu.* In pronouncing the word *casus,* which means "case," and "fall," the actor, who plays the part of Sganarelle, upsets his chair whilst sitting down, and falls on the floor, according to tradition.

Luc. Yes, it is so beautiful that I do not understand a word of it.

Sgan. Thus these vapours which I speak of, passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where we find the heart, it so happens that the lungs, which in Latin we call *armyan*, having communication with the brain, which in Greek we style *nasmus*, by means of the *vena cava*, which in Hebrew, in termed *cubile*,[38] meet in their course the said vapours, which fill the ventricles of the omoplata; and because the said vapours . . . now understand well this argument, pray . . . and because these said vapours are endowed with a certain malignity . . . listen well to this, I beseech you.

Gér. Yes.

Sgan. Are endowed with a certain malignity which caused . . . pay attention here, if you please.

Ger. I do.

Sgan. Which is caused by the acridity of these humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens that these vapours. . . . *Ossabandus, nequeis, nequer, potarinum, quipsa milus.*[39] That is exactly the reason that your daughter is dumb.

Jacq. Ah! How well this gentleman explains all this.

Luc. Why does not my tongue wag as well as his?

Gér. It is undoubtedly impossible to argue better. There is but one thing that I cannot exactly make out: that is the whereabouts of the liver and the heart. It appears to me that you place them differently from what they are; that the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Sgan. Yes; this was so formerly; but we have changed

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[40] *Armyan* and *Nasmus* belong to no language; *cubile* is the Latin for bed or den.

[41] These words belong to no language.

all that, and we now-a-days practise the medical art on an entirely new system.

Gér. I did not know that, and I pray you pardon my ignorance.

Sgan. There is no harm done; and you are not obliged to be so clever as we are.

Gér. Certainly not. But what think you, Sir, ought to be done for this complaint?

Sgan. What do I think ought to be done?

Gér. Yes.

Sgan. My advice is to put her to bed again, and make her, as a remedy, take plenty of bread soaked in wine.

Gér. Why so, Sir?

Sgan. Because there is in bread and wine mixed together a sympathetic virtue which produces speech. Do you not see that they give nothing else to parrots, and that, by eating it, they learn to speak.

Gér. That is true. Oh! the great man! Quick, plenty of bread and wine.

Sgan. I shall come back to-night to see how the patient is getting on.[42]

SCENE VII.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, JACQUELINE.

Sgan. [*To Jacqueline*] Stop a little you. [*To Géronte*] Sir, I must give some medicine to your nurse.

Jacq. To me, Sir? I am as well as can be.

Sgan. So much the worse, nurse, so much the worse. This excess of health is dangerous, and it would not be amiss to bleed you a little gently, and to administer some little soothing injection.

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[42] See Appendix, Note O.

Ger. But, my dear Sir, that is a method which I cannot understand. Why bleed folks when they are not ill?

Sgan. It does not matter, the method is salutary; and as we drink for the thirst to come, so must we bleed for the disease to come.[43]

Jacq. [*Going*] I do not care a fig for all this, and I will not have my body made an apothecary's shop.

Sgan. You object to my remedies; but we shall know how to bring you to reason.

SCENE VIII.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. I wish you good day.

Gér. Stay a moment, if you please.

Sgan. What are you going to do?

Gér. Give you your fee, Sir.

Sgan. [*Putting his hands behind him, from under his gown, while Geronte opens his purse*] I shall not accept it, Sir.

Gér. Sir.

Sgan. Not at all.

Gér. One moment.

Sgan. On no consideration.

Gér. Pray!

Sgan. You are jesting.

Gér. That is settled.

Sgan. I shall do nothing of the kind.

Gér. What!

Sgan. I do not practise for money's sake.[44]

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[43] This is really no joke. It was the custom in Molière's time to swallow a certain amount of physic, as a matter of precaution, and in case of future maladies.

[44] This is taken from Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, Book III., Chapter 34, when Panurge, having taken counsel with the physician Rondibilis,

Gér. I am convinced of that.

Sgan. [*After having taken the money*] Are they good weight?

Gér. Yes, Sir.

Sgan. I am not a mercenary physician.

Gér. I am well aware of it.

Sgan. I am not actuated by interest.

Gér. I do not for a moment think so.

Sgan. [*Alone, looking at the money he has received*] Upon my word, this does not promise badly; and provided . . .

SCENE IX.

LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.[45]

Léan. I have been waiting some time for you, Sir, and I have come to beg your assistance.

Sgan. [*Feeling his pulse*] That is a very bad pulse.

Léan. I am not ill, Sir; and it is not for that that I am come to you.

Sgan. If you are not ill, why the devil do not you tell me so?

Léan. No. To tell you the matter in a few words, my name is Léandre. I am in love with Lucinde to whom you have just paid a visit; and as all access to her is denied to me, through the ill-temper of her father, I venture to beseech you to serve me in my love affair, and to assist me

clapped into his hand, without the speaking of so much as one word, four rose nobles. "Rondibilis did shut his fist upon them right kindly; yet, as if it had displeased him to make acceptance of such golden presents, he in a start, as if he had been wroth, said, He, he, he, he, he, there was no need of anything, I thank you nevertheless. From wicked folks I never get enough, and from honest people I refuse nothing. I shall be always, Sir, at your command. Provided that I pay you well, quoth Panurge. That, quoth Rondibilis, is understood."

[45] See Appendix, Note P.

in a stratagem that I have invented, so as to say a few words to her, on which my whole life and happiness absolutely depend.

Sgan. [*In apparent anger*] Whom do you take me for? How dare you address yourself to me to assist you in your love affair, and to wish me to lower the dignity of a physician by an affair of that kind!

Léan. Do not make a noise, Sir?

Sgan. [*Driving him back*] I will make a noise. You are an impertinent fellow.

Léan. Ah! gently, Sir.

Sgan. An ill-mannered jackanapes.

Léan. Pray!

Sgan. I will teach you that I am not the kind of man you take me for, and that it is the greatest insolence. . . .

Léan. [*Taking out a purse*] Sir . . .

Sgan. To wish to employ me . . . [*taking the purse*] I am not speaking about you, for you are a gentleman; and I should be delighted to be of any use to you: but there are certain impertinent people in this world who take folks for what they are not; and I tell you candidly that this puts me in a passion.

Léan. I ask your pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have . . .

Sgan. You are jesting. What is the affair in question?

Léan. You must know then, Sir, that this disease which you wish to cure is a feigned complaint. The physicians have argued about it, as they ought to do, and they have not failed to give it as their opinion,—this one, that it arose from the brain; that one, from the intestines; another, from the spleen; another, again, from the liver; but the fact is that love is its real cause, and that Lucinde has only invented this illness in order to free herself from a marriage with which she has been harassed. But for fear that we

may be seen together, let us retire ; and I will tell you as we go along, what I wish you to do.

Sgan. Come along, then, Sir. You have inspired me with an inconceivable interest in your love ; and if all my medical science does not fail me, the patient shall either die or be yours.[46]

ACT III. SCENE I.

[*The scene represents a spot near Géronte's house.*]

LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.[47]

Léan. I think that I am not at all badly got up for an apothecary ; and as her father has scarcely ever seen me, this change of dress and wig is likely enough, I think, to disguise me.

Sgan. There is no doubt of it.

Léan. Only I should like to know five or six big medical words to leaven my conversation with, and to give me the air of a learned man.

Sgan. Go along, go along ; it is not at all necessary. The dress is sufficient ; and I know no more about it than you do.

Léan. How is that !

Sgan. The devil take me if I understand anything about medicine ! You are a gentleman, and I do not mind confiding in you, as you have confided in me.

Léan. What ! Then you are not really . . .

Sgan. No, I tell you. They have made me a physician in spite of my teeth. I have never attempted to be so learned as that ; and all my studies did not go farther than the lowest class at school. I do not know how the idea has

[46] See Appendix, Note Q. [47] See Appendix, Note R.

come to them; but when I saw that in spite of every thing they would have it that I was a physician, I made up my mind to be so at somebody's expense. You would not believe, however, how this error has spread, and how everyone is possessed, and believes me to be a learned man. They come seeking me on all sides; and if things go on in this way, I am resolved to stick to the profession all my life. I find that it is the best trade of all; for, whether we manage well or ill, we are paid just the same. Bad workmanship never recoils upon us; and we cut the material we have to work with pretty much as we like. A shoemaker, in making a pair of shoes, cannot spoil a scrap of leather without having to bear the loss; but in our business, we may spoil a man without its costing us a farthing. The blunders are never put down to us, and it is always the fault of the fellow who dies. The best of this profession is, that there is the greatest honesty and discretion among the dead; for you never find them complain of the physician who has killed them.

Léan. It is true that the dead are very honourable in that respect.

Sgan. [*Seeing some people advancing towards him*] There come some people, who seem anxious to consult me. [*To Léandre*] Go and wait for me near the house of your lady-love.

SCENE II.

THIBAUT, PERRIN, SGANARELLE.[48]

Thib. Sir, we come to look for you, my son Perrin and myself.[49]

Sgan. What is the matter?

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[48] See Appendix, Note S.

[49] In the original, Thibaut speaks like a peasant; as, *Mounsie, je venons vous charcher, mon fils Perrin et moi.*

Thib. His poor mother, whose name is Perrette, has been on a bed of sickness for the last six months.

Sgan. [*Holding out his hand as if to receive money*] What would you have me do to her?

Thib. I would like you to give me some little doctor's stuff to cure her.

Sgan. We must first see what is the matter with her.

Thib. She is ill with the hypocrisy, Sir.

Sgan. With the hypocrisy?

Thib. Yes; I mean she is swollen everywhere. They say that there is a lot of seriosities in her inside, and that her liver, her belly, or her spleen, as you would call it, instead of making blood makes nothing but water. She has, every other day, the quotiguian fever, with lassitude and pains in the muscles of her legs. We can hear in her throat phlegms that are ready to choke her, and she is often taken with syncoles and conversions, so that we think she is going off the hooks. We have got in our village an apothecary—with respect be it said—who has given her, I do not know how much stuff; and it has cost me more than a dozen good crowns in clysters, saving your presence, in apostumes which he has made her swallow, in infections of hyacinth, and in cordial potions. But all this, as people say, was nothing but an ointment of fiddle-faddle. He wanted to give her a certain drug called ametile wine; but I was downright afeard that this would send her to the other world altogether; because they tell me that those big physicians kill, I do not know how many, with that new-fangled notion.[50]

Sgan. [*Still holding out his hand, and moving it about to show that he wants money*] Let us come to the point, friend, let us come to the point.

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[50] Of course, Thibaut mispronounces nearly every word, and also the medical words. Sganarelle corrects him a little further on. For emetic wine, which he calls "ametile wine," see page 132, note 19.

Thib. The point is, Sir, that we have come to beg of you to tell us what we must do.

Sgan. I do not understand you at all.

Per. My mother is ill, Sir, and here are two crowns which we have brought you to give us some stuff.

Sgan. Ah! you I do understand. There is a lad who speaks clearly, and explains himself as he should. You say that your mother is ill with the dropsy; that she is swollen all over her body; that she has a fever, with pains in the legs; that she sometimes is taken with syncopes and convulsions, that is to say, with fainting fits.

Per. Indeed, Sir! that is just it.

Sgan. I understood you at once. Your father does not know what he says. And now you ask me for a remedy?

Per. Yes, sir.

Sgan. A remedy to cure her?

Per. That is just what I mean.

Sgan. Take this then. It is a piece of cheese which you must make her take.

Per. A piece of cheese, Sir?

Sgan. Yes; it is a kind of prepared cheese, in which there is gold, coral, and pearls, and a great many other precious things.

Per. I am very much obliged to you, Sir, and I shall go and make her take it directly.

Sgan. Go, and if she dies, do not fail to bury her in the best style you can.

SCENE III.

The Scene changes, and represents, as in the Second Act, a room in Géronte's house.

JACQUELINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, *at the far end of the stage.*

Sgan. Here is the pretty nurse. Ah! you darling nurse, I am delighted at this meeting; and the sight of

you is like rhubarb, cassia, and senna to me, which purges all melancholy from my mind.

Jacq. Upon my word, Mr Physician, it is no good talking to me in that style, and I do not understand your Latin at all.

Sgan. Get ill, nurse, I beg of you; get ill for my sake. I shall have all the pleasure in the world of curing you.

Jacq. I am your humble servant; I would much rather not be cured.

Sgan. How I grieve for you, beautiful nurse, in having such a jealous and troublesome husband.

Jacq. What am I to do, Sir? It is as a penance for my sins; and where the goat is tied down she must browse.

Sgan. What! Such a clod-hopper as that! a fellow who is always watching you, and will let no one speak to you!

Jacq. Alas! you have seen nothing yet; and that is only a small sample of his bad temper.

Sgan. Is it possible? and can a man have so mean a spirit as to ill-use a woman like you? Ah! I know some, sweet nurse, and who are not very far off, who would only be too glad to kiss your little feet! Why should such a handsome woman have fallen into such hands! and a mere animal, a brute, a stupid, a fool . . . Excuse me, nurse, for speaking in that way of your husband.

Jacq. Oh! Sir, I know full well that he deserves all these names.

Sgan. Undoubtedly, nurse, he deserves them; and he also deserves that you should plant something on his head to punish him for his suspicions.

Jacq. It is true enough that if I had not his interest so much at heart, he would drive me to do some strange things.

Sgan. Indeed it would just serve him right if you were

to revenge yourself upon him with some one. The fellow richly deserves it all, I tell you, and if I were fortunate enough, fair nurse, to be chosen by you . . .

[*While Sganarelle is holding out his arms to embrace Jacqueline, Lucas passes his head under them, and comes between the two. Sganarelle and Jacqueline stare at Lucas, and depart on opposite sides, but the doctor does so in a very comic manner.*

SCENE IV.

GÉRONTE, LUCAS.

Gér. I say, Lucas, have not you seen our physician here?

Luc. Indeed I have seen him, by all the devils, and my wife too.

Gér. Where can he be?

Luc. I do not know; but I wish he were at the devil.

Gér. Just go and see what my daughter is doing.

SCENE V.

SGANARELLE, LÉANDRE, GÉRONTE.

Gér. I was just inquiring after you, Sir.

Sgan. I have just been amusing myself in your court with expelling the superfluity of drink. How is the patient?

Gér. Somewhat worse since your remedy.

Sgan. So much the better; it shows that it takes effect.

Gér. Yes; but while it is taking effect, I am afraid it will choke her.

Sgan. Do not make yourself uneasy; I have some remedies that will make it all right! and I wait until she is at death's door.

Gér. [*Pointing to Leandre*] Who is this man that is with you?

Sgan. [*Intimates by motions of his hands that it is an apothecary.*] It is . . . .

Gér. What ?

Sgan. He who . . .

Gér. Oh !

Sgan. Who . . . .

Gér. I understand.

Sgan. Your daughter will want him.

SCENE VI.

LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, JACQUELINE, SGANARELLE.[51]

Jacq. Here is your daughter, Sir, who wishes to stretch her limbs a little.

Sgan. That will do her good. Go to her, Mr Apothecary, and feel her pulse, so that I may consult with you presently about her complaint. [*At this point he draws Géronte to one end of the stage, and putting one arm upon his shoulder, he places his hand under his chin, with which he makes him turn towards him, each time that Géronte wants to look at what is passing between his daughter and the apothecary, while he holds the following discourse with him*] Sir, it is a great and subtle question among physicians to know whether women or men are more easily cured. I pray you to listen to this, if you please. Some say "no," others say "yes :" I say both "yes" and "no ;" inasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours, which are found in the natural temperament of women, causes the brutal part to struggle for the mastery over the sensitive,[52] we find that the conflict of their opinion depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon ; and as the sun, which darts its beams on the concavity of the earth, meets . . .

[51] See Appendix, Note T.

[52] Compare Gros René's Speech in *The Love Tiff*, Act iv., Scene ii., Vol. I., page 156.

Luc. [*To Léandre*] No; I am not at all likely to change my feelings.

Gér. Hark! my daughter speaks! O, great virtue of the remedy! O, excellent physician! How deeply am I obliged to you, Sir, for this marvellous cure! And what can I do for you after such a service?

Sgan. [*Strutting about the stage, fanning himself with his hat*] This case has given me some trouble.

Luc. Yes, father, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it to tell you that I will never have any other husband than Léandre, and that it is in vain for you to wish to give me Horace.

Gér. But . . .

Luc. Nothing will shake the resolution I have taken.

Gér. What . . .

Luc. All your fine arguments will be in vain.

Gér. If . . .

Luc. All your talking will be of no use.

Gér. I . . .

Luc. I have made up my mind about the matter.

Gér. But . . .

Luc. No paternal authority can compel me to marry against my will.

Gér. I have . . .

Luc. You may try as much as you like.

Gér. It . . .

Luc. My heart cannot submit to this tyranny.

Gér. The . . .

Luc. And I will sooner go into a convent than marry a man I do not love.

Gér. But . . .

Luc. [*In a loud voice*] No. By no means. It is of no use. You waste your time. I shall do nothing of the kind. I am fully determined.

Gér. Ah! what a torrent of words! One cannot hold out against it. [*To Sganarelle*] I beseech you, Sir, to make her dumb again.

Sgan. That is impossible. All that I can do in your behalf is to make you deaf, if you like.

Gér. I thank you. [*To Lucinde*] Do you think . . .

Luc. No; all your reasoning will not have the slightest effect upon me.

Gér. You shall marry Horace this very evening.

Luc. I would sooner marry death itself.

Sgan. [*To Géronte*] Stop, for Heaven's sake! stop. Let me doctor this matter; it is a disease that has got hold of her, and I know the remedy to apply to it.

Gér. Is it possible indeed, Sir, that you can cure this disease of the mind also?

Sgan. Yes; let me manage it. I have remedies for every thing; and our apothecary will serve us capitally for this cure. [*To Léandre*] A word with you. You perceive that the passion she has for this Léandre is altogether against the wishes of the father; that there is no time to lose; that the humours are very acrimonious; and that it becomes necessary to find speedily a remedy for this complaint, which may get worse by delay. As for myself, I see but one, which is a dose of purgative flight, mixed, as it should be, with two drachms of matrimonium, made up into pills. She may, perhaps, make some difficulty about taking this remedy; but as you are a clever man in your profession, you must induce her to consent to it, and make her swallow the thing as best you can. Go and take a little turn in the garden with her to prepare the humours, while I converse here with her father; but, above all, lose not a moment. Apply the remedy quick! apply the specific![53]

[53] See Appendix, Note U.

SCENE VII.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.[54]

Gér. What drugs are those you have just mentioned, Sir? It seems to me that I never heard of them before.

Sgan. They are drugs which are used only in urgent cases.

Gér. Did you ever see such insolence as hers?

Sgan. Daughters are a little headstrong at times.

Gér. You would not believe how infatuated she is with this Léandre.

Sgan. The heat of the blood produces those things in young people.

Gér. As for me, the moment I discovered the violence of this passion, I took care to keep my daughter under lock and key.

Sgan. You have acted wisely.

Gér. And I have prevented the slightest communication between them.

Sgan. Just so.

Gér. They would have committed some folly, if they had been permitted to see each other.

Sgan. Undoubtedly.

Gér. And I think she would have been the girl to run away with him.

Sgan. You have argued very prudently.

Gér. I was informed, that he tried every means to get speech of her.

Sgan. The rascal!

Gér. But he will waste his time.

Sgan. Aye! Aye!

Gér. And I will effectually prevent him from seeing her.

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[54] See Appendix, Note V.

Sgan. He has no fool to deal with, and you know some tricks of which he is ignorant. One must get up very early to catch you asleep.

SCENE VIII.

LUCAS, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

Luc. Odds bobs! Sir, here is a pretty to do. Your daughter has fled with her Léandre. It was he that played the apothecary, and this is the physician who has performed this nice operation.

Ger. What! to murder me in this manner! Quick, fetch a magistrate, and take care that he does not get away. Ah villain! I will have you punished by the law.

Luc. I am afraid, Mister Doctor, that you will be hanged.[55] Do not stir a step, I tell you.

SCENE IX.

MARTINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS.

Mart. [*To Lucas*] Good gracious! what a difficulty I have had to find this place! Just tell me what has become of the physician I recommended to you?

Luc. Here he is; just going to be hanged.

Mart. What! my husband hanged! Alas, and for what?

Luc. He has helped some one to run away with master's daughter.

Mart. Alas, my dear husband, is it true that you are going to be hanged?

Sgan. Judge for yourself. Ah!

Mart. And must you be made an end of in the presence of such a crowd.

Sgan. What am I to do?

---

[55] A nearly similar saying is also used by Georgibus in one of Molère's early farces, *The Flying Physician*.

Mart. If you had only finished cutting your wood, I should be somewhat consoled.

Sgan. Leave me, you break my heart.

Mart. No, I will remain to encourage you to die; and I will not leave you until I have seen you hanged.

Sgan. Ah!

SCENE X.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, MARTINE.

Ger. [*To Sganarelle*] The magistrate will be here directly, and we shall put you in a place of safety where they will be answerable for you.

Sgan. [*On his knees, hat in hand*] Alas! will not a few strokes with a cudgel do instead?

Ger. No, no; the law shall decide. But what do I see?

SCENE XI.

GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, LUCINDE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, MARTINE.

Léan. Sir, I appear before you as Léandre, and am come to restore Lucinde to your authority. We intended to run away, and get married; but this design has given way to a more honourable proceeding. I will not presume to steal away your daughter, and it is from your hands alone that I will obtain her. I must at the same time acquaint you, that I have just now received some letters informing me of the death of my uncle, and that he has left me heir to all his property.

Ger. Really, Sir, your virtue is worthy of my utmost consideration, and I give you my daughter with the greatest pleasure in the world.

Sgan. [*Aside*] The physician has had a narrow escape!

Mart. Since you are not going to be hanged, you may thank me for being a physician; for I have procured you this honour.

Sgan. Yes, it is you who procured me, I do not know how many thwacks with a cudgel.

Léan. [*To Sganarelle*] The result has proved too happy to harbour any resentment.

Sgan. Be it so. [*To Martine*] I forgive you the blows on account of the dignity to which you have elevated me; but prepare yourself henceforth to behave with great respect towards a man of my consequence; and consider that the anger of a physician is more to be dreaded than people imagine.[56]

[56] See Appendix, Note W.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 389.

Lacy, in *The Dumb Lady* (Act i., Scene 1), imitates the same scene same act, from Molière's *The Physician in spite of himself*; Sganarelle, faggot-maker, is changed into Drench, a farrier, and Martine into Isabel, his wife.

Enter DRENCH, *a farrier, and* ISABEL, *his wife.*

Drench. I say, dame Isabel, I'll have it my way!

Isabel. Have it my way! Why, who are you, sir? Art thou any more than my husband, fellow? How camest thou thus audacious, then, to say, I'll have it my way? Say that again, and by the faith I have in my confidant, my gallant shall make thee an example.

Dr. Aha! have you your confidant and your gallant, wife?

Isa. Yes, that I have. You know when the great ones have done with a fashion, it comes amongst we mean madams into the country at last; and I have as much privilege due to me as any freeborn people in the world has, and we women will maintain the liberties of the subject with our lives and fortunes.

Dr. By 'r lady, wife, you rant like a freeborn subject indeed! But, pray you, what do you with the word "freeborn subject?"

Isa. I have it to show that I am one of the freeborn, and may have my gallant, with all the perquisites belonging thereunto.

Dr. Why, thou stragglest as far out of the bonds of matrimony as if thou 'dst a good jointure to justify thee in 't. There is a thing called *duty*, wife; the parson, you may remember, said so when he married us.

Isa. I no more remember what the parson said when he married us than what he has said ever since when he preached.

Dr. The jade's mad beyond recovery; . . . the liberty of the she subject! Wife, there are five children by the fireside; pray you, how many of 'em's mine, wife? I think 'tis high time to ask that question.

Isa. I must not be so much concerned with thee as to call thee husband; therefore, Mr Drench, the first child was yours.

Dr. And whose are the rest?

Isa. The rest are mine, fellow; let that suffice thee!

Dr. And but one of them mine, wife?

Isa. No but one yours, and for this following reason. After my first

child, you neglected your family duty, Mr Drench; and when you grew negligent of me I grew careful of myself, and from that care came the rest of my children, Mr Drench.

Dr. And those four children, it seems, are freeborn subjects? I find a wife a little modish is worse than a wife a little oldish. Wife, I'll downright poison your freeborn children.

Isa. O thou ungallantified beast! wouldst thou destroy thy own flesh and blood?

Dr. Not mine, but I will yours, wife.

Isa. Why, are not man and wife one flesh? and then are not your children mine, and mine yours, Mr Drench?

Dr. Faith, I doubt this argument is the general security that mankind has to warrant their offsprings legitimate.

Isa. Sirrah, talk of poisoning my children, and I'll have thee so gallantified!

Dr. Gallantified! Prithee what's that, wife?

Isa. To be gallantified is to be soundly cudgell'd, sirrah. There is another point of she doctrine for you.

Dr. Pray you, let me ask you a question, madam. Nay, be not ashamed to be called madam, for as mean people as yourself has the impudence to own it. Therefore, madam, are you true to your gallant?

Isa. Ay, by my life am I! I else deserve to lose my privileges, and be a bondwoman, ay, and condemned to my own husband.

Dr. That part of me that's gentleman forgives thee freely for that; but the rough part, which is farrier, must be revenged; and though your gallant carry your cudgel of love, I carry your cudgel of chastisement. I plead my privileges, wife, and must beat you; take this, and that, and that, and this! [*Beats her.*

Isa. Help! murder, murder! Will you kill me, you villain?

Dr. Kill you? Alas! this is but compliment, wife, and 'tis a new fashion come into the country, wife; so I have it to show you that I'm one o' th' freeborn, wife. [*Beats her again.*

Isa. Murder, murder! help, murder!

B, Page 392.

Mrs Centlivre, in *Love's Contrivance* (Act i., Scene 2), has imitated the first scene of the first act from Molière's *The Physician in spite of himself.*

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter MARTIN *and his* WIFE.

Martin. I say, I won't work to-day; and if I say I won't, I won't; and so you had as good hold your Tongue.

Wife. 'Tis very fine indeed, a Woman must not speak.

Mart. I say 'tis my Business to speak, and act too; pray who am I? am not I your Lord and Master?

Wife. And who am I, if you go to that? am not I the Wife of your Bosom? What did I marry you for? to bear with all your mad Freaks? No, no, I'd have you to know, I shall make you turn over a new Leaf.

Mart. Oh! the Plague of an ill Wife, as *Aristotle* has well observ'd, when he says, a bad woman is worse than the Devil.

Wife. Pray observe this learned Man, with his musty Airs, that Man of Parts.

Mart. Yes, Hussy, I am a man of Parts; shew me e'er a —— in Town knows what I do; tho' I am forced to follow such a mechanick Employment, I was brought up better. I lived six years with Mr *Bellmie*, the most ingenious Gentleman about Town, in the quality of a *Valet de Chambre:* I read all his Books, and tho' I say it, had a very good smattering of Philosophy, which Science my Master was an Admirer of; and I say again, *Aristotle* condemn'd you.

Wife. The Man's mad.

Mart. The Woman's mad, I think, or she'd never cross such a Husband.

Wife. Curs'd be the Hour I made you so, and double curs'd the minute I said yes. [*Cries.*

Mart. Curs'd be the —— that made me sign my Ruin.

Wife. Your Ruin! you have ruin'd me indeed, and almost brought me upon the Parish; you have eat up all I brought, tho' 'twas more than you cou'd have expected with a Wife.

Mart. That's a Lie, for I have drank the greatest part of it.

Wife. You have e'en stript me of the Bed I lay upon.

Mart. You'll rise the earlier.

Wife. Nay, you han't left so much as one Moveable in the whole House.

Mart. That's another Lie, for I have left your Tongue; and as for Goods, the fewer we have, the easier we shall remove.

Wife. And from Morning to Night do nothing but drink and play.

Mart. That's because I wou'd not wear myself out too soon with Labour; for Labour overcomes everything, you know.

Wife. And what do you think I shall do in the meantime with the Family?

Mart. E'en what you please.

Wife. And, you Sot, must things always go thus?

Mart. Softly, good Wife, softly, if you please, good words, I beseech you.

Wife. Must I eternally be plagued with your Debaucheries and Laziness?

Mart. You know, Wife, I am sometimes cholerick, and given to Passion, and have a pair of very good Fists.

Wife. I scorn your Threats.

Mart. My good Wife, your Hide itches for a Dressing.

Wife. I'd have you to know I don't fear that. [*Striping her fingers.*

Mart. Thou dear half of me, thou hast a mind to have something at my Hands.

Wife. Do you think to fright me with your Words?

Mart. Sweet object of my Eyes, I shall warm your Cheeks.

Wife. You Sot, who are you?

Mart. I shall beat you.

Wife. Drunkard.

Mart. Don't provoke me.

Wife. Infamous Fellow.

Mart. I shall curry your Jacket.

Wife. You curry my Jacket! Traytor, Cheat, Coward, Rascal, Thief, Knave, Varlet, Informer!

Mart. Nay then —— [*Beats her.*

Wife. Ah! Murder! Murder, ah!

C, Page 392.

Mrs Centlivre, in *Love's Contrivance* (Act i., Scene 2), thus imitates the second scene of the first act of Molière's play. M. Robert is called Octavio.

Enter OCTAVIO, *with his sword, and slaps* MARTIN *o'er the shoulders.*

Octavio. How now! what Insolence is this? Are you not asham'd to beat a Woman? ha!

Wife. May be I have a mind to be beaten, what's that to you? [*Coming up to him.*

Oct. Nay, if you have a mind to it, with all my Heart. [*Putting up his sword.*

Wife. Pray why do you trouble yourself?

Oct. Good Woman, be patient, I have done.

Wife. Is it your Business?

Oct. No truly.

Wife. Go, you are an impertinent Fellow.

Oct. I shall not speak one Word more, but heartily wish he had drub'd her ten times as much. [*Aside.*

Wife. Suppose I am pleased he shou'd beat me, I say, what's that to you.

Oct. (*Nods only.*)

Wife. You are a Fool to trouble yourself with other Folks Business.

Oct. (*Nods again, then turns to Martin*) Friend I am sorry I disturb'd your Diversion, but hope you know how to begin again.

Mart. May be I do, may be I do not, what's that to you, whether I do or no?

Oct. That's true, as you say, neither do I care.

Mart. If I have a mind to beat her, I will beat her, and if I have not a mind, I won't.

Oct. With all my Heart.

Mart. She's my wife, not yours.

Oct. Thank Heaven.

Mart. You have nothing to do with me, nor do I want your help.

Oct. Nor shall I trouble myself to give it you. Ha!

D, Page 393.

Lacy has imitated, rather coarsely, in *The Dumb Lady*, the second scene of the first act of *The Physician in spite of himself;* M. Robert is there called a Neighbour.

Enter a NEIGHBOUR.

Neighbour. What's here? Fie, fie, neighbour Drench! Hold, for shame! What, beating your wife?

Isabel. Ay, marry is he, sir; what's that to you suppose I long for a beating? I have been getting him in a good humour this two months to do it, and now you must disturb us.

Neigh. Nay, if you long for a beating, I'm sorry I disturbed you. I have done.

Isa. You wicked fellow, do you know what you've done? You have taken him off of the sweetest humour. I see by his looks I shall not get another blow off him to save my life.

Dr. The jade is mad beyond all cure.

Neigh. Ay, for none but a madwoman would long for a beating; but farewell, neighbours. I have done.

Dr. You're an impertinent fellow to begin. Men that part rencounters are often killed or hurt, and therefore you ought, neighbour, to be soundly cudgelled. [*Beats him.*

Neigh. Nay, good neighbour, hold, hold!

Isa. You see he has taken off his anger from me, and now you must have all the sweet blows, you rascal!

Dr. So he shall, for if I had known thou had'st longed for a beating, thou shouldst not have had a blow to 've saved thy life; but you shall have it. [*Beats him again.*

Neigh. Hold, hold, hold! If ere I part man and wife, if ere I put my hand betwixt the bark and the tree again, may my fingers bear fruit and the boys rob my orchard! A woman to long for a beating? What a blessing 'twere if all our wives would long so!

[*Exit Neighbour.*

Dr. Now I know you long for a beating, wife, lest you should miscarry, I 'll beat you wonderfully.

Isa. Hold, hold! my longing is over indeed.

Dr. Is it? Why, then, I'll to the wood and drench a sick horse; and by that time I return I hope you may come to your longing again, and then I shall plead the liberty of the subject, and claw your free-born sides again. [*Exit Drench.*

Isa. To be beaten thus! If I be not revenged, say I 'm a woman without gall or invention. Let me think a little. They say when a woman means mischief, if she but look upon her apron-strings the devil will help her presently. I 'll try him. Who is here?

E, Page 395.

In Mrs Centlivre's *Love Contrivance* (Act iii., last Scene), Molière is imitated as follows:—

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter MARTIN'S WIFE.

Wife. Which Way shall I be reveng'd on my Husband, a Woman always has it in her Power to be revenged one Way; but I wou'd pay him in his own Coin.

Enter one of Selfwill's Footmen going to the Printer's.

Servant. Pray, good Woman, where abouts lives the Printer that prints the Courant?

Wife. At the Post-house at *Temple-Bar;* pray Sir, what News are you going to put into the Courant, any Robberies or Murders committed?

Serv. No, good Woman, I am going to put a Reward of five hundred Pounds, for any man that can restore my young Mistress to her Speech again.

Wife. A good Hint [*Aside*]—Pray, Sir, who do you belong to?

Serv. Mr Selfwill.

Wife. Good lack-a-day, is his Daughter taken dumb, do you say?

Serv. 'Tis too true indeed.

Wife. I know a Man who can cure her if he will, but you 'll have much ado to persuade him to it; he has prodigious Skill, and to my Knowledge has done wonderful Cures, even to the raising the Dead; but there is but one Way to make him own his Knowledge, for to look at him you would not think he knew a Pig from a Dog, as we may say.

Serv. Say you so; what is he, pray?

Wife. Nay, but a poor Man neither; he 's a Faggot-maker, but a seventh Son, and as I tell you, he can do it if he will.

Serv. Why sure five hundred Pounds will tempt him then.

Wife. No, nothing will tempt him, for he never takes any Money for what he does; but I can tell you how you shall make him own himself a Doctor.

Serv. How is it pray?—Egad I shall be a rich Man, for I 'll keep the Money to myself. [*Aside.*

Wife. Why you must beat him soundly, or he 'll not own any thing of the Matter; try first with good Words, but I know that will be to no purpose; but you may try, however, you 'll find him in the Wood-yard binding of Faggots. I 'd advise you to make what haste you can, for I can assure you he is a Man of wondrous Skill, but be sure don't spare his Bones till he confesses it.

Serv. I 'll warrant you I 'll make him confess it with a Devil to him, if beating will do it. [*Exit.*

Wife. So now shall I have sufficient Revenge;
The old Law says give Eye for Eye,
And Tooth for Tooth restore;
Then beat him well for beating me,
And I desire no more.

F, Page 398.

Lacy, in *The Dumb Lady*, has thus imitated Molière's *The Physician in spite of himself* (Act i., Scene 5). Valère is called Jarvis, and Lucas Softhead.

Enter JARVIS *and* SOFTHEAD *to her.*

Softhead. We may search long enough; the devil a wise man that I can find or hear of.

Jarvis. Ay, but, sir, you must know there be several sorts of wise men; and our business is to find out a wise physician.

Isa. Either the proverb's false or the devil's very dull, for he has helped me to no invention yet. [*Aside.*

Soft. But all the professed doctors which we take to be wise physicians have given her over, you see.

Jar. Ay, but there may be skilful and wise men in physic that do not profess it.

Soft. You say very true, for I was cured once o' th' bellyache by an old woman and a warm trencher, when all the doctors i' th' town had given me over.

Isa. God-a-mercy, devil; I have it, i' faith! These gentlemen have given me a hint for a revenge upon my barbarous husband. Gentlemen, I overheard your discourse, and I find you are in great distress for a wise physician.

Soft. What then? does such a country creature as thou know anything that's wise?

Isa. I know not what your worship means by wise.

Soft. I dare swear thou dost not, for I, that am a squire, scarce know myself.

leave a patient whilst he has either breath in's body, or money in's purse.

Isa. Ay, but, sir, this is not a man that values money.

Soft. Then, I say, he is not a wise man. Come away, Jarvis, this cannot be he we look for.

Isa. Why, you must know sir, he exceeds the world for physic; but then his humour is to deny his profession, and acknowledge nothing but ignorance. Then, Sir, he looks so like a farrier, that you would swear he were one indeed: then he is such a clown.

Jar. The greater the scholar, still the more clown; and the further he is gone in learning, the more ignorant still in other things.

Soft. Ay, but is he far gone in physic? Can he make a dumb woman speak?

Isa. A dumb woman speak! I'll undertake he shall provoke a dumb devil to speak.

Soft. That's the wise man I want; pray you, where is he?

Isa. Why, sir, he is easily spoke with, but you'll find it wonderful difficult to get him to a patient. Neither gold, compliment, nor other fair usage could ever yet work upon him; and yet there is a way to gain him.

Soft. Heart of a horse . . . what way can that be?

Isa. A way that you'll think strange, but very true. He could never yet be brought to a patient without being rudely used and soundly cudgelled to it.

Soft. Nay, by the heart of a horse, he shall want for no beating!

Isa. Ay, marry, sir, that will do it, and nothing else i' th' world; yet he will carry his seeming simplicity so cunningly, that I hold a wager you come away persuaded that he is no physician.

Jar. I hold a wager he shall own it; I'll make him commence doctor else with a good cudgel, I warrant you. But is he such a rare physician?

Isa. Truly sir, but two days since he brought a madwoman to her wits again that was suspected never to any; nay, he has taken men's legs and arms off, and set 'em on sound again.

Jar. That's beyond Surgeon's Hall; sure he can conjure.

Soft. I'll be hanged if this fellow be not a spy of the virtuosos, and is come hither disguised to betray secrets in nature.

Jar. But does he take no other fees but beating, mistress?

Isa. But, sir, I can help you to the most excellent physician upon earth; but then he's a man of the most strangest humours.

Soft. 'Slid, no matter for his humours, so he be wise! Where is he?

Isa. Why, in that very copse, blooding and drenching of a sick horse,

Soft. Why, that's a wise farrier, not a wise physician, woman!

Isa. But he is a famous physician of Padua, and has retired himself on purpose to avoid patients.

Soft. Then he is a fool, and no physician; for the wise doctors never

Isa. Of a certain, nothing else, sir.

Jar. I would some doctors I know could be brought to that: I would want no physic, nor he should want no fees, 'i faith!

Isa. Gentlemen, you'll find him in the wood with a leather apron, and a hammer by his side, as if he were a real smith; and he studies as much to be a farrier now as formerly a physician. And as his drink was altogether wine before, now, farrier-like, he studies all sorts of ale, and drinks them soundly, too. So farewell, gentlemen; you'll find all things true as I have said, and my rascal, I hope, will be cudgelled from a farrier to a doctor. [*Exit Isabel*

Jar. Why this is such an humorous physician as yet I have not heard of.

Soft. 'Slid, we should have asked the woman one thing: it may be he delights to be beaten with one sort of cudgel more than another.

Jar. We'll be so civil as to ask him that, if he puts us to it. But come, let us into the wood and find him out.

Soft. Hark! I hear the trees burl* in the wood. 'Slid, here's a man coming towards us; I hope 'twill prove the doctor.

Jar. By mass! he has a leather apron on, and a hammer by his side.

Soft. 'Tis he! What if we cudgel him before we speak to him.

Jar. Not for the world, sir; that would be rude indeed.

G, Page 398.

Fielding, in *The Mock Doctor*, has nearly literally followed the fifth scene of the first act of Molière's play. Lucas is called Harry; Valère, James; and Martine, Dorcas.

SCENE IV.

Enter HARRY, JAMES, *and* DORCAS.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor.

Jam. Blame your own cursed memory, that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth. . . .

Dor. Can I find no invention to be revenged?—Heyday! who are these?

Jam. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—where—where doctor what-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

Jam. Doctor—Doctor—what's his name?

Dor. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness.

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr Impertinence.

* Rattle.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman; we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician, who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dor. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile, to save the lives of a thousand patients.

Jam. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha! Heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hangdog! [*Aside*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckon'd one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives?

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting of wood.

Har. A physician cut wood?

Jam. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dor. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes drest like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads, as to be known for a physician.

Jam. All your great men have strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

Jam. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

Jam. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dor. Skilful? why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little drop of something down her throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh prodigious!

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful!

Har. Hey! gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

Jam. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue 'till he set it a-going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

Jam. What, that he yonder?

Dor. The very same.—he has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

Jam. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.—Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dor. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

Jam. He shant want that. [*Exeunt.*

H, Page 399.

This scene from Molière's *The Physician in spite of himself* (Act i., Scene 6) has thus been imitated by Fielding in *The Mock Doctor* (Act i., Scene 5); Sganarelle is called Gregory.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter JAMES, HARRY, *and* GREGORY.

Greg. 'Tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

Jam. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

Jam. We are mighty happy in finding you here.

Greg. Ay, like enough.

Jam. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour.—We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

Jam. Sir, you are extremely obliging—but, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd, the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen, by their dress; but should be courtiers, by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

Jam. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

Jam. O dear Sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy faggots cheaper otherwhere; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

Jam. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

Jam. Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

Jam. O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person, like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

Jam. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

Jam. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

Jam. The fit is on him.——Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

Jam. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find.—And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

Jam. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Jam. Well, if we must, we must. [*Beats him.*

Greg. Oh! oh! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! what are you doing? I am —am I—whatever you please to have me.

Jam. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

Jam. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

Jam. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me if I am.

Har. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be . . . if I am. [*They beat him*] Oh!—oh!—Dear gentlemen! Oh! for heaven's sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me: I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the head.

Jam. Dear Sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

Jam. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

Jam. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

Jam. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, Sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

Jam. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician, without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

Jam. My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue!

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it.—But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee. [*Exeunt.*

I, Page 402.

Mrs Centlivre, in *Love's Contrivance* (Act iv., Scene 1), has thus imitated the last scene of the first act of Molière's *The Physician in spite of himself.*

Scene, a Wood-yard, Martin singing, binding of Faggots, with his Bag and Bottle by him.

Enter TWO SERVANTS.

1*st Serv.* This must be he.

2*d Serv.* He looks more like a Gold-finder than a Doctor——Come, let's speak to him.

1*st Serv.* Speed your work, honest man.

Mart. Thank you, thank ye, Friend. [*Sings on.*

(*Martin seeing them come near him, removes his Bag and Bottle t'other side.*)

2*d Serv.* We are come upon earnest Bussiness to you, Sir. [*They go on the other side, he moves his Bag and Bottle again.*

Mart. I don't like your Business, you look as if you were a sharp set [*Aside*]. From whom pray?

(*One goes on the one side, and t'other on the other; he moves his Bag and Bottle between his legs.*)

1*st Serv.* From Mr *Selfwill.*

Mart. Ha, about Faggots, I suppose; I promise you there is not better in *England* than what I sell.

2*d Serv.* No, Sir, he has heard of your wondrous Skill.

Mart. Ay, Master, I defy any man in *England* to make better.

2d Serv. He has heard I say ——

Mart. Ay, master, he has heard, I suppose, that mine are two shillings better in an hundred, than any he can buy.

2d Serv. That you have great Skill ——

Mart. In Faggot-making; why truly not to praise myself too much, I'll bind a Faggot with any man in the Queen's Dominions, be he what he will.

2d Serv. In Physic, Sir.

Mart. Ha! what . . . does he mean?—Egad, I'll not understand him. [*Aside.*

1st Serv. And desires you'd let him have ——

Mart. Them as cheap as I can——that I will I promise you.

1st Serv. Give him your best——

Mart. That I will too, Master:—But then he must give the best Price; Here's a Faggot now, do you see, a hundred of them Faggots are twelve shillings, and I'll sell him an hundred of these for ten; now perhaps you may like these as well as them, but there's a great deal of Difference.

1st Serv. Zounds, will you hear what we have to say to you?

Mart. Ay, Master, give me leave to deal honestly with you, I don't sell for once, but hope to keep your Custom; do ye see, Master, there's great difference between dry wood and fallow wood.

1st Serv. My Master desires you to come along with us——

Mart. I can't tell how to spare so much Time, Master, except you are certain he will give me my Price; for I won't abate a Farthing of what I told you, take them or leave them. [*Sits down again and sings.*

2d Serv. This is the Devil of the Doctor,—Sir, I say we don't come about——

Mart. I have set you the last price, Masters, I promise you.

2d Serv. I say——

Mart. Ay, say what you please, Master, but I can't abate a Penny.

1st Serv. We don't come about Faggots, my Master's Daughter is stricken dumb, and he is inform'd you have very great skill in physical operations, therefore he has sent for you, and if you can restore her to her speech, he'll give you five hundred Pounds.

Mart. Ha! I smell a Rat, they want to have me in their Clutches, to reward me for my oranges; but I shall fail them. [*Aside.*

2d Serv. What say you, Sir?

Mart. Alas! Master, I don't know what to say, you are pleased to be merry, I find; I a Doctor! ha! ha, ha!

1st Serv. Nay, we are in earnest, I'll assure you, therefore pray don't put us to the Trouble of using you roughly; for upon my Word, tho' I know how to make you comply, I wou'd much rather you should confess it by fair Means.

Mart. Confess what, Sir?

2d Serv. That you are a Doctor, Sir: We have heard what wondrous Cures you have done, tho' your Modesty won't let you own it; but pray Sir, don't stand to dispute, but come along with us.

Mart. Cures! ha, ha, ha! you certainly have mistaken the Man; why do I look as if I was a Doctor?

1st Serv. 'Tis no Matter what you look like, Sir, we know you are one, therefore pray come along, or we shall make you.

Mart. Ay, you may make me go along with you, if you will, but you'll never make a Doctor of me I can tell you.

2d Serv. Nor you won't own it? [*Slaps him over the back.*

Mart. Own what, Gentlemen, what do you mean?

1st Serv. To make you confess. [*Strikes him.*

Mart. What must I confess?

2d Serv. Your Skill.

Mart. Skill, Gentlemen! I confess all the skill I have is in Faggot making, in good faith, Masters.

1st Serv. We shall make you alter your note, Mr Faggot-maker, ere we have done with you. [*Both beat him.*

Mart. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I am——

2d Serv. Oh! have we found the way to make you speak Truth.

Mart. But a Faggot-maker [*Looking pitifully.*

1st Serv. Again at your Shifts; we were told, indeed, that you must be soundly beaten ere you would own it. [*They beat him soundly.*

Mart. Oh! hold, hold, I am a Doctor, Gentlemen, I beg your Pardons.

2d Serv. Sir, your humble Servants; now we honour you, be pleas'd to be cover'd, Sir.

Mart. By no Means, Sir.

2d Serv. O! by all Means, Sir, pray, put on your Hat.

Mart. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir: [*Comically.*] Pray, what Distemper has your young Lady, Sir?

2d Serv. She's dumb, Sir.

Mart. Dumb! good lack, good lack —— I wish my Wife was so. [*Aside.*

2d Serv. She was struck dumb, just as she was going to be married to Sir *Toby Doubtful;* and they were forced to put off the Marriage, because she cou'd not say after the Parson.

Mart. Say you so, a very hard case truly.—This may be a very lucky Hit for my Master *Bellmie;* for I suspect she's not dumb in earnest. [*Aside.*

2d Serv. Well, Sir, do you think you can do her any good?

Mart. Why, Masters, I'll use my Endeavours, since you have got the secret out, I'll assure you; and I don't question but to bring her to her speech again.

1st Serv. Say you so, Sir, pray come along quickly then. [*Exeunt.*

J, Page 405.

Lacy in *The Dumb Lady*, has thus imitated the last scene of the first act of Molière's play.

Jarvis. Save you, sir.

Drench. Save me, sir? Spare your compliment till I'm dying, and then I'll thank you for 't.

Softhead. By the heart of a horse, I like him for that; for what should a man be saved for till he is dead, you know?

Jar. Sir, in short, we come, having business with you, to pay you all the respect and reverence that's due to your worship.

Dr. Respect, reverence, and worship! You're very merry, gentlemen. Pray you, sir, what part of me is it that you find worshipful?

Jar. Oh, sir, it is your virtues that we admire.

Dr. Virtue! I never heard the word in my life; no nor the use on't.

Soft. Thou speak'st like an honest man, for, by my troth, I see no sign of virtue about thee.

Jar. 'Slid, you'll spoil all to be so blunt with him. Sir, we understand you are a great doctor.

Dr. I understand myself to be a great horse-doctor, sir.

Soft. But pray you, sir, be a man-doctor for my sake. By this cudgel, it will be the better for you, if you knew all!

Jar. Sir, in short, we know you to be a famous doctor of Padua, and we wish you would leave these abject thoughts of being a farrier, and follow your own worthy profession of physic.

Dr. Now you provoke me, sir. Do you think a farrier inferior to a physician? He is the son of a mare that thinks a horse has not as many diseases as a man.

Soft. And he is the son of a . . . that thinks a squire has not as many diseases as a horse. And, friend, take heed how you make comparisons, for you 'll have all the squires i' the country about your ears upon this score.

Dr. Country squires I shall deal well enough with, and I shall justify a horse has more diseases than a squire, and take the honour of knighthood to help you.

Soft. You lie! and for the honour of squirehood I'll die a virgin martyr! [*Offers to draw.*

Jar. Hold, hold, sir! the latter end of a squire's argument is still quarrelling.

Soft. Without quarrelling, then, I'll prove that squire and squiress have more diseases than a horse.

Dr. Ay, with the diseases of their own, that nature never meant them, I grant you.

Soft. And first, I prove a squiress, that is, a woman, may be dumb.

Dr. And I answer, a horse cannot speak—set that against that.

And yet I'll undertake to make a horse speak before you shall make a woman dumb, sir.

Jor. Good squire, let us mind our business. In short, sir, will you own your profession? Are you a doctor or no?

Dr. A . . . doctor! I am a downright farrier. I can give you a drench, or cut you for the staggers when you're drunk; I have no more learning than a horse. Pray open my head, and see if you can find a physician there.

Jar. Since no means but the extremity will make you own your profession, we will cudgel you with as much compliment as we can, sir.

Soft. A cudgel is but a coarse compliment, I confess.

Dr. Hey, good boys, i' faith! What a devil mean you, gentlemen?

Jar. Squire, do you strike the first blow.

Soft. No; do you, Jarvis, for the first blow will bear an action, you know; and thou'rt a poor fellow, he can recover nothing of thee.

Dr. What a devil's the matter?

Jar. Fall on, fall on! Will you confess yourself a doctor?

[*Beats him.*

Dr. Hold, hold, hold! I will be a physician!

Jar. Will you own you are one, sir? [*Beats him again.*

Dr. I am one, I am one! Hold, I am a very good physician; I feel I am.

Enter ISABEL.

Isa. Yes, gentlemen, he is a rare physician; and would confess it, too, but that he would not lose the pleasure of a cudgel, for once a week he longs for a beating. Now you and I are even, sir. [*Exit Isabel.*

Dr. Is this your design? I'll be revenged you jade, to the purpose. If I should say she is my wife, and that I'm a very blacksmith, they'd not believe me; 'twere but the way to be cudgelled again.

Jar. Nay, come, sir. What! are you falling into a relapse again?

Dr. No, no; hold! As the woman says, I am a doctor.

Jar. Ay, and so famous, that you can take off broken limbs and set them on sound again.

Dr. Well, I will own all this rather than have my bones broken. And, now I remember, you fetched me once before out of this great wood, in Plato's great year, as my master called it.

Soft. Pray you, sir, how long is that since?

Dr. Why, next strawberry time, it will be complete six and thirty thousand years.

Jar. Ho, boy!

Dr. Ay, and I remember I poisoned somebody at your request.

Jar. No, Sir, I do not remember that.

Dr. But I do, sir; by the same token you gave me a hundred pieces for a bribe, tied up in a laced handkerchief.

Jar. I remember now as well as can be.

Soft. But I do not remember I hired him to poison anybody, nor do I remember I'm six-and-thirty thousand years old. . . . Plato's great year, and his little year too!

Jar. Pray, sir, remember your mistress will ne'er be cured else.

Soft. Nay, rather than so, I will remember anything.

Jar. Look you there, sir; you see we both remember; therefore, I pray you, go with us to cure a distressed lady.

Dr. My business in physic is killing, not curing, I assure you; for as there is your man-tailor and your woman-tailor, so there is your killing doctor, and your curing doctor—distinct professions, I assure you.

Jar. But, sir, you must own curing as well as killing, or else we shall court you with a cudgel again.

Soft. As we did in Plato's great year, you know, Jarvis.

Dr. I do not remember that ye beat me then.

Soft. But I remember it; by the same token you gave me my laced handkerchief back when you had put the gold in your pocket.

Dr. Now I do remember. Hold, hold! [*Offers to beat him*] I do own curing, and, since there is no remedy, I confess I am a doctor; but if all men should take their degrees as I have done, we should have but small commencements. I once served a mountebank, and have some of his canting terms, and for aught I know, may prove as good a physician as if I'd served an apprenticeship at Padua. Well, gentlemen, what disease is it I must cure?

Soft. You must help a lady that is dumb, and has lost her speech.

Dr. How, dumb, and lost her speech too! That's a great work. If she had only lost her speech, I could have cured her, or if she had been but dumb; but to be dumb and speechless too, her case is very desperate. Would I'd my wife and all the neighbourhood at that lock!

Jar. But we must entreat your utmost skill, for 'tis a sad thing for a woman to be speechless.

Dr. Ay, and dumb; but 'tis a sadder thing for a man to be a fool, for certainly he is a changeling that has a dumb wife and would have her speak again. Are you in love with a woman's sting?

Jar. Why do you call it a sting, sir?

Dr. Because, sir, a woman has no tongue; they're tongues in men's mouths, but they're called stings in women.

Jar. But, sir, this lady never spoke an angry word—not so much as to a servant!

Dr. But she will do if I cure her, for I've an unlucky hand that way; yet for her sweet disposition's sake I'll preserve her. And now I'll answer to the name of doctor with as much confidence as a quack dressed up in all his ignorance.

Soft. Will ignorance make men confident? 'Slid, would I'd a little ignorance too!

Jar. Ay, if you had but a little, 'twere very well, sir.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? what's your distemper?

Charlotte. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Char. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?

Char. Han, hi, hon.

Greg. Han! Hon! Honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! Hi! Hon! what the devil of a language is this?

Sir Jasper. Why, that's her distemper, Sir; she's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause; and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! why so?

Sir Jas. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!—would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jas. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir Jas. Very great,

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir Jas. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the *Boree*, or the *Coupee*, or the *Sinkee*, or twenty other distempers: but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her—if she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Jas. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech?

Sir Jas. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Jas. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jas. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man; he was indeed a very great man,

—A man, who upon that subject was a man that—but to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours, which our great physicians call—humours—Ah! you understand Latin?—

Sir Jas. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Jas. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci Thurum Cathalimus, Singulariter nom. Hæc musa, hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc Musæ, Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia Substantivo et Adjectivum concordat in Generi, Numerum, & Casus, sic dicunt, aiunt prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

Sir Jas. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin *Whiskerus*, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, *Jackbootos*, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, *Periwiggus*, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the *Omotaplasmus*, and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? and because the said humours have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Jas. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—be attentive if you please.

Sir Jas. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these vapours *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. Oh that I had but his tongue!

Sir Jas. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing.—I always thought till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay Sir, so they were formerly, but we have changed all that.—The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir Jas. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no harm—you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Sir Jas. Very true; but doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mix'd with one pint

of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir Jas. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir;—and what's better than punch, to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t' other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do a business all at once.

Sir Jas. Doctor, I ask pardon, you shall be obey'd. [*Gives money.*

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her.—But hold! there's another young lady here, that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, madam, so much the worse—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do, but to take physic, and bleed away.

Sir Jas. Oh strange! What, bleed, when one has no distemper.

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it—or, as we say in Greek. *distemprum bestum est curare ante habestum.*—What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take every six hours one of these bolus's.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf sugar.

Greg. Take one of these bolus's, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Holland's geneva.

Sir Jas. Sure, you are in jest, doctor.—This wench does not show any symptom of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic; I shall prepare something for you.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, Sir? Why then if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere, and so humbly *beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras.* [*Exit.*

Sir Jas. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours! [*Exit.*

P, Page 419.

Lacy, in *The Dumb Lady* (Act ii., last scene) imitates as follows Molière's *The Physician in spite of himself* (Act ii., Scene 9); Sganarelle is called the Doctor.

Enter DOCTOR.

Doct. By your favour, sir, I was looking out at my window, and as I thought I saw a duel towards, so I came.

Lea. To prevent it?

Doct. No, by my troth, sir; my business is not to prevent wounds, but to cure 'em. Where is the other that fought you? Nounze, you have made quick despatch; have you killed him and buried him already?

Lea. No; he is gone very safe, and no wound about him but that of his honour.

Doct. Was it not Squire Softhead, sir?

Lea. It was so, sir; and how he has behaved himself you shall know anon. But, sir, I guess you are the doctor that undertakes the Dumb Lady?

Doct. I am so, sir.

Lea. You're happily come, sir, for I have earnest business with you.

Doct. Why, ay, the dulness of your eye shows you have—let's see; let's see—a very dangerous and highflying pulse.

Lea. I am not sick, sir.

Doct. You are loth to confess . . .

Lea. By my honour, not I, sir.

Doct. Do not let it go too far . . .

Lea. If you please, sir, I shall acquaint you with my business. My name, sir, is Leander; perhaps you may have heard of me.

Doct. I have heard of a naval knight called Sir Hero Leander; are you the man, I pray you?

Lea. You are merry, sir, but my affair is serious. You have a dumb lady your patient to whom I am a servant, and she, sir, has an equal love for me. Now, being by her father barred of all means of coming together——

Doct. You would have me do it, and so pimp for you?

Lea. Not pimp, sir; but I would fain oblige you to befriend us.

Doct. Befriend us? a modest phrase for pimping. I begin to find that physic is but one part of a doctor's trade; and I shall gain the character of Chaucer's seamstress, for says he,

"She keeps a shop for countenance,
But bawdeth for her sustenance."
So I shall physic give for countenance,
But pimping's my chief maintenance.

Lea. Sir, I know you may bring me to the speech of her. I mean no pimping, sir.

Doct. Whatever you mean, the thing is the same, sir; for how can I help you to the speech of her but I must bring you together? And if I bring you together, what's that but pimping, sir?

Lea. But I mean in the way of honesty, sir.

Doct. Honesty? Indeed I have heard 'twill make men rich and brave, but I never heard of honesty in the case before. Sir, the profession will not bear it. And would you make a pimp of a physician? O most horrible indignity!

Lea. Pray you, sir, be pacified, and let this show you that I can be grateful. [*Gives him a purse.*

Doct. Is there a fee belonging to that part of a doctor too? I begin now to think that pimping is no such scandalous thing as malicious men report it. Sir, you have given me such strong reasons to think so well on 't, that I believe none rail at it but such as would be glad of the employment themselves. And, sir, as you call it, I will help you to the speech of her, or befriend you, or pimp for you.

Lea. Your servant, sir. I must now reveal a secret to you. You must know, sir, the lady feigns this dumbness for love of me, and to avoid marriage with this Squire Softhead.

Doct. I knew there was some trick in 't. 'Twere impossible else, either by nature, art or misfortune, a woman should be dumb; for take a woman's tongue, and pluck it up by the roots, I'm sure in an hour another would grow i' th' room on 't. But come, sir; you shall shift you, and pass for my apothecary.

Lea. That I think an excellent way, and nothing better.

Doct. We cannot miss to cure her now. I shall get credit as I am her physician, and money as I am your bringer together, or your pimping friend.

Thus shall I be your advocate and protector. [*Rings.*
And venerably called both bawd and doctor.

Q, Page 421.

Fielding, in *The Mock Doctor* (Act ii., Scene 11), thus imitates the last scene of the second act of Molière's play.

Enter LEANDER *and* GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning, and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of my assistance indeed. What a pulse is here! What do you do out o' your bed? [*Feels his Pulse.*

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, Sir! not sick! do you think I don't know when a man is sick, better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady your patient, from whom you just now came, and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cured.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir, a physician for a pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir! make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise; you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Greg. I shall shew you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—[*Leander gives a Purse.*]——I'm not speaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not——which always puts me, Sir, into such a passion, that——

Lean. I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O dear Sir! no offence in the least.—Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The physicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlot's, to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!—suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I see a patient: Gad, matters go swimmingly, I'll e'en continue a physician as long as I live. [*Exit Leander.*

R, Page 421.

The first scene of the third act of Molière's play is imitated by Lacy in the same scene and same act of *The Dumb Lady*, as follows:—

Enter DOCTOR, *and* LEANDER *like an apothecary.*

Lea. This habit will pass me for an apothecary; I only want some of their canting phrases.

Doct. Why, faith, you are as well qualified for an apothecary as I am for a physician. You have trusted me with your heart, and now I'll trust you with my simplicity. I am no doctor, but was forced to own being one—why and how I'll tell you hereafter; but having served a mountebank, that and my great share in impudence has made me famous.

Lea. It is possible impudence should have such virtuous effects?

Doct. Yes; yet some men rail at impudence, and speak it vicious, when the jest is, they that rail most at it make most use on't. 'Tis

doubtless the greatest blessing in the world, and most men do their business by it.

Lea. But if you be so ignorant, sure impudence should not bear you out, especially in this learned profession.

Doct. Oh, sir, it is the securest clack for ignorance of all arts! Other professions are liable to miscarriages and questionable; but the physician may kill from the fool to the senator, from the beggar to the blood-royal, and ne'er be called in question; the dead was never so uncivil yet as to come out o' th' other world to complain of the physician.

Lea. 'Tis a sign they're civilly used where they are. But do you not study at all?

Doct. It needs not, for the great study of physic is come to nothing now but letting blood; and it falls out well for me, that am a downright farrier?

Lea. How! is your real profession a farrier?

Doct. Yes, faith; and with the same fleams I let horse's blood I use my patients to; and the horse's drench is the potion I give to men; and I cure more than I kill, so that I am the only doctor that has found out horse and man to be of one constitution.

Lea. But how comes letting of blood so much in fashion?

Doct. Oh, sir, 'tis *à la mode* Paris. If your corn does but ache against rain, what says the doctor? Let him blood. Nay, if you be troubled in conscience, they'll let you blood for that too.

Lea. They let not blood for the small-pox, I hope?

Doct. But they do; and 'tis the opinion of Padua that 'tis as sure a way to kill as an old woman and saffron is to cure.

S, Page 422.

Fielding has imitated this scene in his *Mock Doctor* (Act ii., Scene 12), as follows:—

Enter GREGORY, JAMES, *and* DAVY.

Jam. [*Speaking to* DAVY.] Fear not, if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again.—Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months [GREGORY *holds out his hand.*] If your worship would find out some names to cure her——

Greg. What's the matter with her?

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropsy; another 'tis what-d'ye-call-it, the tumpany; a third says, 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says, the rumatiz; a fifth—

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Davy Symptoms, sir?

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink, eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come, to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend. [*Holding out his hand.*

Davy. The purpose is, sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word that you mean.

Jam. His wife is sick, doctor, and he has brought you a guinea for your advice.—Give it the doctor, friend. [*Davy gives the Guinea.*

Greg. Ay, now I understand you: here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper. You say your wife is always calling for drink; let her have as much as she desires, she can't drink too much; and, dy'e hear? give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese, sir. The cheese, of which this is a part, has cur'd more people of a dropsy, than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit.*

Greg. Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

T, Page 427.

Fielding has borrowed this scene from Molière's Play (Act iii., Scene 5), in *The Mock Doctor* (Act ii., Scene 16).

SIR JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Sir Jas. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make sort of a noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jas. [*Looking on his watch*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return. Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

Sir Jas. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better, 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir Jas. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, Sir.—Mr Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply the remedy I prescribed.

Sir Jas. A song, doctor? prescribe a song!

Greg. Prescribe a song, Sir! yes, Sir, prescribe a song, Sir. Is

there any thing so strange in that? did you never hear of pills to purge melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? shud! Sir, this song would make a stone speak. But, if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR 7.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient, Charlotte sees
Her dying patient kneel;
Soon cured will be your feign'd disease,
But what physician e're can ease
The torments which I feel.

Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure:
All other remedies are vain:
The lovely cause of all my pain
Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, Sir, a great and subtile question among the doctors whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes, and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible.—One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon, and as the sun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth finds—

Char. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir Jas. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble.

[*Traversing the Stage in a great heat, the Apothecary following.*

Char. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander.

[*Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the Stage.*

Sir Jas. But——

Char. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir Jas. What!

Char. Your rhetoric is in vain; all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir Jas. I——

Char. I am determin'd, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclination.

Sir Jas. I have——

Char. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir Jas. You shall have Mr Dapper——

Char. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him, I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad; you may make me miserable any other way; but with him you shan't, that I'm resolved.

Greg. There, Sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir Jas. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue. —Dear doctor, I desire you will make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jas. And do you think——

Char. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir Jas. You shall marry Mr Dapper, this evening.

Char. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, Sir, stay, let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jas. Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixt with two drachms of pills matrimoniac and three large handfuls of the *Arbor Vitæ;* perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able Apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success; go, make her walk in the garden, be sure lose no time; to the remedy quick, to the remedy specific.

U, Page 429.

Mrs Centlivre, in her *Love's Contrivance* (Act iv., Scene 2), has partly imitated Molière; Selfwill is Géronte.

Enter SELFWILL *and* MARTIN.

Selfwill. How dost thou, child? Speak to me if thou can'st? [*She shakes her head.*

Bell. Indeed, Uncle, I have try'd all the ways I cou'd think on to make her speak to me, but to no Purpose.—Ha! if I'm not mistaken,

that is the same Fellow that brought the oranges to-day. I suspect she'll quickly speak, were but my Uncle removed. [*Aside.*

Self. Good lack! Well, Mr Doctor, you see what a Condition she's in, if you can restore her to her Speech, I'll give you what you'll ask.

Mart. I don't doubt it, Sir, —— Pray, Madam, open your mouth. [*She opens.*] Very well —— Let me feel your Pulse; in a very low Condition truly. Sir, I must desire every body to avoid the Room; for I never work any of these Cures before any but by my Patients, and you must bring me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and be sure you shut the Doors fast, and for your Life don't let anybody approach within twenty Feet of the Door. [*In a very grave tone.*

Bell. So —— now I see my Suspicion is true.—Sure, Doctor, you design to Conjure for her Speech.

Mart. Not at all, Madam, but I have a particular Method, and it is not safe for anybody to be near.

Bell. I am gone, pray Heaven your Design prospers. [*Exit.*

Self. But Doctor, may I not stay in the Room, I'll not look towards you.

Mart. By no means, Sir, —— I tell you, if any Person is in the Room the Charm will be of no Effect.

Self. Say you so, Sir? well then, I'm gone, —— but I'm resolv'd to watch which way this Fellow does this Miracle, it must be by the Devil certainly; I have a Window in my Chamber looks into this, whence I may see all that's done. [*Aside.*] Well, Doctor, I'll pray for you that your Undertaking may prosper, I'll send you Pen, Ink, and Paper immediately. [*Exit.*

Mart. Pray do, Sir.——Now if she shou'd really be dumb.—Egad, I'll try [*Aside.*] What wou'd my Master *Bellmie* give to be in my Place, Madam.

Luc. Ha! *Bellmie!* are you not he that was here with Oranges.

Mart. I am, Madam.——Ho, ho, it is as I suppos'd. [*Aside.*

Enter one with Pen, Ink, etc.

Mart. And go, go, go, begone quickly. [*Exit Servant.*] Ah! Madam, if you had taken that Letter.

Luc. I wish I had; but hark ye, did you never live with *Bellmie.*

Mart. Yes, *Madam*, when he first courted you, my Name is *Martin;* but Poverty and Labour, Madam, has almost defac'd me in the Memory of everybody; but Madam, we must be quick, pray take this Paper and write to my Master, who is almost driven to Despair to hear of this sad Accident.

Luc. Give it me quickly; but pray, which way got you Credit with my Father to pass upon him for a Doctor?

Self. Certainly they talk, I can't hear what they say tho'.

[*Appears at a window.*

Mart. By Inspiration, I think; for how I came to be taken for a

Doctor I don't know; all I know is, that I was forced hither out of the Field, by two of your Father's Men, perhaps they mistook me for another; but they were very importunate, as my poor Back and Shoulders can testify, for I am almost beaten to a Jelly. [*Shrugs his shoulders.*

Luc. Alas! poor Fellow, there's a Guinea for thee; certainly this must be a lucky omen.——Well, I'll give you a Letter immediately. [*Writes.*

Self. They certainly talk, but if I'm not mistaken, she's a writing too; pray Heaven this ben't some Fiend, and my Child making a Contract with the Devil; I'll step down and try whether the Devil or I are most cunning.

Luc. There, I have done.

Enter SELFWILL *behind her, and snatches the paper from her.*

Self. Have you so?

Luc. Oh Lord!

Mart. Ha! Nay then, a clear Stage for the Doctor. [*Exit.*

Self. What's this? [*Reads.*

V, Page 430.

Fielding has imitated Molière's *Physician in spite of himself* (Act iii. Scene 7), in *The Mock Doctor* (Act ii., Scene 17.)

SIR JASPER, GREGORY.

Sir Jas. What drugs, sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jas. Did you ever see anything equal to her insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too head-strong.

Sir Jas. You cannot imagine, sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

Greg. The heat of blood, sir, causes that in young minds.

Sir Jas. For my part, the moment I discovered the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Sir Jas. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together; for who knows what might have been the consequence? who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him?

Greg. Very true.

Sir Jas. Ay, sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shewn the world, that I understand a little of women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art required; if this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No, certainly, Sir.

W, Page 433.

In the last scenes of the second act of *The Mock Doctor*, Fielding thus finishes his play, which ending, of course, is borrowed from Molière.

SCENE XVIII.

Enter SIR JASPER, GREGORY, *and* DORCAS.

Dor. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir Jas. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dor. Oh sirrah! sirrah! would you have destroyed your wife, you villain? would you have been guilty of murder, dog!

Greg. Hoity, toity! What mad woman is this?

Sir Jas. Poor wretch! for pity's sake, cure her, doctor.

Greg. I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dor. I'll fee you, you villain. Cure me!

AIR 8.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician;
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

SCENE XIX.

Enter JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, *and* JAMES.

Jam. Oh, sir! undone, undone! your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary—and this is the rogue of a physician, who has contrived all the affair.

Sir Jas. How! am I abused in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper: I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

Jam. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dor. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dor. Had you finished the faggots, it had been some consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dor. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death; nor will I budge an inch, till I've seen you hanged.

SCENE XX.

To them LEANDER *and* CHARLOT.

Lean. Behold, sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his I

will receive her, sir, only at your hands. I have received letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir Jas. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Leon. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dearest Charlotte. And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Leon. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dor. So, so, our physician, I find has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Sir Jas. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not, or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a physician or no. And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness; for a faggot-maker can only thrash your jacket, but a physician, he—

Dor. Can pick your pocket. Why, thou puffed up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR. *We've cheated the Parson, etc.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;
Powders, drops,
Juleps, slops,
A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night;
Never vary,
Nor miscarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018